

General
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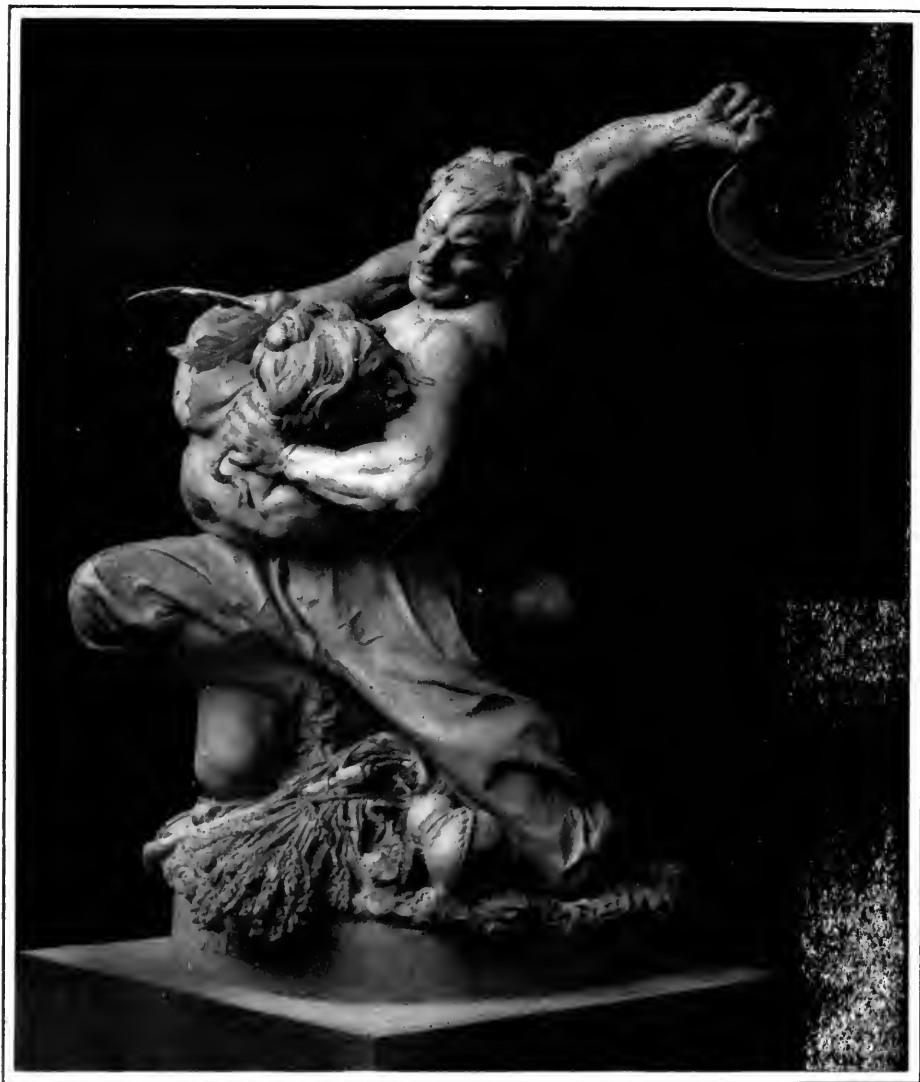
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From the model by Hubert

'SANS MERCI'

THIS IS REGARDED AS ONE OF HEBERT'S BEST WORKS. UNFORTUNATELY, AS YET, IT HAS NEVER BEEN CAST IN BRONZE. IT DEPICTS THE STRUGGLE OF CIVILISATION AGAINST SAVAGERY

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No. 1



HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS' ELEVATOR, MONTREAL,
Showing conveyor system and railway connections on King Edward Pier

MONTREAL: A GREAT COMMERCIAL CENTRE

BY JOHN S. MACLEAN

RADIATING in all directions, the grades routes of nature have been improved and enlarged by man to make of Montreal a great commercial centre. The head of ocean navigation, 1,000 miles from the Atlantic, the island is also the distributing point for a system of inland water ways reaching to the heart of the continent, 1,500 miles farther on. Allying themselves with the forces of nature, the railways find at Montreal the nearest ocean port for the products of the Great West. From Fort William to Montreal, through either

Midland or Victoria Harbour, the distance is 830 miles as compared with 1,190 miles to New York by way of Buffalo. From Duluth the Canadian route to Montreal is 360 miles shorter than the American route to New York. Chicago is 335 miles nearer the seaboard by the same route to Montreal than by way of Buffalo to New York. There are other routes, existing or projected, which are equally favourable to Montreal, but for many years it was a reproach that the spout was not large enough for the funnel; in other words, that the har-

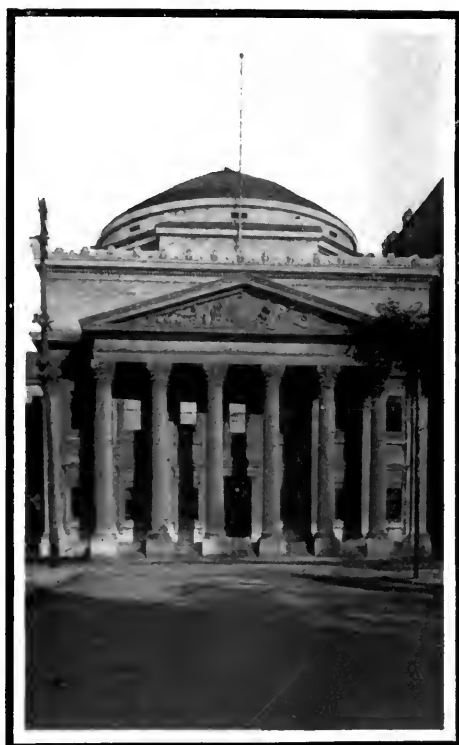
bour was not equipped to handle the traffic which sought an outlet there. Under the present energetic Harbour Commission, headed by Major G. W. Stephens, the reproach has lost its force. The accompanying views will give an idea of what has been done in that regard.

On the next page is a view of the modern harbour at the foot of the Lachine Canal and the shore wharves

for the basis of a Great Lakes Transportation Company, which was to revolutionise our export grain trade. But the option lapsed through his inability to raise the necessary capital to carry out his schemes, and Mr. Hays, realising also its strategical position and having in view the construction of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, promptly acquired possession of the site. The system of high



ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL,
North side, looking west and showing three new bank
buildings, the two of light gray colour and the
farthest high building



THE BANK OF MONTREAL,
Wherein many of the big financial transactions of
Canada are conducted. Its dignity has never
been marred by the use of the modern sign

running down to Longue Pointe, a distance of six miles. It was taken from the Grand Trunk Railway elevator on Windmill Point. By way of parenthesis, it may be said that this was the spot chosen by Mr. W. J. Connors, the Buffalo grain shoveller, newspaper proprietor, banker, brewer, and chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee.

level piers and permanent sheds, started through the persistence of the late Hon. J. Israel Tarte, was completed last fall, and at the opening of navigation this spring the harbour will have fourteen double-deck steel and concrete fireproof permanent freight sheds and the largest grain conveying system in the world, ready for use. Even in its incomplete state



THE MODERN HARBOUR OF MONTREAL, FROM THE G.T.R. ELEVATOR.
Showing the entrance to Lachine Canal, Notre Dame Church, the Harbour Commissioners' Elevator, and continuous accommodation for vessels almost as far as the eye can see

last year, the harbour's business averaged \$27,000,000 a month. It is not generally known among Canadians that there is only one port on the North American Continent, outside of New York, that is doing this volume of business and that there is only one port in Great Britain, outside of London and Liverpool, that can equal it. Montreal succeeded last year in taking away from Boston and New York the supremacy in the Western export grain trade. "The St. Lawrence route," says the report of the Minister of Public Works to Parliament, "captured the immense and ever-increasing traffic of the Canadian West and was in a fair way to monopolise that of the Western American States." Its facilities and its possibilities, however, are fully realised by the shipping companies. During the past summer White Star Line

officials made a careful investigation, with the result that this company will be represented by two entirely new vessels, among the largest in the trade, each 565 feet long and more than 15,000 tons. Three North German Lloyd steamers, each 7,000 tons, will run direct to German ports, and it is altogether likely that with the ratification of the Franco-Canadian treaty there will be a line of steamships between France and Canada, for which Parliament is now offering a subsidy. These are all in addition to the steamship lines which have been plying for years on the St. Lawrence route.

The character of the harbour equipment is shown in the panoramic view of King Edward pier on page three. At the right hand stands the million-bushel fire-proof elevator built by the Commission. Grain may be received

either from railway cars or by means of a marine leg from vessels in the harbour, and may be shipped by either water, rail, or truck. The conveyor system consists of over 6,000 feet of fire-proof galleries, containing belts, for carrying grain and exceeding any similar arrangement in the world. Berths for ten vessels are provided along side the conveyor system, four of which can be loaded simultaneously, and grain can be discharged at the rate of 60,000 bushels an hour. The latest word in freight handling equipment is a "transporter," a sort of travelling crane with features in advance of any crane now in use. Two of these "transporters," each 112 feet long, have arrived from England and

are now ready for operation. If they prove as efficient as anticipated they will be adopted throughout the harbour. At any rate, the Commissioners are determined to spare no effort to improve the terminal facilities.

The main lines of railway run along the shore wharves, and the branches down the piers on both sides of the sheds. Cargoes can be discharged into the sheds for local distribution, direct into cars or through the sheds into cars for distribution by rail, or over side into barges and coast-

ing steamers for waterways. Simultaneously, the reverse of any or all of these operations can be carried on.

Montreal, though the *entrepot* for one-third of the commerce of Canada,



THE OLD REGIME

Residence of a rich merchant of Montreal,
built about 1655

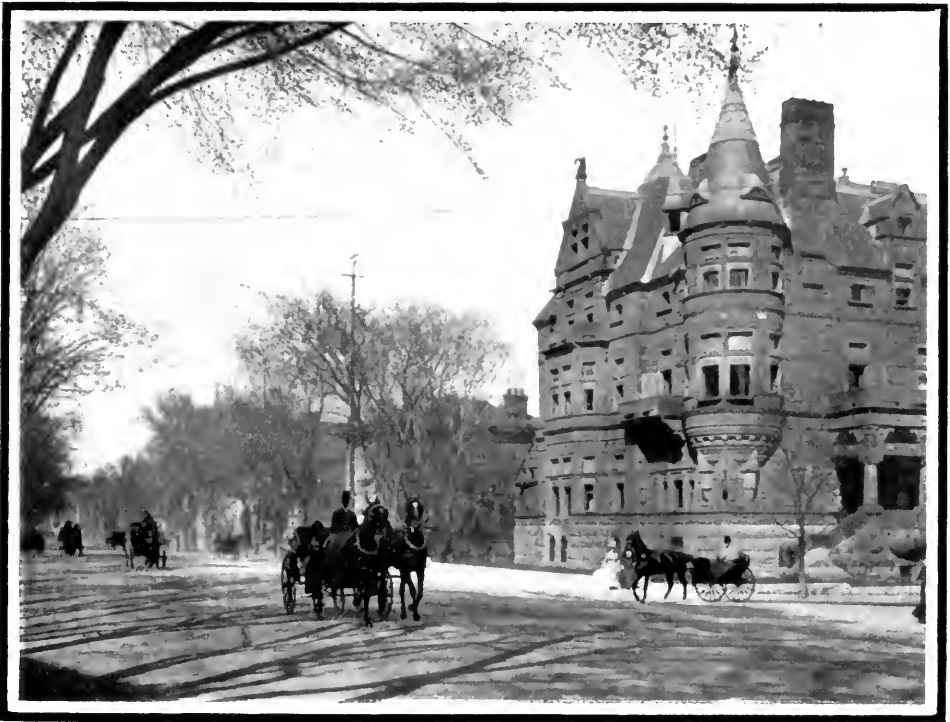


ONE OF MONTREAL'S PALATIAL RESIDENCES,
The Home of Mr. Robert Melghen



THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE

This quaint old stone structure stands in the financial centre of Montreal, facing Place d'Armes.
The modern Stock Exchange adjoins the property



SHERBROOKE STREET, MONTREAL,

Showing the residence of Sir George A. Drummond



A MARKET SCENE ON JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE, MONTREAL



THE MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE
Notre Dame Church in the background

has alone the honour of paying for its own harbour improvements, meeting the interest on loans by imposts on the business passing through its gates. There is now an indebtedness of \$10,000,000. on which an average of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is paid. But from a national point of view it is a good investment, for, since the improvements in the St. Lawrence channel were made, the annual reduction of insurance rates amounts to \$922,000. So that the investment is returned to the commerce of Canada at the rate of 10 per cent. a year.

But as we leave the harbour front, with its piers and sheds and elevators, there comes the report of Mr. John Armstrong, the Government engineer in charge of the Hudson's Bay railway survey, with the suggestion of a rival gateway for the products of the West. The vision of ocean vessels warping into the wharves of Winnipeg is startling but who can say whether the gate is of polished ivory or transparent horn?

The hall-mark of a modern commercial centre is a bankers' clearing house. Though the saving of time and labour is great and the process is simplicity itself, yet the origin of the institution is clouded with doubt. In the sixteenth century, the merchants who met at the great annual fair in Lyons were in the habit of making their bills payable only there. This, among other advantages, relieved them of the necessity of keeping large sums of coin in their homes at a period when *Dogberry* and *Verges* were on the watch. In the meantime their bills, circulating largely, became covered with endorsements, and at the yearly set-off, as we learn from Boisguillebert, transactions involving £80,000,000 were settled without the exchange of a *sou* in money. Notwithstanding its obvious advantages, the Montreal Clearing House was not established until January, 1889, and then apparently in a tentative fashion. It is now domiciled in the palatial head office of the Bank of Montreal,

on St. James Street, shown on page four. Each morning at 10 o'clock representatives of the banks gather in the Clearing House with the notes and cheques of one another enclosed in separate envelopes. Arranged in a semi-circle around the room are wickets for each of the banks. The messengers line up, and at a signal from the manager make a tour of the wickets, depositing with the clerk at each one the package of notes and cheques belonging to that bank. Each messenger then returns to the wicket representing his own bank and receives the packages deposited there from the other banks. They then leave for their respective offices, having done in three or four minutes what otherwise would take the better part of a day. The clerks remain to calculate the difference between the amounts delivered and those received, for which differences the manager of the Clearing House issues vouchers to be used later at the settling bank.

By arrangement, the Bank of Montreal acts as clearing bank for the receipt and disbursement of balances due to and by the various members of the Association. The record clearing for 1908 was on the eighth of November, when transactions involving \$8,392,236 were settled in ten minutes with the interchange of only one-fifth of that amount in legal tender.

St. James Street, now occupied almost exclusively by banks and office buildings, once bordered on the fortifications which hemmed in the city. But the peaceful victories of trade have brought more renown than those over the savage Iroquois. Within its short and narrow confines are nine teen chartered banks with a paid-up capital of \$78,000,000, having deposits of \$550,000,000, and lending \$425,000,000 on ordinary commercial paper presented daily from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

The view of St. James Street on page four shows three of the latest banking houses added to this financial

quarter. Near the centre is the Canadian Bank of Commerce. Its front is a colonnade in pure Greco-Corinthian architecture with a heavy pylon on either end and a parapet above the cornice treated as an attica. The columns of Stanstead granite are sixty feet high. The screen wall, fifteen feet behind, is treated in the English *Renaissance* style. At the extreme left bordering on Victoria Square is the ten-storey office building erected by the Eastern Townships Bank. At the right is another fine example of Grecian architecture, the new building of the Royal Bank. The front is of Georgia marble and over the columns stand twelve-foot figures representing Mining, Agriculture, Railways and Fisheries. Adjoining the Royal Bank is seen the old St. Lawrence Hall, once Montreal's most famous hotel, now owned by the C.P.R. and soon to be replaced by a modern office building in keeping with the traditions of that company. That other mark of financial greatness, the Stock Exchange, is shown on page five.

In Heriot's day this was the limit of the city described in his Travels. Even then, a century ago, it had its Upper and its Lower Town. But among the changes which Commerce has wrought in Montreal none is more striking than the leap of the retail trade from Notre Dame and St. James Streets across the Craig Street valley, over Beaver Hall Hill, to St. Catherine Street. This magnificent boulevard has now absorbed most of the retail business of the city.

One tangible evidence of the progress of this new Upper Town is the real estate activity and the rapid rise of values. Since the beginning of the year opposite corners, about a block from the Windsor Hotel, have changed hands at over seventeen dollars a square foot.

Notwithstanding the rapid growth of the city and the consequent obliteration of landmarks, there are many reminders of the old *régime*. On page five is shown a busy market morning on Jacques Cartier Square, where the *habitant* dickers with the fashionable dame from Westmount. A block away at 27 St. Jean Baptiste Street stands the residence of Hubert *dit* Lacroix, a wealthy merchant, built in 1655. The handsome parlour, the carved-wood mantelpiece, the quaint hall and stairway testify to his standing in the community. Among the merchant princes of the present day Sir George A. Drummond takes front rank, and his handsome red sandstone residence on Sherbrooke Street shows the difference in two centuries of the city's life. Though not a commercial centre, yet in the very centre of commercial life, stands the Seminary of St. Sulpice, on Notre Dame Street, erected in 1710. "A stately, great, and pleasant House," wrote Charlevoix, "built of Free-stone after the model of that of St. Sulpice at Paris." Facing the Bank of Montreal, its gardens skirting the Stock Exchange, the Seminary, once Troy itself, still plays a great part in the city of Maisonneuve.



ONTARIO'S OUTWORN POLICE SYSTEM

BY JOHN VERNER McAREE

TO criminals the police system of Ontario is very satisfactory. It is not to anyone else. It is not quite so bad as some critics try to make out for political purposes. Take the Barton Township murder, for example. This was the case of a young woman who was found done to death in a field near Hamilton. The Hamilton police, and after them a detective from the Attorney-General's Department, worked hard on the mystery. It remains a mystery, and because no one has been brought to justice fiery attacks have been made upon the police.

It is not the purpose of this article to defend the police; but the case is so bad against the system as a system that those who attack it can well afford to give it the benefit of every doubt. So it can be said that if the system were not a crude survival, the Barton murderer would probably have been apprehended within twelve hours of the discovery of the crime. But having eluded capture so long, the best system ever devised might not have laid him by the heels.

The curtain of the Barton Township mystery can be raised an inch or two and the public can be told for the first time in so many words why the slayer of that young woman has not been arrested. It is because he has accomplices, after the fact. These accomplices are the friends and kinsmen (or more likely kinswomen) of the murdered

girl. There is good reason to believe that the murderer and his victim came from some town in northern New York. The whole state was flooded with minute descriptions of the pair, as far as could be learned from those who saw them both in life, and the officers who carefully scrutinised the body and clothing of the victim. It is incredible that the police circulars failed to come into the hands of some one who recognised some of the little details that pointed unmistakably to the identity of an erring daughter or sister. To shield the dead from the disgrace that the trial of her slayer would surely bring upon her memory, and to save a family, perhaps a proud old family, from shame, those who know the name of the unidentified dead have kept silence. That the crime was one that had its beginning in an unfortunate love affair is reasonably sure. If the name of the victim were known, the name of her slayer would rise spontaneously from a hundred lips. But the duty of sparing the living appears greater than the duty of avenging the dead, and so the Barton mystery remains for the present.

It is reported that Honourable Mr. Foy, the Attorney-General of Ontario, intends to have some changes made in the law that regulates the activities of Provincial detectives. If he does anything at all, it will be to make the Attorney-General's department free to despatch an officer to

the scene of a crime without waiting for a request from the country crown attorney. At present a Provincial officer is supposed to wait until the local authorities send for him. He is the consulting specialist who must on no account rush to the rescue until requested to do so by the family physician who is in charge of the case.

Time is more than money; it is life and death in cases of serious crime. A day lost in getting a trained man on the spot is enough, in four cases out of five, to let the criminal escape. A case in point was that of little Glory Whalen, at Collingwood. The child was foully murdered in 1903, and to this day no one knows who killed her. Six years—that is one stretch of time. From Thursday until Saturday, that is another. One period is that in which the fiend who slew Glory Whalen has been at liberty; the other is the time it took a Provincial detective to get to work on the mystery. The crime was discovered on a Thursday. It was Saturday before the trained detective got to work.

Well, you can blame the Attorney-General's department for this, if you like, but what happens when the department does as you think it should? The Orr murder at Galt comes to mind. Emma Orr, a farmer's wife, had been murdered, and the local authorities had taken up the case with great vigour. Fortunately — miraculously, one might say — the county constable was a man of unusual intelligence. He had rounded up half a dozen or more suspicious characters, among them being young Alison, who was afterwards proved to be the actual murderer. But the case against none of them was conclusive.

Acting on its own initiative, the Attorney-General's department sent up Inspector John Murray. The indignant wrath of the coroner and the local attorney knew no bounds. What did Murray mean by "butting in" there? Did he think they were a lot

of "jays" who didn't know how to conduct a case? They had a fine officer in charge who already had the murderer under lock and key—the puzzle being to sort him out. Murray concurred, but went on with his own investigations just the same. He desired to interview Alison at the jail. To "sweat" him is the correct technical term. But the jailer refused him admittance. Then the thoroughly aroused Murray threatened to arrest the jailer and have him committed to his own institution and, further, to physically chastise him on the spot. So he was allowed to see Alison, who confessed to him, and the case ended there and then.

But the coroner and attorney nursed their indignation. The former tried to exclude the Toronto reporters from the inquest, on the ground that they took up too much room; that it was none of their business anyway, and that there was a number of his lady friends who wished to be present and sit where the reporters had established themselves. A peremptory wire from the Parliament buildings settled the quarrel with the reporters. But, suppose the Orr case had been one requiring several days' or weeks' work, with local officers and the Provincial police working side by side, what sort of team play would have been the result of the system in Galt?

Reversing usual logical procedure and passing from the specific to the general, it may be said that, as a rule, the local police object to the coming of the specialist. Did *Gregson* and *Lestrade* heave a sigh of relief when *Sherlock Holmes* was called in? Or did they resent what they called his intrusion? It undoubtedly does tend to belittle the county constable when he is shoved into the background as soon as a crime of importance happens. No man gets a national reputation by summoning a man for letting his cattle roam at large. No one becomes famous by arresting vagrants. That is the drudgery of the county constable's life, but sud-

denly there occurs a grand murder. The big papers have sent down their reporters; the hamlet finds itself of more importance than the war cloud in the Balkans. The eye of the nation is upon it. Is the chief officer of the district to be thrust aside when Opportunity, for the first time knocks loudly on his door?

Now, our local *Dogberry* may not be much of a sleuth, but you may be sure he is something of a politician, or he would not be the constable. That is what the local crown-attorney looks at. They are fellow Tories or fellow Grits. They feed at the same trough. The friends of the one are useful to the other. Or, leaving politics aside, they may be comrades. As between pals, now, would the crown-attorney telegraph to Toronto, in effect: "Constable here strictly N.G.—send down Provincial officer?" Suppose neither politics nor friendship enters into the matter, cannot you hear in imagination the local sleuth begging for just another day? Just give him till Saturday night, and he'll have the handcuffs on that fellow, never fear. He has just come into possession of a fresh clue. Give the old dog a chance; he'll show you, sir. So the crown-attorney waits till Saturday night, but there is no one to put the handcuffs on. He has come to the conclusion that the knock the constable thought was that of Opportunity was only some mischievous scampering urchins. He sends the fatal message, and *Sherlock Holmes* appears.

Unless he finds the constable to be what he very often is—a good man within certain narrow limits, the Provincial officer must begin at the beginning, and work step by step up to where the baffled constable has already arrived. This takes time, and, as has been shown, lost time may mean an unavenged murder.

The Provincial officer may spend a week or even a month on the ground, and finally drop the case. He returns home and puts in his report.

It appears that the local authorities had so bungled matters that it was an impossible job from the start. The wrong clues were followed, or the right clue was followed so precipitately that the criminal became alarmed at once, and was on his guard. An awkward question had aroused suspicion, a glib answer had permitted the real murderer to slip through the fingers of the law. Yes, yes, a very bad mess they had made, to be sure.

As for the local sleuths, we know what they say. Here they were, just on the verge of making a fell swoop, when that chap from Toronto came in to spoil all their plans. He thought he knew it all, and—well, they just let him go ahead to see how much he did know. It was just as I told you, sir. If you'd only listened to me we'd have been all right. As it is, here are the people saying we're no good. Yes, they blame you as much as me—more.

What's the matter with the police, then? The System is all wrong. There is not enough team-play, no combination, no proper, responsible management, too many authorities, jealousy among the petty heads, not enough men; far, far too few good men; not enough money spent, no training school for the men. There may be nineteen or twenty other defects that do not occur to me at the moment. But though there were a thousand things the trouble with the police system of Ontario that could be remedied in two prescriptions—a central management and plenty of money.

One of the first Canadian institutions to become famous was, strangely enough, a police system. The Royal Northwest Mounted Police is celebrated all over the world. Writers with the knack of the picturesque have called its men the "guardians of the frozen North." Is it more important that the frozen North should be efficiently policed than Ontario? In what essential as regards the prevention of crime and the prompt ar-

rest of the criminals does Ontario differ from Saskatchewan?

The idea of half a dozen malefactors breaking out of one of the barracks of the Mounted Police and roaming the country for months is absurd. Yet it is not absurd in Ontario. If Rose and his pals had escaped in that part of Canada under the jurisdiction of the R.N.-W.M.P. every man on the force would have been on the look-out for them within twenty-four hours after their escape. Trained men would have been set to watch the various holes into which they might be expected to crawl. Every outlet would have been guarded and their chances of remaining at large for weeks and months would be not better than a hundred to one.

The suggestion is made that the police forces of Ontario, including city police, county constables, provincial detectives, special officers such as are employed by the railways, forest and fire-rangers, game wardens and their deputies, and jail governors and turn-keys should be brought into one force, under one central management. There should be district headquarters in every county, and local depots in every town and township. At least once a day the local depot should report to the county headquarters, and the county headquarters to the central office. Also from the central office could radiate instructions by telegraph which could be in the hands of every man in the service in a couple of hours. There should be mounted men in every township whose duty it would be to patrol the country roads, day and night, sweeping up the tramps and vagrants who now make the life of women in the less populated rural districts a terror. These mounted patrols, at certain intervals along their route, should have telegraph or telephone stations, like the patrol boxes in the city, and from each of them they would report to the local depot, and receive fresh instructions, if necessary. They should have a certain time-table, so that

after a month or two it would be possible for the farmers along the route to tell, within about half a mile, where the nearest policeman was, and to get a message to him without delay, in case of emergency.

This system of patrolling the country roads would be, perhaps, the strongest feature of the system that is proposed. People who dwell in the cities are prone to cherish the delusion that the country is the headquarters of innocence and peace. It is not saying too much to declare that nobody in the country or the country villages has that sense of security in life and property that the dweller in the roughest city district enjoys. The cities may be the headquarters of vice, but it is also the headquarters of law and order. The police will tell you that the "bad men" of the cities come from the country or the little towns and villages. Perhaps the worst criminal gang that has figured prominently in police records in the last few years was the Rice-Rutledge outfit. Were its members products of the city slums? No; they came from pastoral scenes. And a few words will explain why it is natural that the most desperate criminals should come from the country or the little village. Take the bad boy who is brought up in the country. First he has to emancipate himself from parental control. This is usually accomplished when he is about eighteen. We will suppose him to be tough and quarrelsome, with particular abilities as a rough-and-tumbler fighter. He successively beats the other aspiring roughs in the district, to the number of eight or ten, and soon is ruffling it as cock of the walk. There only remains the local constable to quell, and our young friend is in truth the terror of the district. As the average county or village constable is no more celebrated for his physical than for his mental prowess, the chances are that he is early tamed. By the time our hero becomes a man, he is beyond restraint, knows no law but

his own desires, respects no one's rights, and refuses to realise that there is a power stronger than his own burly fist.

Suppose the same husky lad had been brought up in the city. He would have found out early in life that he could not thrash everyone in the city, not because the average city man is abler-bodied than the average country man, but because the extremes of feebleness and strength are more surely to be found among large populations. Instead of having the village constable to thrash, he has a six-foot policeman, *plus* club, *plus* revolver, and, above all, *plus* whistle. The whistle would bring two or three or ten or a hundred other six-foot policemen to the scene, and the more desperately our young hero would resist the more severely would he be punished. So it follows that while the cities may turn out more than their proper share of burglars, sneak thieves, forgers and bank wreckers, the country is the real breeding-ground for the hold-up man, the tramp and all members of that most dangerous class of criminals whose two weapons are physical strength and cruelty.

Under the new system our young rough would have to meet, not a middle aged politician, who is constable two days in the week and an auctioneer or shoemaker the rest of the time, but an abled-bodied, armed officer who is a policeman twenty-four hours a day, and who has a thousand men at the back of every order he issues. Would there not be a difference in the class of young men growing up along the side lines?

With such a body, governed in the matter of appointment and promotion along the most reformed of civil service lines, with decent pay for the recruit, and with rewards higher up, to be attained after faithful, intelligent service, as fine a class would be attracted to the Ontario police force as to the mounted force in the Northwest, in Australia or in Cape Colony.

There would be an opportunity for specialising in the prevention and detection of crime. The same central officer would not be required to ferret out a group of incendiaries and the utterers of base coin. Every good detective officer is better along certain lines of research than others, good all-round man though he be. The late John Murray had a national reputation as a counterfeit money expert, and similarly one might review the officers still in active service. Each has the specialty he would like to concentrate on, if the system permitted, and it would be greatly to the advantage of justice if each could follow his bent without interruption.

In the improved system the Bertillon device and the Rogues' Gallery would reach a high development. The boy or man who gave early evidence of criminal instincts would be under the watchful eye of the police no matter in what part of the province he established himself. As it is now, a man may be a thorough-going bully or petty thief in Halton, but when he moves to Peel no one knows him, and all the bitter experience of his Halton neighbours goes for nothing. In the larger cities like Toronto, where the police are better organised, the crook who moves from Sydenham Street to Strachan Avenue is instantly recognised, and is a marked man among the police of that particular division.

We would hoot the man who would arise with the suggestion that the police of Toronto should have no central head, and that those in each ward should act independently of those in the other wards. Yet that is the system that prevails throughout Ontario. To install such a system as has been outlined in this article would cost a lot of money. It might require years to work out all the details. It would necessitate the sacrifice of much petty patronage, the surrender of a large amount of local authority and autonomy. It would call for acts in the Ontario Legislature, and perhaps

for special Federal legislation. We might even have to send to the House of Lords for permission to amend the British North America Act.

But it would be worth it and a good deal more. Set against the formidable item of cost the increased value of millions of acres of lands, surrounded by lonely country roads, along which prowl tramps to terrorise the wives of thousands of farmers. On a modest estimate the new protection and sense of security would be worth another bushel to the acre. The actual saving of property from destruction and theft would be another great item to put on the credit side of the ledger. The new force, in its power to draw ambitious young men and offer them promising careers, would be at least equal to the discovery of a new mineral, the estab-

lishment of a new industry. The bankers of Canada met the other day and deplored the poor protection afforded them by the police. They would be willing to stand a stiff assessment to inaugurate the new régime. The insurance companies, which lose tens of thousands of dollars a year through incendiarism, might be tempted to reduce rates or to contribute handsomely to the maintenance of a satisfactory system of Provincial police.

It is a great big scheme, and big schemes have a trick of brushing aside obstacles through sheer force of gravity. It offers to an ambitious legislator a better opportunity than Niagara power offered to Mr. Beck. The question is, Will some modern politician take the chance of mortally offending the criminal classes?

A SERENADE

By A. CLARE GIFFIN

Ah open, Sweet, the fast-closed door!
The moonlight lies across the lawn;
Until the coming of the dawn,
Let us be happy yet once more!
The languid flowers scent the air,
And all the sweet dark earth is fair.

Rose of the world, my heart's delight!
Open the door and softly come;
For flowers sleep and birds are dumb,
And all around us is the night.
Oh, come into the garden sweet,
And wake the flowers at my feet!

Give me yet once more for my own,
Gray of your eyes, gold of your hair,
White of your long arms soft and bare,
The magic of your sweetest tone;
Tell how you love me till the light
Breaks on our heart-dream of the night.

Rose of the world, my sweet, my sweet!
The moonlight fades and goes away,
The still, soft darkness cannot stay:
Come, for the hours of night are fleet.
My longing heart, Belovéd cries
To see Love's glory in your eyes.

WHY I AM A SUFFRAGETTE

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

A MEMBER of the Newcastle-on-Tyne School Board was knitting in her place, when the first of three selected candidates for an inspectorship came in to be interviewed by the Board. She looked at him for a second, and said: "I shan't vote for him. I don't like the way he parts his hair."

Whenever I have told this incident it has been received as almost conclusive evidence of the unsuitability of women for public office, and therefore of their unsuitability for the suffrage, which is the key to public office. In truth, it is nothing of the kind. It is rather an admirable text for a discourse upon the place of women in public life, not from the women's point of view so much as from the point of view of human fair-play.

The Almighty divided the race into male and female, because it was necessary for the perpetuation of the species, and because it was necessary to prevent men from getting an overpowering conceit of themselves. But the Almighty did not make a male and female arithmetic or make sex-partitions in the decalogue. There has been a universal tendency to regard women as the inferior vessel. Masculine notions of chivalry have, in the main, been allied with notions of masculine superiority, with about as much reason as Adam had for blaming Eve because he was disobedient. I think if I were a woman I should feel a resentful contempt for men, on account of the treatment of women by men, when men have had

the power of translating their real opinions into statutes.

There are constitutional differences between men and women—fortunately for women. Except in rare cases, there will always be a difference between a woman's approach of a public question and a man's. Menkind seldom seem to think upon their assumption that because the masculine is masculine it is therefore right. Talk to the average man—the average statesman, if there be such a thing—, about the fitness of women for public duty, and he immediately questions whether women can think and talk and act as *he* does about political questions. Just as far as a woman can become a man, so far, in most people's judgment, is she fit to work with men in law-making and law-administering.

That point of view is fundamentally wrong. Consider it in relation to the knitting member of the School Board who wouldn't vote for a man because of the way he parted his hair. What is the superlative quality in business administrative generalship? It is the power of selecting the most capable men for responsible posts. Ask your great general of industry how he sizes up men, and he can't tell you much more than "I know a good man when I see him." Back of all his figuring is intuition. His impressions form themselves, and they form him. He is the creature of instinct.

Now, suppose any half-dozen men of wide business experience were solicited by half a dozen other men for a responsible appointment; and sup-

pose the first man who came in had curled side-whiskers; would not his whiskers condemn him as one who had come to maturity out of due time? Curled mutton chop whiskers in 1909 reveal a peculiarity of character which the least responsible male intellect can appreciate. A man does the doubly obvious thing, in rejecting such a curiosity, and straight-way thinks he is smart. A woman, endowed with a finer, quicker, more trustworthy intuition than the man, detects a peculiarity in temper in the parting of the hair. Her judgment is just as good as that of the Board of Directors against Curled Whiskers; but, because it operates more quickly, and on apparently slenderer evidence than theirs, it is derisively called "prejudice."

Some years ago I visited a famous church in Brooklyn. A minister prayed at the invitation of the pastor, who gave him a name that made me prick up my ears. Later the pastor announced a lecture by the stranger, of whose career in Africa he spoke in high and noble terms. I had just come from Africa, and knew that the man whose prayer I had heard had been unfrocked for gross immorality. As I had some relation with the pastor of the church, I told him what I knew, and the impostor left the country in less than forty hours. Said the deceived minister: "My wife warned me against that man the first time she saw him, but I laughed at her."

The point I want to make is that an instinct—a faith if you like—that is valuable in domestic life is correspondingly valuable in public life. If men were as wise as they think they are they would have found a way of utilising it through the ballot long before now. That women are without the Parliamentary franchise is no final evidence of the sagacity of men.

Ap[ro]pos of appointments to public office, it is worth while noticing the impulse that makes civil service reform an issue in politics. He is a particularly dull Pharisee who would

claim that women would make a worse mess of appointments to public office than has distinguished so much of all kinds of politics in these latter times. Thousands of men have been appointed to public office primarily because they have broken the laws against electoral wickedness.

So long as women have to obey laws for the making of which they have no responsibility, surely in the year of grace 1909 it is more pertinent to explain why they have been denied a part in making laws, than it is to justify their natural right to the franchise. Admittedly, the argument of historical usage is with the anti-suffragists. So it was with the stage-coach against the train, and with the mule against the automobile. So it was with the lord against his vassal. So it was with the candle against the incandescent.

We are growing out of the idea that because Adam was so weak and foolish as to please Eve, Eve was appropriately doomed to everlasting suffering in this life and, by inference, to second place in the life to come. There are eleven arguments against equal suffrage that are about as sound in logic as the first eleven chapters of Genesis are sound in history. One of them is especially interesting because of its seeming conclusiveness to those who would be in congenial company with William the Conqueror. It is that women must not vote because they cannot fight—that the nations are preserved by war, and that the capacity to become a soldier is the supreme test of civic power.

Well, there is a function more important to the State than quarrelling for the State. It is the perpetuation of the State, the bringing forth of children who will honorably bear its burdens. In church most men admit that it is the mother who makes the man. On the hustings they will concede that the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world, and think the remark original. But they

won't let it have anything to do with the ballot box. The idea of a feminine deacon would shock most of them. The Apostle Paul has a great deal to answer for; apparently, because he had a wife to whom he was not congenial. His views about women in the church were suitable to Corinthian circumstances, which vanished. If he lived to-day he would be going round a golf course with some saintly Lydia.

Formidable opposition to equal suffrage does not come from those whose real views about woman's place in the governance of the world are really barbaric, whether those views be dissembled in politeness and so-called chivalry, or are expressed with the honesty of the Cornish preacher who said: "Women be like pilchards—when they be good they be only middlin', and when they be bad they be bad." It is as unnecessary to worry about this brand of opinion as it is to be disturbed about the few remaining persons who think that popular education is a mistake, and dangerous to well-ordered institutions. There are serious arguments against woman's suffrage that are begotten of a truly lofty feminism—good people fear that women may have too much of a good thing. Mrs. Humphry Ward, and, apparently, Sir James Whitney, are of this timorous body of Littlefaiths.

Now, it is a mark of inexperience to criticise, on the ground that it is illogical, the attitude of a public character to some great public affair. The brainiest of men use their brains to discover and enforce arguments that accord with the predilections they derive from their parents, or from some ancestor of whom they may never have heard. A severely logical person is intolerable. Those who shrink from social, political, or religious innovations, as they would flee a pestilence, are invariably living examples of principles or practices which, not so long ago, were regarded by their fathers and mothers, perhaps by themselves,

as horribly revolutionary.

Mrs. Ward writes novels and makes speeches in public that would have astounded her grandmother. What would her great-grandmother have said of such things? Mrs. Ward has no objection to women administering the Poor Law and sitting on School Boards, and working with men in noisome slums. She does not denounce her lady friends who vote for aldermen, guardians and councillors. But when it comes to voting for members of parliament—Heavens, here is a subject for counter-agitation!

For the life of me, I cannot see why a member of Parliament is so very much worse than an alderman, or a county councillor, that women should be prevented from voting for or against him. It is true that members of parliament make laws which decide the most vital things in a woman's legal existence—when she may have control of herself, when she may invoke the law against those who despitely use her, how far her children are hers, and so on and so forth. It is true that, in the main, men have made laws that discriminate against women—the divorce laws of the Empire are almost uniformly unfair in this respect. If it is not harmful for a woman with property to vote on a trunk sewer, it is surely not degrading for her to vote on such a question as the means that shall be taken to avert the shedding of blood that is dearer to her than her own.

It is impossible not to respect the viewpoint of those who tremble because they think the parliamentary ballot will weaken the sweet strengths of women in family, social, and national life. O ye of little faith! The average woman of this day is as far ahead of her unfortunate ancestress who changed from a simpering maiden to a submissive matron, as the trade-unionist is ahead of the villain who dare not leave his native heath. Why the evolution of women from chattelhood should halt at the ballot box is

surely beyond ordinary comprehension.

But politics is a rough game, and participation in it will destroy the fine bloom of womanliness. Will it? Fighting in the trenches is a rough game. Does it spoil the womanliness of the nurses who are in touch with it? But women do not fight; they are only in attendance on war. So. Cannot a woman vote in a parliamentary election without mixing herself up with the worst elements of politics? Has the science of government become so degraded that, though women must obey the laws that come from so degraded a fount, they must not participate in keeping the fountain clean? Cursorily, may one protest against the idea that politics must necessarily be bad and politicians disrespectful? There could not be a greater bulwark of graft and the grafter than this deadly heresy against human nature. If the conduct of a nation that is half female has become so disgraceful in the hands of men, it is surely time for some good women to leaven it, even as good women will leaven a terribly masculine mining camp.

But does not the conduct of the suffragettes prove that women's suffrage is harmful to women? Would I rejoice to see my daughter struggling with a policeman or interrupting the speech of a prime minister? I would not. But, to be consistent, should I not hunger to make such a contribution to the "cause"? Possibly yes; most likely no. It is just possible that I *ought* to regard woman's suffrage as the most vital necessity of this and succeeding generations, and that I ought to go on a self-denying crusade on its behalf. There be some apostles and some prophets. And equal suffrage is not the only thing in the world calling for the extremest self-denial. I believe in woman suffrage, just as I believe that it is an anachronism in Christianity that one should be expected to accept the creed of his grandfather if he would secure

assurance of salvation at the last. But no still, small voice, or all-compelling conviction requests me to become a theological gladiator.

I would prefer that my daughter, if she were an ardent suffragette, should keep out of the hands of the police; but a casual glance over a few determining factors in history makes me chary of condemning extremists, in the manner of the Pharisee. The records are full of instances of men who believed against all the world in some idea, invention, or principle; who, being reviled, reviled not again; and who, after death, were given the high places that were denied them in life. I am a young man, but I have seen the Salvation Army grow from a ridiculed "fanaticism" to the most respected engine of social regeneration all over the world. It has become so because its officers have felt an extraordinary compulsion, mighty strange, and unthinkable to most of us. I do not long to see my daughter marching by her parents' house, beating a tambourine. But I have a profound respect for the thousands of women who have followed the example of the great mystic who was the wife of General Booth; and I discern a warning against extreme denunciation of extremists in the facts that the Government of Ontario, where religious endowment is repugnant to the people, has put the Salvation Army on the estimates; and that on the stage I have seen the Salvation Army presented in a spirit of grateful homage with all its extremeness of tambourine and drum.

The suffragettes are extremists. They no doubt feel they are akin to the greatest propagandist that mankind has ever produced—to him who believed he could convert the world by the foolishness of preaching. They try to break the conventions of the British House of Commons. It is very shocking, of course. But they are not the first honourable people who have seemed to turn the world up-

side down. Occasionally, no doubt, they call to mind an utterly stupefying infraction of the canons of good sense, good breeding, and of the rules of Parliament itself, which produced a magnificent reform.

For untold years, British shipowners had sent horribly overloaded, unseaworthy, over-insured ships across the oceans. A certain Samuel Plimsoll began an agitation to prevent those crimes against seamanship. While the country fought a general election on Irish Church Disestablishment and other appalling issues, he entered Parliament on his one plank. He made little headway towards the desired legislation, until one day, with the vehemence of a suffragette, he denounced his enemies and named members of the House as guilty of the crimes he execrated. It was frightful, and I think he was suspended. But his measure passed; and the

Plimsoll line is painted on every British ship, by force of the Parliament he so indecorously outraged.

The claim of a woman to vote, on the same qualifications that a man does, seems to me to be based on the most elemental justice; and to be independent of the questions whether women, as a whole, would use the suffrage, and whether, with it, they would produce great social ameliorations. The franchise is no wonder-working panacea, but it is the sign, seal, and symbol of citizenship. Without it a man justly feels he is an alien to the commonwealth. If I were a woman, I think I should feel entitled, in nature, and on the services of my sex to the commonwealth, to take my place with the rest of the able-minded constituents of the nation. And that is why, having no facility in fair company, I am a suffragette.

WHERE VIOLETS LANGUISH

By E. M. YEOMAN

Ah, what avails thine anguish?
Tears may not lessen grief.
But come where violets languish
And thou shalt have relief.
Thou shalt forget thy heart's distress
Where violets show their purple dress.
Yea, what may tears avail?
Tears may not lighten woe.
But we shall seek some verdant dale
Where purple flowers grow;
And there, where violets languish,
Thou shalt forget thine anguish.

We'll go by way of meadows green,
And gather as we go
Ripe buttercups with golden sheen,
That 'mongst the grasses grow;
And haply in our path shall be
A lonely crimson rose for thee.
And in some moss-grown rocky chair,
Where violets are spread,
We'll weave a garland for thy hair,
Of purple flowers, and gold, and red;
And there, where violets languish,
Thou shalt forget thine anguish.

BY A VANCOUVER ISLAND RIVER

BY F. M. KELLY

FOR the foremost season of the year, nature had wrought her most wondrous work, and the pleasant fragrance of full-blown spring hung heavy on the air in the lovely valley of the Sooke. Countless blossoms gave of their best to make the day a sweet one, and though it could not compare with the dainty aroma spilled from the heart of the lowly violet in the glade, even the chaste white dog-wood, its spreading petals gleaming high against the dark background of the timber, contributed its portion to the wealth of fresh perfumes. A happy day, indeed, on which I was making a botanical collection for a friend, and had gathered no less than thirty-five varieties of flower-embellished plants when I sought the edge of the river to rest and dream under the spell of the soft, sun-kissed water where it made fond music with the enamelled stones of the shallow places.

I found my spot of contentment by the side of a pool, some twenty yards in width, and deep. At either end the water was purling and giving forth sweet sounds. There were no discords in that symphony of the river. Opposite, on the other bank, the forest came down almost to the water, while a great gray stump stood at its very brink. Over the pool it leaned slightly, and would, as a tree no doubt, have toppled over long since had a valley-sweeping tempest in some far away year not wrestled with it and flung a good half of its length to nothingness. With its fair top

gone, there had been no fresh green needles put forth from its branches each spring, no swelling of its girth each year. Undoubtedly death had been slow, as befitted the passing of a monarch of big trees; but how long ago the sap had ceased to flow it would be impossible to tell. The bark had fallen from its entire length, and the woodpeckers had honeycombed the skin for many feet. It was hollow, too; I could see that as I looked. Even the heart had evidently crumbled, for there was a large oval hole about fifteen feet from the bottom, behind which was deep shadow. Nothing but a shell it seemed to be; and, as I conjectured what its age might be, I figured that it was a giant of its kind ere Columbus dreamt of a new world. Just then quite a large bird flew up to the opening and disappeared within. I took it to be a sheldrake, and knew I was not wrong when I saw it emerge again shortly afterwards. Then I forgot that I was resting, forgot my dreams and my friend's botany; for I felt that there were things very dear to the bird in that old stump—its nest and coming brood, and that I must look and see. I crossed the river. In a hollow near the centre were five eggs of a creamy buff colour.

When next I passed that way there were two more eggs, making seven in all. Evidently the period of incubation then commenced, for the bird was on the nest when I called the following day. The day after it was the same, so I ceased my visits

for a time. When next I went to look I beheld seven balls of unfeathered life huddled close together. While I was intently observing them, the old bird came up very much excited. It did not come close, but kept flying swiftly past. So it intimated clearly that my presence was not wanted, and I took my leave.

All water-fowl become learned in the ways of the water before they make the acquaintance of the elements of the air. Because of this, I was anxious to know how the young birds would get to the pool from a nest so high above the ground. I decided to watch from the other bank when I felt it was near the time for the little things to be schooled in the elementary lessons of a sheldrake's life. Though several days of watching went by, I was at length rewarded. Something told me that an unusual sight was to be presented to my eyes when I saw the mother-bird fly up to the entrance of the castle, pause for a moment to look in and then hurriedly take wing again. Up the water-course some hundred yards it flew, then came back and went about the same distance down stream. Several times it did this, evidently, as I reasoned later, to learn if the swift hawks were moving in the neighbourhood, or whether the silent eagle was watching from a river-leaning limb of some tall tree.

Apparently satisfied that the time was propitious for the accomplishment of its purpose, it again sought the opening in the great fir stump. It seemed strange what then happened, yet it was the only possible way in which the young birds could reach the surface of the pool. One by one the old bird carried them down in its long saw-like mandible, placed each little feathered puff among the old roots beneath the bank ere it flew back for another.

But in what manner were those young birds warned not to show themselves while there alone? They must have been warned in some way,

for there was not a sign of them to be seen within a few seconds after they were dropped. At last all were down, and not even the sharp-eyed hawk as it drifted along had observed the little family in its natural refuge. If so, it had made no sign.

Days passed before I returned to the river. When I did so, I took a camera with me, determined, if possible, to get some pictures of this breed of *mergamser Americanus*. It proved to be an undertaking more easily figured out than successfully accomplished. In fact, I failed lamentably. This was through no lack of trying, and I would not care to mention my non-success on that particular occasion were it not for the fact that while I was endeavouring to get within camera-range of the little family I beheld the enactment of a tragic scene on nature's own stage, such a scene, indeed, as I shall probably never see presented again.

Having patiently passed several hours without success in the bush near the edge of the home pool, which the sheldrake and its brood still frequented, I decided to try other tactics. My hiding-place was not the most comfortable, besides the light had changed and the position of my camera, eight feet away, was not of the best. My idea was to stalk them, then break out suddenly from the timber with the camera set and press the bulb. I pressed it several times, but the results afterwards proved too poor for satisfaction.

At my first attempt the whole band started to fly. The little things were not very strong, nor were their wings fully developed, so they only went a short distance, dropped into the shallows close to the shore, floundered as fast as they could for a few yards and hid among the boulders until the old bird returned, which it did very quickly, and gathered them together. This was repeated several times before we reached the largest pool of the river. This pool appeared to be fully forty yards across, and the

side opposite to that on which I stood was devoid of dense bush, while there was a tangle of matted branches, the collection of years, partly on the bank and partly in the water. There were no signs of my camera-quarry when I peered through the wild gooseberry bushes which lined my side of the pool, but I was certain that the young birds were in hiding beneath the mass of brush opposite.

Three times, at least, while I was seeking to locate the hiding-place of the brood, the mother-bird went by. Then all at once it took the water, fair in the centre of the pool. Hardly had it done so before there was a great feathered thing dropping silently from above, its wings outspread. Suddenly those wide wings became almost vertical, it dropped swiftly, two sinewy limbs shot out, but the sharp claws closed short; for almost on the instant of apparent death the sheldrake disappeared beneath the water.

Then the great white-head lifted itself to where it could mark the course of the water-bird in the clear transparent element. It knew the moment that its quarry would come near the surface; it also knew that it dare not leave the deep water of the pool.

Swiftly then it would strike where the water broke in circles. The sheldrake was very quick, though, and I thought it might escape and reach the sanctuary where its young were in hiding; but the eagle was most determined, and at length it looked as if it were the end of all for the water-fowl. So quickly it happened, I could not see whether the sharp curving beak, the sharper curving talons or the strong wide wings did the damage, but the sheldrake's head was in the water, and it was turning in circles, apparently stunned. As it made ready for the final swoop, the eagle uttered a shrill scream, a cry of triumph that ended as the descent commenced.

How different, though, was that descent from the ordinary graceful downward sweep of the bird. A shot rang out, and the great winged hunter of our river-reaches fell inertly, a dead and broken thing, and while the sheldrake revived, a few dozen laggard, downy feathers dropped softly to the water about it.

Somebody else had been watching the unequal encounter, one whose sympathies were assuredly with the weak.



MAKING CHEESE IN SWITZERLAND

BY HEDLEY P. SOMNER

SUMMER tourists in Switzerland, the playground of the world, in their first leisurely "doing" of the country's attractive and sequestered villages, often wonder at the unexpected absence of lowing herds. There is evidence enough that the country possesses dairies and cheese factories, but, "Where are the cows?" the tourist demands. The delicious dairy products placed before him every morning prove that there must be members of the "Milky Way" somewhere, and their absence from his summer gaze around the village seems remarkable to him, so much so that he always inquires about them, with no small amusement for the experienced traveller in the Alps.

The novice may pass through one pretty village after another and never see a cow, or be accosted by the gentle lowing of the herd. "Where are the cows?" he will repeat again. Not in the stables or pastures or meadows around the village. They are not to be found there—that is true; but here is one of the greatest dairying countries in the world, and to be such it must possess cows in number.

Switzerland, however, conducts her dairying industry upon radically different lines from those of any other dairy country; but the mode peculiar to her is certainly appropriate to the conditions surrounding the industry. In summer time the cows are far away from the villages—but they are where the best grass is, where the verdure is luscious and juicy.

During these summer months, indeed, the herds are upon the

mountains, climbing steadily higher and higher as the sun rises more and more directly above, pressing on the retreating edge of snow, grazing on the freshened, nutritious springing verdure as it bursts from beneath its long winter swaddling mantle.

In spring from early May to June the herds are collected on the village green, and an annual festival occurs in which the cow-herds and milkmaids take part. The best cow is adorned with a bell, a reward for her beauty of "form" at the pail. She proudly bears the bell and leads the herd in its summer migration. The famous country songs are sung to the accompaniment of the pipings of the musical herd laddies and the steps of the tripping maids, partners on the green. The bell-cow realises her dignity and preserves it with bovine obstinacy, allowing no encroachment upon her prerogatives, for she is pasture-wise and has a keen eye and nose for choicest spots on the uplands, and seeks them out for herself and followers. She leads the herd proudly in its parade, as it starts on its way to crop the juicy blades that will soon be transformed into a delicious flow of milk. These annual spring festivals have still their quaint customs and observances clinging to them from the days of old, and in them herdsman and maid are endeared to each other in their joyous pastoral duties.

In May or June the herds begin their climb, creeping higher up as the snow disappears; and they reach

the limit of their known haunts in September, when the return jaunt commences after their strenuous four months of milk production. And the snow recovers the meadows and gently follows at heel as the herd retraces its steps homeward, winterward. As they go with their heads close to the ground, browsing the fresh growth in the meadows which they had previously stripped, their milk becomes richer, for the grasses are now more luxuriant. High up these mountains real meadows are

the herd's main nutriment. These choice browsings give to the milk a flavour of alpine flowers that is in time imparted to the cheese.

In Switzerland the making of cheese is one of the most healthful and picturesque of occupations. When the snow has sufficiently melted from the higher alpine meadows and the grass and flowers begin to cover the sides of the mountains, the herdsmen are ready to leave their homes in the valleys, carrying with them on the backs of stout nags certain household



A SWISS CHEESE-MAKING HUT

plentiful; and these spots are "Alps" to the Swiss herdsmen, for the word to them means green—not white or high, according to the primitive significance. And these pastures and meadows or alps produce not only sweet-tasting grasses but sweet-scented. Their succulence is combined with and strengthened by many elements of fragrance and varieties of alpine plants eagerly nipped by the discerning milchers, for these alpine blooms furnish the salt and spice of

belongings, and also their cheese-making utensils, such as boilers, milk pails, cheese kettles, presses, moulds, etc.

All over Switzerland this summer migration to the higher alps takes place, and in its high valleys thousands of herds graze in summer. The Swiss are a race of athletes, sharing in the abundance and beauty of their surroundings. They love the open, robust freedom of the mountains, while engaged in cheese-making, re-

joining in the majestic horizons of jagged peaks and profound gorges, and the pastures clothed in rich verdure, bedecked with a profusion of brightest flowers. The mountain pastures are so favoured as to make Switzerland one of the most flowery countries on earth. The contrasts of colour are marvellous, and the soft and vivid blue of the gentian, the glowing purple and orange of the alpine toadflax, the passionate yellow of the sulphur-blossomed windflower and the crimson purple of the saxi-

There is no rank growth, but here is attained the rarest beauty of nature's artistry. It is to these glorious pastures that the grazers are driven and led by the queen of the herd, who gets the first nibbles of the choicest tufts and bunches of green.

It is the custom of the herdsmen to combine their herds for cheese-making. The cows belonging to individual owners are carefully studied as to breed and milk-yielding capacity. The milk of each cow is carefully analysed as to quality and measured as to



A SWISS CHEESE PRESS

frage are the despair of lowland gardeners. What could be more wistful or tender than a field of campanulas (bluebells) that spread over the meadows like a blue mist, emphasised by the dazzling whiteness of St. Bruno's lilies; or a mass of bird's eye primrose glowing like a pink carpet, when seen against a background of pines and snow-white mountains? And these pastures, hung on steep slopes rising 6,000 or 7,000 feet, look as if well cared for.

quantity. Everything is conducted on a strict basis, so that when one individual is adjudged one-fiftieth, and another one-seventieth of the cheese product of the combined herd, they know that they are being fairly dealt with, and will receive a fair share each.

Cheese is, indeed, one of the chiefest "country" products of Switzerland. Millions of pounds of it are exported annually. This means not only that the country possesses rich

pastures but proves the commonly observed fact that where there are such rich pastures there are always also fine cattle and staunch men. The cheese industry has indeed been finely developed and cheeseries or *fromageries* are scattered over the country wherever a vale affords a meadow. Dairy associations and breeders' associations exist in the various centres of the industry. The alpine cantons which offer so many temptations to the tourist to linger have each its own variety of the indigenous breed famous

meadows and rugged highlands that are a constant source of delight to the tourist, is produced a cheese known as *Schabieger*, which has friends wherever cheese is relished. In Lucerne the *Emmenthal* and *Entlebach* cheeses are held in high repute. The product commonly known as *Schweitzer* is favoured in the far northlands.

In the Simmenthal valley, in the Canton of Berne, a magnificent breed of Swiss cattle is raised. They are brown and white, spotted, speckled or mottled, of low blocky frame, deep-



A SWISS CHEESEMAKER LUNCHING

before the advent of the Romans and cultivated by the lake-dwellers of prehistoric times. Some of these breeds may have only a local fame, as likewise the variety of cheese made from the milk of their cows, but the choicest Swiss cheese is prized far away from its place of manufacture. There are varieties of green cheese and herb cheese, and they are all good and true varieties.

In the Canton of Glarus, which is richly endowed with those velvety

bodied and uddered. The breed is known the world over, and many fine specimens have been picked up and transported to America. The Simmenthal valley is perhaps the most famous of all cattle-producing sections of Switzerland, possessing three great fairs, held one after the other during one week in October. To these fairs thousands of cattle are driven, and in them throngs of breeders and dealers congregate to snap up the offerings of the local owners.

Saanen (Gessnay) is the most southern of these markets; Zweisimmen, the middle one, in the centre of the wide vale; and Erlenbach, the northwestern market. The climate of Simmenthal is mild and agreeable and it provides much fine natural scenery. At Gessnay memories of the former Counts of Gruyère are still preserved, the family arms, showing a white crane on a crimson field, being exhibited in the town. The Counts of Gruyère ruled here of yore, as they did in their own home valley.

range. He amuses himself with his full-throated songs and pipings, and may beguile his more tedious hours by whittling a stick into some quaint figure. His deep-hunged "*Mihoh-Trala-la*," is echoed far and near and is sweet sound to the maids. It is the "All's Well" of the alpine environment.

That next valley, Gruyère, is identified with the most famous Swiss cheese, which has great favour in France and Italy. This pastoral valley is not only historic but idyllic.



DISPOSING OF THE WHEY

The finest cows yield on an average two hundred weight of cheese during their four months' summer outing. The life of the herd lads and dairy lasses during these months is strenuous and not a mere matter of play. The alpine dairy sheds are haunts of activity from dawn to dark, for the milk must be collected and manipulated quickly and correctly. The herdsman's business is often a serious one, for he must watch over the straying bovines and keep them within

and the hoary old castle still commands the valley as it did in more determined manner in the days when its owners, the Counts of Gruyère, were a power in the land, and maintained the fame of Fribourg chivalry. Gruyère is a valley of beautiful meadows and picturesque mountains, down whose sides dash foaming torrents—a rugged and smiling setting for the drama of peasant life that has made world famed the *Ranz des Vaches*, a pastoral song that not only

carries the brave national spirit wherever it is sung but the love of native land in the breast of the exile.

Gruyère cheese is the queen of all. It is recognised by its *lacune*, or holes, which, however, are not necessarily indicative of its genuineness or perfection, for the body of the cheese should be firm and solid, and with a deep old ivory hue, and should dissolve in the mouth like butter. Its peculiar piquant flavour is unique.

While various localities in Switzerland have developed many varieties of cheese, it is generally admitted that Gruyère is typical of the whole group of Swiss cheeses. It is usually made in a large copper kettle that will hold at least about 225 quarts of milk, the curd of which is made into a single cheese. The milk, first heated to a high pitch in the cauldron, is coagulated with rennet, an extract obtained from the fourth stomach of a calf that is still feeding upon milk. Rennet, being acid, causes coagulation of the casein, which assists in the ripening process. After the curd

has been coagulated, it is broken up in various ways into small pieces as nearly uniform in size as possible, and is again heated; then it receives careful stirring with a great iron comb. After heating, which is necessary to produce a firm curd and a slow ripening cheese, the curd is allowed to sink to the bottom of the vessel in a solid mass, and while in this condition a cloth is slipped around it and the whole mass of curd conveyed to the moulds in which it is pressed into shape. The cheese thus solidified loses all its free liquid and takes a round, solid form, weighing about fifty pounds.

The cheese in its present condition is a hard, tough mass, difficult of digestion. But it is put aside in a clean, cool, airy cellar for ripening, and it is the process of ripening, or curing, that creates the flavour which gives the cheese its specific character, and converts the casein into a more or less soluble and wholesome mass.

In the production of these changes two different processes are at work.



SWISS COWS UNDER SHELTER

The first is the rapid development of the bacteria already in the milk. These bacteria are microscopic, and are closely related to yeasts and moulds, the fermentative agents in other varieties of cheese. Bacteria multiply with extreme rapidity. The souring of milk is due to their actively giving rise to lactic acid and other chemical products.

The second process in cheese ripening is the action of certain chemical ferments, the combined action of which produces in the cheese its particular flavours and characteristics. Cheeses manufactured similarly, but in different localities, are widely different from one another. It is during the fermenting process that the holes are produced in the cheese by the liberation of gases. These holes in perfect cheese should be uniform in size, and at equal distances from each other. The casein breaks down into a cheese of solid, uniform texture, and characteristic flavour. The characteristic flavours of Swiss cheese are chiefly due to the character of the alpine pastures upon which the cows feed, as well as by micro-organisms peculiar to the alpine climate.

The popularity of cheese among so many races of men is due to the fact that its strong flavour gives an appetising taste to a variety of tasteless foods. It is well known that flavour is of the greatest significance in diet, by reason of its powerful stimulation of the digestive functions. A diet of tasteless food cannot be long digested and assimilated. But even the coarsest bit of dry bread may be made palatable by a bit of cheese to give it a relish and aid its digestibility. In



A SWISS CHEESE CAULDRON

composition Swiss cheese contains 31.00 per cent. of casein, 24.00 per cent. of fat, 1.50 per cent. of sugar, 40.00 per cent. of water and 3.00 per cent. of ash and common salt.

During the ripening process, Swiss cheese is salted from the outside. The quality is best when the curing goes on gradually and continually. The flavour increases with age, while the odour becomes increasingly pungent. In certain parts of Switzerland a man's social position is denoted by the number of cows he owns or the cheeses he accumulates. Sometimes a cheese is made to commemorate the birth of a child and slices are eaten on every anniversary. When old age is reached what remains of the cheese may become rather heroic in flavour and odour, but it is prized all the more highly.



KAISER WILHELM II.

KAISER WILHELM: HIS OPPORTUNITY AND FAILURE

BY W. O. PAYNE

THE purpose of this paper is to treat of its personal subject as probably the last conspicuous regime in the world's affairs that is rapidly passing away, and to take note of the hopelessness of the struggle which a strong man may make never so bravely against the resistless tide of events.

Of course, the end of Kaiser Wilhelm is yet to be told. In the ordinary trend of human events he yet has still a very considerable expectancy

of life, and it is reasonable to anticipate that he will be heard from in numerous ways for yet an uncertain number of years to come; but as a successful meddler in the concerns of nations it is fairly well recognised that his race is run, and as the chief of a mighty nation he is no longer feared at home or abroad. Hence it appears that the reminiscent vein is the proper one in which to consider him and his time.

Wilhelm is the living representa-

tive of a long line of dead but distinguished ancestors. He belongs to one of the younger branches, but the strongest branch, of the house of Hohenzollern. The family traces back for about eleven centuries, at the beginning of which period it appears that the founder of the house was one of the predatory barons who held their castles and robbed the wayfarer and waylaid one another under the general supremacy of Charlemagne or his immediate successors. In the centuries that followed, the Hohenzollerns may not always have been achieving great things; but, as a certain survivor of the French Revolution said of himself and his time, "they lived." And when in the troublous times following the Reformation the German States were to a great extent recast and their relations readjusted, it appears that a count of Nuremberg had become a duke of Brandenburg; and the dukes in succession enlarged their territories and increased their influence until one of them became an Elector of Brandenburg, and then another became King of Prussia, and still another became the German Emperor, and his grandson, coming into the succession at a comparatively early age, became the present German Emperor and is known to the world as Kaiser Wilhelm II. He stands at the end of a line of barons and princes, reaching two and a half centuries back of the Norman conquest and including probably as many men of force and capacity in their respective times as are reckoned in any royal or noble line in history. Wilhelm has the pride of his family and not a little of its capacity. He is distinctly the most forceful man of his line since Frederick the Great, and he has all the ambition which any of his predecessors may have had to use the power and the opportunities he has for the aggrandisement of Germany and for the glory of the House of Hohenzollern.

Wilhelm is also by far the fore-

most representative and exponent of imperialism in the world's affairs. When the death of his aged grandfather was quickly followed by the untimely demise of his father, both in the year 1888, Wilhelm found himself in his thirtieth year at the head of a nation that had been consolidated by the genius of Bismarck and that had humiliated its leading continental rival with armies led by Von Moltke. The strategical position was the centre of Europe; the population was vast and enlightened; the army was the best organised and the best equipped that the world had ever seen and the most numerous of all standing armies save that of Russia; the nation was experiencing the commercial benefits of its political unity and was rapidly gaining in wealth and population; and, by virtue of a hard and fast alliance with the Catholics in the Reichstag, the dominance of the Imperial party in the politics of the nation was absolute. At the same time there was a treaty of alliance with Austria and Italy on the one hand and a close diplomatic understanding with Russia on the other hand, while France as the one continental rival of consequence was subject to control or influence at second hand by means of the German understanding with Russia and the Russian alliance with France.

Every conceivable factor, military, diplomatic, strategical, political, dynastic, personal, historical, and commercial, seemed to mark the fortunate Prince of Hohenzollern for the leadership, and the successful leadership, not merely of the greatest military power on earth, but also of the forces of imperialism everywhere. Imperialism, Germany, Hohenzollern—all of these might be thought to symbolise different causes; but for Wilhelm they coalesced in a common cause, the triumph of which should make him the mightiest of all monarchs, living or dead.

For a decade things worked for Wilhelm very nicely. He soon and

very naturally quarrelled with Bismarck, whose habit it had been to do the thinking for the Kaiser, and he put in Bismarck's place a more affable Chancellor, whose function it should be to execute the will of the Kaiser. The diplomatic understandings with surrounding nations were crystallised into what was known as "The Concert of Europe," the effect of which was that Germany, Russia, France, Austria, Italy, and Great Britain coöperated in all important international matters and by the weight of their influence, their armies and, above all, their navies, determined the course of events wherever their interests lay. In this concert, as already indicated, Germany and Russia dominated; but of the two Germany's was the more aggressive influence, and Germany was personated in the concert by Wilhelm. So thorough was the understanding between Germany and Russia, and so complete the acquiescence at all times of Austria, Italy and France, that Great Britain was essentially isolated, and, not being ready to break from the aggregation and fight all the rest of it, was dragged through one international muss after another, greatly to her chagrin and almost never to her satisfaction.

The power of the concert, and particularly of the imperialistic influence in the Concert, was most conspicuously manifested in the Orient. In that quarter the rising ambitions of Japan had led to a quarrel with China over the exercise of the dominant influence in Corea, and this quarrel had developed into a war, in which Japan speedily destroyed the Chinese navy, over-ran the Liau Tung peninsula and occupied Port Arthur. Japan had thereupon dictated the treaty of Shimoniseki, by which China relinquished all claims to the suzerainty of Corea and ceded Port Arthur to Japan. Then it was that the Concert, or rather the dominating influence in the Concert, showed both their purpose and their power. The time

came for the signing of the treaty. It was an international event, and the representatives of the powers were present. The admirals of Russia, Germany, and France arose in succession and forbade the signing of the treaty. British and American representatives were also present; but they had nothing to say.

The treaty was indeed signed; but Japan two days later, in due diplomatic form, returned to China the title to Port Arthur, and in humiliation so deep that its people wept with anger it confessed before the world that as against the demand of the "Concert of Europe" it could not hold what it had won in war. Then the leaders of the Concert proceeded with their plan. Russia took a "lease" of Port Arthur, fortified it and built a railroad down close to it through Manchuria from the main line of the Trans-Siberian railroad; France, which already held Cochinchina, began to interest itself in the affairs of the southern portion of the Chinese Empire; while Germany made the murder of two missionaries the occasion for seizing a piece of territory on the Shan Tung peninsula, and Great Britain was given to understand that it might take a slice near Hong-Kong and on the Yang-tse River. Great Britain did not particularly want the slice in just that way, but greatly preferred that China be kept intact and its trade enjoyed as a whole by the country that could offer the best commercial inducements; but the British objection amounted to little or more than had the feelings of the Japanese at Shimoniseki, and the scheme for the definition of "spheres of influence" in China and for the ultimate partition and absorption of the Empire promised the most flattering success.

About the same time the power of the Concert was illustrated nearer home upon the occasion of the little muss and war between Turkey and Greece. The people of Crete were always in more or less fuss with their

Turkish rulers, and their cousins of the mainland of Greece were always in sympathy with them. So in the summer of 1897 Greece declared war against Turkey. The Turks got into action first, invaded Greece, met the Greeks on the plain of Pharsalia, where Cæsar had wrested the world from Pompey, and speedily drove the Greeks off the field. So far as anyone could see, the way was open for the Turks to Athens; but the Turks stopped where they were and did not go to Athens. At the same time the Greek fleet, which was apparently quite as superior to anything that Turkey could offer in opposition as was the Turkish army to the Greek army, refrained absolutely from doing anything to the serious annoyance of the Turks. Why the Turkish army and the Greek navy both became so conspicuously quiescent, was never explained to the public; but a Greek prince was made Governor of Crete, and both Turkey and Greece understood when the incident was over that there was nothing for either of them to gain by fighting, but that if there were something in the affairs of the world that they did not like, the only remedy was to petition the Concert of Europe and to accept such satisfaction and favour as might be forthcoming. In other words, in the vicinity of the Ægean, as along the straits of Corea, the Concert of Europe demonstrated without actual resort to arms that it could both dictate and discipline. The Concert of Europe was dominating both the Asiatic and the European ends of the eastern continent, and for practical purposes the Concert was principally Kaiser and Czar, especially Kaiser.

This was the time when Kaiser Wilhelm could feel with ample warrant that the world was coming his way and that his dreams of universal empire for the House of Hohenzollern were indeed in the way of realisation. His only real opposition was Great Britain, and Great Britain was isolated and overawed. But at this

moment a chain of circumstances was started in a quarter of the world when nothing would have been or was anticipated as likely to be of especial interest to Europe. An insurrection had for some time been in progress in Cuba, and the sympathy of the people of the United States had been excited by the measures resorted to by the Spanish governor to suppress the insurrection. As a sort of expression of this sympathy, but without any definite purpose on the part of the Government or people to do anything of real consequence, the United States sent the battleship *Maine* down to Havana with general instructions to its commander to stay in the harbour for a while and exchange courtesies with the Spanish officials in Cuba. In the ordinary course of events the battleship would have sailed away, firing a salute in parting and very possibly bringing or sending back to the United States a pleasing report of the politenesses experienced. But something went wrong, or somebody played the villain very foolishly, and a mine was exploded under the ship and the *Maine* destroyed with a great part of its crew. Naturally the Government and people of the United States demanded of Spain apologies such as Spain could not possibly give, and war inevitably resulted.

As yet, however, there was no thought in anyone's mind of anything that could have any possible bearing on the general European situation; but it happened that Spain had in the Philippines a naval force which was of inconsiderable fighting capacity but which might be the cause of great damage to American commerce. So in advance of the declaration of war the United States Government assembled in the British port of Hong-Kong a respectable squadron of cruisers under the command of the best commodore in the navy, and managed somehow to keep the war-dogs in Congress from breaking entirely loose until another cruiser, the

Baltimore, could arrive directly from home with a ship-load of ammunition. The *Baltimore*, having arrived and the ammunition having been distributed through the squadron, the declaration of war was made, and Dewey was ordered to "capture or destroy" that Spanish naval force in the Philippines. So Dewey went after that force. He expected to find it in Subig Bay, which was a comparatively isolated harbour, the occupation of which might not have been attended with notable results. But the Spanish ships proved to be in Manila Bay, and when Dewey had in a few hours executed his orders with respect to the Spanish ships, he found himself to be incidentally in practical command of the city of Manila and of all that was materially important in the Philippine Islands.

So the United States came into possession of the Philippines and of one of the most favourable vantage points for trade or war in all the Orient, and to thoughtful observers it was plain that from this possession there must be diplomatic consequences. This naturally pleased the British diplomats, and if at the same time there were any besides the Spaniards who regarded the situation with greater regret than all others, they were Kaiser Wilhelm and those who were playing with him the game of international politics. This event did not indeed in any way involve the United States in any of the home affairs of Europe; but it did arouse in the United States a more vivid interest in all the affairs of the Orient and aroused also hopes of commercial relations there; and inasmuch as the Philippines were territorially quite all that the United States cared for in that quarter of the world, this country at once became identified with Great Britain and Japan in support of the policy of the "open door," or equal privileges of trade, in China, and became similarly opposed to the policy of "sphere of influence" and ultimate partition as favoured and promoted by

Germany, Russia and France.

At the same time the United States, under the impetus acquired from the Spanish war, took to building more and better battleships, and through Secretary Hay began taking a most active part in all the diplomatic discussions of Oriental affairs. The interposition of the United States as an Oriental factor did not at once turn the balance of power in the Orient or anywhere else; but American interest grew with time and the experiences of the Boxer rebellion, and Mr. Hay asked troublesome questions, which neither Russia nor Germany was ready to answer according to its own real purposes. Then also through Minister Conger a treaty was secured from China, assuring to the United States trade privileges in Manchuria quite incompatible with the conditions which Russia was inaugurating and extending in that region, so that if Russia should persist in its programme of absorption there it would necessarily become involved in a distinctly disagreeable and undesirable dispute with the United States. Thus the first real check for the Kaiser's and the Concert's programme of general aggrandisement came in consequence of the Spanish war and of Dewey's victory at Manila.

All of this time Japan had been nursing its wrath over the insult received from the Concert at Shimoni-seki and had with unparalleled industry been preparing for the day and hour of revenge. Japan provided itself with battleships; it trained its soldiers; it gathered material for war; it explored and surveyed thoroughly the district which was likely to be, and later proved to be, the theatre of war; it gave promise that if it should have a chance it could do something. Then, in view of American sympathy over general Oriental policies and in view of the Japanese preparation, Great Britain ventured to conclude with Japan a treaty by which it was agreed that if Japan should become involved in war with Russia and if

any other European power should join in such war on the side of Russia, then Great Britain would join in the war on the side of Japan. With the assurance of this treaty Japan was ready for war, and the fool Russian, having no idea what he was going into, speedily gave the provocation. Japan presented an ultimatum which Russia treated as a joke, and a night or two later the Japanese sent a lot of torpedoes among the Russian battleships off the harbour of Port Arthur.

Long before the ensuing war was over it was plainly to be seen that Russia as a political factor would thenceforth be of inferior consequence and that Russian coöperation in the Kaiser's plans was no longer to be effective. At the same time France, whose alliance with Russia had been for the purpose of self-protection against Germany and which had lagged more or less obviously in many of the moves of the Concert of Europe, saw plainly that it must make other arrangements than those with Russia for defence against the admittedly superior military power of Germany. So France turned to the only quarter whence such arrangements were to be had, and that was in Great Britain. Thus Great Britain added a French *entente* to the Japanese alliance, and Russia being no longer seriously in the game and the attitude of Italy in the readjustment of things being more or less evasive, Germany was left with no real supporter except Austria, which in a military sense did not particularly count.

In the state of affairs thus brought about there was presented to Kaiser Wilhelm the supreme test of his fitness for the great game of dominion he had essayed to play. He could bide his time, could seek to drive a wedge somewhere into the opposing but poorly cemented combination, could evade any notable controversy until the situation should be more favourable and could generally play the part of the diplomat amid difficult surroundings; or he could bluster

ahead, assuming that he would continue to win because he had often won, and thereby run the risk of being himself rebuffed and of cementing the opposition in case its coalition should prove to be strong enough to accomplish results. Wilhelm chose the latter course, and furthermore he chose an issue upon which Italy, though in most cases doubtful, would inevitably be against him, and in which Spain and other nations not included in the Concert of Europe, which by this time was almost defunct, would also have occasion to interest themselves adversely. Thus it was that the Kaiser brought on the controversy about Morocco.

The essential fact about Morocco was that it was an utterly misgoverned piece of very unattractive territory at the northwest corner of Africa, which in the general division of northern Africa into colonies and spheres of influence had come virtually under the protection of France and Spain. In this protectorate adhered the only possibility of the locality being made a safe one for Europeans beyond the range of guns of the ships in the harbours, and likewise the only hope of life being made at all pleasant within such range. As usual, France and Spain were having some trouble about persuading their ward in chancery to be good, and in this situation Kaiser Wilhelm took a yachting trip around to Mediterranean and stopped at Tangier, where he made a sensational speech in support of the "independence" of the Sultan of Morocco. The speech amounted to a notice that Germany supported the Sultan in resisting the advice of France and Spain as to the affairs of his country, and, as in the time when Russia, Germany and France ordered Japan out of Port Arthur, the query submitted to the rest of the nations was, What did they propose to do about it?

But this time there was an answer. France served notice that it resented the Kaiser's performance; Great

Britain served notice that it backed France in any action that country might take to defend its rights and interests in Africa; Spain, not very powerful but contributing nevertheless to the territorial solidity of western Europe, announced that it also stood with France; and even Italy, though allied by treaty with Germany, indicated that in a matter related so strictly to the situation about the Mediterranean its own interests were superior to those of Germany and that for itself it was satisfied with the opportunities for colonisation that were afforded to itself on the African coast of the Red Sea. The nub of the matter, however, was in the intimidation from France and Great Britain that Germany might back down or fight and in the opposing fact that the Kaiser, on behalf of Germany, was distinctly not in the habit of backing down, and the case thus became one in which material concessions by either party would involve great loss of diplomatic prestige. The Moroccan matter was indeed a small one over which to raise an issue comprehending the hegemony of Europe; but nevertheless the issue was raised, and there were but two ways of settling it. One way was by going to war, and the other and much cheaper way was to call a conference of the powers and other nations interested.

So the conference over Morocco was convened at the Spanish town of Algeciras, adjacent to the British stronghold of Gibraltar. In this conference the nations of western and southern Europe were aligned as already indicated. Austria supported Germany, but without any ambition for a fight, and the attitude of Russia alone appeared doubtful. Russia would a few years before have supported Germany and the Kaiser as a matter of course; but the time of the conference was about a year after the signing of the treaty of Portsmouth, and Russia had reached the general conclusion that what it wanted most of all was to keep out of

any more serious difficulties. So, after much debate and after a clear definition of the issues and also after the determination of France and Great Britain to maintain their position had been made evident, Russia concluded to take the side of the greater number and of the great resources. That ended the play. The rest of Europe except Austria had lined up against Germany, which had to submit and did submit. To this conclusion at Algeciras events in many parts of the world had for several years been tending; but there is no mistaking the moment when the balance of power in Europe definitely shifted, and when Germany and Kaiser Wilhelm ceased to be the political leaders of Europe and were supplanted in that leadership by Great Britain and King Edward.

After Algeciras Wilhelm still had left the opportunity which any bully has after being exceedingly well thrashed, which opportunity was to show that he had profited from his lesson and was disposed to be decent. Wilhelm did nothing of the sort. Upon the contrary his conduct was that of a man still possessed of considerable power and actuated by a grouch. What he did was not of a character to amount to much; but his obvious disposition was to be as annoying as possible. He picked another fuss with France over some trivial matter, and again had to be shown that he could not bully any more the combination of which France was a part. He mobilised his fleet near the German shore of the North Sea, where Englishmen could contemplate it, and thereby occasioned Great Britain to mobilise a bigger fleet near the English shore of the same waters. He manœuvred a few army corps on the French frontier as a sort of suggestion of what might be done if those corps should actually be sent over the line. He did not really hurt anyone, but the chip on his shoulder was constantly in evidence.

What was doubtless his last man-

œuvre of this sort the Kaiser did not really get caught at, but when Austria, which for forty years had been the most pacific nation in Europe, suddenly seized the Turkish provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, refusing any compensation therefor, and Bulgaria at the same time declared its entire independence of Turkey and seized similarly the Turkish province of Eastern Roumelia, it was fairly obvious that the German busybody was putting forward some of his protégés to get into trouble and to make trouble.

In the way of trouble-making this was the shrewdest job Wilhelm ever attempted, and it is conceivable that at an earlier period he might by this proceeding have created a real disturbance; but in the fall of 1908 the states of Europe under English hegemony were prepared for any ruction which he might seek to create or of which he might be an abettor. By this time even Russia had come to a working understanding with England. So Russia, whose influence was greatest in Bulgaria, notified Bulgaria to be good, and Bulgaria was good—that is, as good as Bulgaria can be. Then Austria was given to understand that, while there was no objection to her continuing to administer the government of Turkish provinces over which for thirty years she has acted as guardian, if she proposed to sequester the revenues of the provinces she must make compensation to the Turkish bond-holders. Austria did not like the admonition at all; but in the test Wilhelm failed to support her with any vigour, and so Austria began to haggle about the amount of compensation. Thus once again Wilhelm had failed to make good in a quarrel of his own seeking.

And all of this time what about the German people? If there are any people in the world more disposed than any other to deal with facts and to avoid bluster, probably the Germans are the ones. Also their inclination is to mind their own busi-

ness and to encourage others to do the same. Always earnestly concerned in the development of Germany, they are nevertheless quite able to distinguish between the development of Germany and the exaltation of the House of Hohenzollern. Further, the Germans are naturally good democrats; they are liberty-loving, and they still have the ways of thinking which caused their forebears to fight out the battles of the Reformation. They are part of the highly civilised world, and their natural sympathies and alliances are with England, France and America, and not with Russia, Austria and the remnants of Turkey. They would rather build factories than battleships, and would rather be employed in industry than in war. For such a people it was bad enough to have the chief of their mighty State parading as the champion of imperialism everywhere while yet opposition vanished from his path; but when the opposition stood against him and sent him back from his every demonstration discredited, involving them in his defeat and disgrace, the situation must have become increasingly unbearable.

As is often the case, it was a small matter and not a great one that finally precipitated the crisis. The Kaiser furnished to the London *Telegraph* an authorised interview, in which he represented that the German people were so hostile in sentiment towards Great Britain that they were ready and anxious to go to war, and that they were only restrained from so going to war because of his own moderation in policy and his own great friendliness for Great Britain. This was the limit. The Germans had put up with the Kaiser's war-talk, had footed his army and navy bills, had tolerated his international blunderings, had suffered the consequent diplomatic isolation of their country, all or mostly for twenty years, and now to have him tell the world that they and not he were seeking the troubles and that he and not they was keeping the

nation out of worse troubles — and other nations from the incidental trouble of having to thrash him and them too—well, they knew when they had had enough.

Just what happened it is not easy to tell. The Kaiser was not deposed. His salary and his perquisites were not cut off. No change was made in the national constitution. But the people said things, and the newspapers said things, and the politicians did likewise, and the Reichstag debated, and the Chancellor of the Empire made a notable speech; and when it was all over the Kaiser and the Empire alike understood that thereafter his Imperial functions were to be ornamental and not political, and that the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Bundesrath, which committee had not met for years, would thereafter meet as occasion might require and would determine questions of international policy.

This review should not be concluded without more than a passing mention of English Edward. During the long reign of his much revered but not politically active mother he had come after a time to be recognised as dignified; but he was most certainly not suspected of having in him the material for the best politician in Europe. It was, however, a part of the Kaiser's bad luck that at just about the time when the general situation in world politics was becoming problematical, his grandmother died and left the throne and sceptre of Great Britain to his hitherto much obscured uncle. That uncle has proved to be about everything that the Kaiser ought to be but is not. Edward in the eight years of his reign has never made a political speech. He has never in any way transcended the functions which by common consent of the English people are yet left to the occupant of the throne. He has never sought anything of glory for himself. There has never been in his word or in his manner suggestion that the exaltation of the House of Han-

over was of more consequence to him than the prosperity of Britain and the peace of the world. But with all this, he has contributed far more to the present league of Europe than has any other man. When a crisis might be on and people or rulers might be excited he has never had anything to say; but when the crisis has been over and it has been found, as usual, that the weight of ships and guns and men and money, and hence of argument, was on the side of Great Britain and of the nations with which Great Britain is politically associated, then he has gone off to the right place, talked things over with the sovereign or chief of the nation most concerned, and stitched up a little closer the league of Europe under British hegemony. Where Wilhelm talked for glory, Edward has worked for results; and in the climax, where Wilhelm is a monarch once powerful but now in disgrace, Edward is the unassuming but highly successful representative of the world's cause of peace and order and prosperity.

And as a conclusion of the whole matter: Wilhelm had opportunities such as before his time were never presented to anyone; but the use he sought to make of them was selfish; he has failed in his programme and in his ambitions; he is weighed in the balance and found wanting. And in his failure there is promise of much good to the world. The world is moving toward democracy and liberty, toward peace and security—not the peace such as the Romans called in Britain, when they made a solitude, nor yet the peace that is compelled by modern armies and navies—but the peace that is founded upon an international public opinion working for reason and for justice. The fact that, as already indicated, the leading exponent just now of this policy of civilisation is the crowned head of England in no wise controverts the greater fact that England itself is one of the two most democratic of all nations, and that English hegemony,

as it is now exercised in Europe, is supported by the profound public opinion and most enlightened judgment of republican France, of the democratic kingdoms of Scandinavia, of the devoted and long-tried exemplars of liberty in the Netherlands—yea, even by the good sense and underlying sympathies of Germany.

Of course, the man who should undertake to stem such a tide of civilisation and sentiment must inevitably be brushed aside. Like Charles V. and Philip of Spain, Wilhelm has

fought and struggled hard enough for the old regime; but Charles V. abdicated his throne, and Philip lost his Armada, and Kaiser Wilhelm is not much better off. It is to be said of him that by reason of his position in the greatest military power of Europe he has been able for a time to turn the flood of the world's political activities into false channels; but the flood has turned back, as it was bound to turn, into the main channel of justice and progress, and the end looks well.

THE CANADIAN EXILE'S LAMENT

(*Le Canadien Errant*)*

From the French of Antoine Gérin-Lajoie

By JOHN BOYD

Weeping sorely as he journeyed
Over many a foreign strand,
A Canadian exile wandered,
Banished from his native land.

Sad and pensive, sitting lonely
By a rushing river's shore,
To the flowing waters spake he
Words that fondest memories bore:

"If you see my own dear country,—
Most unhappy is its lot,—
Say to all my friends, O river,
That they never are forgot.

"Oh, those days so full of gladness,
Now forever are they o'er;
And, alas, my own dear country,
I shall never see it more.

"No, dear Canada, Oh, my homeland!
But upon my dying day
Fondly shall my last look wander
To thee, beloved, far away!"

* *Le Canadien Errant*, of which the above is a translation, was written by Antoine Gérin-Lajoie, a distinguished French-Canadian littérateur, and is one of the most famous and touching songs of the French-Canadians—the lament of a French-Canadian banished from his native land following the rising of 1837.

MUSIC OF THE SEASON

BY KATHERINE HALE

COULD we forecast events, for even a decade, it is possible that this résumé of the music of one season in Canada's choral capital, Toronto, would seem but a pale beginning of all the achievement to follow. Certain it is that ten years ago the same résumé would have appeared ambitious beyond measure, for then good music was a luxury in Canada; to-day it is a necessity.

To the visitor in Toronto, the mid-winter is literally punctuated with concerts, and one of the most hopeful signs is the fact that we possess within ourselves a basis for comparison with visiting musical organisations.

Did we not possess our own choral societies, which are in turn blessed and stimulated by the spirit of competition among themselves, the visit of the Sheffield Choir, for instance, would have lost much of its value.

At first the oft-repeated question, "How does the Sheffield compare with the Mendelssohn?" seemed only narrow, conceited, and provincial. Yet, as the question was reiterated from one end of Canada to the other, as the editorial columns of the newspapers, far and wide, took up the subject, one saw that it meant something deeper than was at first implied. It was neither conceit nor curiosity: it was a living, burning interest in the matter of music in Canada. How do these singers, the best of British choruses, excel our young organisations? What have they in nationality, temperament, technique, and vocal perfection to offer to us as a lesson

for our further development? What can we learn from them or they from us?

Many great events have occurred in Massey Hall in the last ten years, but none I venture to say contained such deep significance as that evening in last November, when the people of Ontario crowded its capacity to welcome the Sheffield Choir. Certain moments, in all affairs of nations as well as individuals, contain a psychic significance. To many of us that evening became a vision which far outran the present. What was the roseate touch that illumined all, like the pink emblem that each member of the choir wore? It was the spirit of unity, it was the cosmic sense of kindredship which was not at all the kindredship of patriotism, as we exploit it for the purpose of war or even of legislation, it was the higher and more enduring kindredship of the ideal. For music is indeed "a vibrant door opening into the infinite". It is a "Marconi system of communication between spiritual beings".

Another aspect of the Choir's visit has been very well expressed by a contemporary writer who says:

"Imperial incentive is the inspiration of the trip. There are hundreds of cities in Great Britain which have never heard the Sheffield Choir, simply because the singers can only visit these places individually and at their own convenience. Outside of London and the Yorkshire festivals the Sheffield Choir is not heard. Just as in Canada, thus far, the Mendelssohn Choir has not given a concert away from its home city of Toronto. If the visit of the English singers leads, as is hoped, to a return visit by the finest chorus in

America, the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto, the same interesting anomaly will occur. English cities which have never heard their own best choir will yet be able to hear the premier chorus of America. That this reverse situation should arise is a powerful and curious testimony to a significant doctrine. It proves that a greater empire knows not time or distance, and that limitations are overcome in the fulfilment of an ideal sentiment. Under these conditions, it is easy to see the important part that music can be made to play in the closer union of the motherland and her daughters beyond the seas."

These things are really of deeper significance than the way the Sheffield Choir sang. They sang well; but not superlatively well. The chief interest to us as Canadians was the fact that, in most of the points which, vocally, we consider of first importance in America, they were singularly lacking, and in the points where our development ceases, they were paramount. If the Sheffield Choir had been faultless we should have learned and enjoyed less than we did.

Strange, and most interesting, is the fact that in literature, painting, and music, we in the new world cling to perfection of form with a passion that has long passed away in the older countries. That is, mere form—I do not mean technique. I think it is because we are not really sure of ourselves yet; because art is still an ornament with us, and, in its development, we are always digging up our progress to see it grow. So in poetry, and pictures, and in music, there is, for the most part, an almost painful precision in form.

Now art in England and in Europe is part of human nature's daily food; there is about it nothing extraordinary, or new, or strange, and the people are as used to open galleries, free libraries, oratorios, operas and orchestra concerts as they are to coffee-stalls and parks. So that in music they hear a great deal and do a great deal—as well as they can and as a matter of course. Theirs is not the artistic spirit, but simply the living spirit of art. The Sheffield Choir

could not compare, in many points of technical excellence, with the Mendelssohn Choir; for instance, in correct intonation, and in artistic effect. I much prefer the work of Dr. Ham's band of singers, but when it comes to interpretation, to the rendering of the true inwardness of the composer's theme, then the British choir is unexcelled. They sang excerpts from "The Messiah" and "The Elijah"; they sang Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius", and the "Sanctus" from Bach, and such Canadian compositions as Charles Harriss' "Sands o' Dee", Albert Ham's "Coronation Ballads", and Dr. Vogt's "Indian Love-Song", and the same method was observable all the way through: a certain amount of technique, and that merely as the vehicle to express the mood and meaning of the composer.

I do not say that the Sheffield Choir can afford to take this attitude. It nevertheless remains that it is true, and in the main the effects produced by the Sheffield in comparison with that of the Mendelssohn is like a sonorous, and sometimes inconsistent human voice—a voice which has long known life: and that of some etherealised being, some tender, waiting force, which is shortly to be reincarnated in human form. One is the expression of an ancient civilisation, the other of an ardent hope, unsullied and fresh.

After the Sheffield Choir concerts the local curtain was rung up by the first concert of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Frank Welsman, who was assisted by Madame Johanna Galski as soloist.

As was suggested in *The Canadian Magazine* last season, the musical hope of any country lies in the opportunity it can give to the people of hearing much music. Until we possessed in Toronto a permanent orchestra, all idea of great musical advance, in the broadest educational sense, was hopeless. Now that our orchestra is established, we already

clamour for more concerts—a healthy sign. The foreword to the first concert programme this season struck a popular note in stating that

"The Orchestra enters its third season upon an assuredly permanent basis, with the purpose of increasing its efficiency as opportunity may arise, and in the hope of adding to its public appearances from year to year until it shall be heard as frequently as are organisations of a similar nature elsewhere, to the end that the people of Toronto may become familiar with the best works of the great masters and their proper interpretation."

I believe that one of the greatest needs in Toronto, and one of the things which the people want as well as need, is a moderate-sized hall where Sunday concerts can be given at reasonable rates, so that all the great army of students and workers who are denied the evening concerts of the season because of expense, or physical weariness, or lack of time, could for ten cents or a quarter, hear just such works as the Symphony Orchestra has played this season, and hear them, and other great compositions, over and over again, until the power and the meaning of them become part of everyday life and experience. There would be a greater sanity in life, a deeper seriousness, and, doubtless, less enthusiasm for cheap vaudeville and unclean theatres on week-nights, if such an uplifting and purifying element could be introduced into the average boarding-house Sunday afternoon.

The Symphony Orchestra has been strengthened this season by several new players of experience and ability, and in their work in the performance of the "Unfinished Symphony" of Schubert, they showed a real advance over anything that they had yet attempted.

The first concert was indeed an admirable performance. The second concert, on the evening of March the 25th, was a revelation of the possibility of real yet rapid progress. In the fifth symphony of Beethoven, a work that is both feared and dreaded

by most orchestras, we got a gracious presentation of a difficult work. This Symphony is an intricate musical fabric: a picture woven of the gloom and gladness of great emotional genius, it requires for its interpretation the full sweep and colour of an adequate orchestra. That our band is still deficient in the brass section was noticeable in places, yet, taking the work as a whole, it was a revelation of the orchestra's growing power.

But the vital moment of the concert arrived with the Tschaikowsky Concerto in D major, which introduced the young Russian violinist Mischa Elman, when occurred one of those rare hours of revelation which are quite unlooked for and sometimes flash across the horizon with as much, or as little, premeditation as a bolt of electric light. Something in the magic of Tschaikowsky, and in the direct spell of the genius of Mischa Elman, first arrested and then set free what had been merely a comfortable and well pleased audience into an assemblage of eager and excited beings who were startled out of themselves, and carried to heights undreamed of by the god-like gift of a lad of seventeen. People were stirred, spell-bound, moved to tears. Like the little magician standing before them, like the body of men and women at his back working with him to interpret the dream, the great audience was also divining for once the cosmic message of music. And because artist and orchestra had forgotten every earthly consideration in the act of listening for and repeating the revelation of the composer the men and women who had never heard a bar of the music before were caught up and, listening, understood. They entered into a place where they had never been, and because of that hour will be the richer to the end of their lives.

Not less important than the Symphony Orchestra, in the development of our musical life, is the steady growth of the Toronto String Quartette, an organisation composed of

four as sincere musicians as Canada or any other country can produce. Mr. Frank Blachford, with his impassioned tone, supported by the steady cadence of Mr. Roberts with the second violin, Mr. Frank Smith's mastery of the soft voice of the viola, and Dr. Nicolai with the 'cello of Italian warmth, can spin the fairy tale with an almost magic art. In this organisation, more than in any other that we possess, the claim for colour goes not unregarded. No one can say that their playing lacks human sympathy and understanding. They are so full of this colour that the Kneisel sounds coldly perfect after their warmth. The Beethoven Quartette, op. 59, No. 1, and Borodino, op. 11, heard for the first time in Toronto, is one of the charming recollections of the season.

The farther that the Toronto String Quartette travels on little pilgrimages of art in Canada, the nearer comes our musical awakening.

Dr. Albert Ham, with the National Chorus, provides an intellectual as well as a musical treat each season by bringing to Toronto the New York Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Walter Damrosch, who is one of the most magnetic of all conductors. One puts everything into his hands with absolute confidence, and sinks into happiness at the first wave of his baton.

The production in Toronto of the first great British Symphony, at its third hearing in America, is an event which would, alone, have made this season notable. Two nations at least have been excited over the production of Elgar's premier symphony, which has been ranked in England as his best work, and "the finest masterpiece of its type that ever came from the pen of an English composer", and in New York as "the first symphony since the last of Brahms". Elgar is the composer of three oratorios and many lesser works, a man of deep feeling, a thinker and philosopher as well as a musician. While one cannot say that the symphony

was distinctly original, it was certainly worth producing, and the score contains some exquisite moments. Almost the whole of the adagio is memorable, and the close of this movement is a dream of lofty and exquisite beauty.

The orchestral event of the second concert was Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony which celebrated the centenary of the composer's birth. It is a descriptive work in which the love, despair and heroism of Scotland are depicted in four movements which are poetic in the extreme.

Chorally, these concerts were most successful. There is a delicacy and sweetness about Dr. Ham's singers which it is difficult to define. His interpretations show much care and a fine knowledge of tonal effects. Nothing in this rich and varied season was more perfect, in its way, than the rendering of Cowan's cantata, "He Giveth His Beloved Sleep", for solo, chorus and orchestra. The lovely words of Mrs. Browning, set to music which is simply permeated with the spirit of tenderness, made one think of the holy grail. The wooing voice of Miss Margaret Keays seemed more than humanly sweet, as she entered the solo which was borne along so graciously by the orchestra and the voice of the choir.

After the National Chorus came the rush of the Mendelssohn Choir concerts. And here the most ardent pen fails, for what is left to say?

Out of the heaven of sound a few distinct impressions remain. A new wonder in the ethereal strength of this organisation and its rare promise; a keen desire to hear more new music and fewer of the "old favourites"; a delight in the intellectual splendour of the *Caractacus*, but sorrow that we do not oftener hear the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven, that work which only a supremely trained chorus may attempt. I wish that we could hear the Ninth Symphony every season for a decade. The work would stand it, and so could we.

The circle of the Mendelssohn Choir has now broadened to Chicago, and I hope that a visit to Europe may soon be chronicled in these pages.

Mr. H. M. Fletcher with the Schubert Choir and the Pittsburg Orchestra followed the Mendelssohn closely in point of date. From the choral standpoint this instructor is striving to educate the masses, and his work has its own value in our musical effort. The Pittsburg Orchestra is sure of its welcome in Toronto, and this year the event which took our hearts was the production of Mr. Paur's own Symphony—again a First Symphony—in A major, which he has called "In der Natur". All that nature has to say to a man like Emil Paur is wonderfully worth hearing. It was all a glorious transcription of human life, as we follow it in nature, written by one who has suffered, and joyed and endured, and learned, at last, to go back to the old mother, who is the truest confidant of her children. Intellectual? The Symphony is a thousand times better than that; it is universal, it is simple, it is so true and sweet that it will abide.

Here are the annals of a dozen outstanding concerts by local organisations, while those of the People's Choral Union, Mr. Sherlock's Oratorio Society, which is singing "The Creation", Mr. Torrington's Easter performance of "The Redemption", and others are still to follow, although it is now the springtime of the year.

Mention should also be made of Mr. Bruce Carey's remarkable Elgar Choir, working in Hamilton, and of the fine band of singers, directed by Mr. Parnell Morris in London, Ont., which made such a favourable impression in Toronto very recently. Indeed, all over the country we find organisations which are springing up in what seems likely to prove a very *renaissance* of musical feeling.

Mr. Stewart Houston, the manager of the Massey Music Hall, has nobly done his part in bringing to Toronto a brilliant array of stars, and thereby contributing directly not only to the necessity of the music loving public, but of the hundreds of students who are in Toronto for a short time and must store up for future use impressions and suggestions as to their own work.

So the piano students crowd the top galleries for Paderewski and Le Vinne and Sauer, and the vocalists for Calvé, and the incomparable Marchesi, and Emma Eames, and the violinists for Marie Hall, and dramatic students for the Ben Greet productions.

It is wonderful how well the big stage adapts itself for productions which require scenery and lights. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" was truly set in sylvan mounting, and the wonder must have occurred to a good many people during the performance why we should not have a season of Grand Opera in Ontario, with Massey Hall for its theatre. Mr. Stewart Houston would thereby place us still further in his debt if such an important step could be taken, for we are as a desert island in remoteness from opera at present. And opera is one of the most important phases of musical life.

This résumé cannot be closed without reference, at least, to a remarkable programme which was arranged by the Women's Musical Club of Toronto, in February, when fourteen numbers were given—the work of Toronto composers. They comprised five piano groups, five groups of songs, a trio for two violins and organ, a group of 'cello compositions, and an arrangement of Fiona Macleod's poems read by Mrs. Fenton Arnton, with a charming musical setting by Mr. R. S. Pigott.

THE HACK

BY JAMES P. HAVERSON

AN old man sat at a table and wrote. Page after page fell from his worn hands, and the lines of weariness and the shadows under the tired eyes deepened. Someone was banging on a piano in another part of the second-rate apartment house, and a shade of annoyance crossed his face, to be swallowed in the general worn-out expression which was its all prominent feature. He turned back to his task, but still the pages fell to the floor—impossible. They were too bad even for his poor requirements as a magazine and newspaper hack.

Time was when the old man had been younger; when he had dreamed dreams of coming greatness; when the bare room in which he wrote had been but the doorstep of the mansion which his stories were to win from a world made happier by their charm.

It was not this room, for the patience of landlords had not always been long, appreciation had come slowly and rent had not always been forthcoming, so that there had been many migrations since his first hopeful advent into the battle. The successive changes had been a dreary retrogression from one dingy room to a dingier and so through a long list of gradual but constant descents.

But the dreams and aspirations were long since dead, merged in the struggle for bare existence gleaned from space-writing for daily newspapers and occasional poorly paid acceptances by second-rate magazines.

It was hard to write the stuff which should live only for a day and be ranked by the editors only a little in advance of the clipped miscellany used to fill up chinks and crannies in the columns. It was hard to be forever "timely" and harder still to furnish that quality of "brightness" which was his continual instruction, when the heart was heavy with disappointment and the brain ached from sleepless nights spent in endless worry over sordid and trifling calls, looming large beside the meagre resources of the purse which must answer them.

At last he stopped. The tired hands moved to the aching eyes and the shoulders bowed in dejection. It was no use. The ideas would not come. The sheets, fallen upon the floor, were covered with a prosy jargon which would bore even the armoured soul of the proof-reader who could "read ads." with the same methodical accuracy and patience that was accorded the most startling "feature."

The old man sat bowed in thought. His mind ranged over the forsaken trenches in the long battle, the forgotten mile-stones along the road that had led always one way—to Failure.

Here, there had been hope, but not fruition; there, there had been a momentary halt in the backward journey; but never a step toward the coveted goal of Success. The whole body of the man spoke of utter fag. He thought of the years as he had planned them at the beginning and

as they had fallen. The gray head fell upon the old arms and the bent shoulders shook.

At last one of the weary hands grasped a pencil and, almost mechanically, began jotting down notes and stray sentences upon the paper before him. The notes became more continuous; the sentences took shape and continuity. At last he raised his head and drew the pad toward him. There was a look of absorption upon the weary face, and the pencil moved unflinching over the sheets which were laid together mechanically. There was no more indecision. Nothing was crumpled or destroyed. The man was writing as from dictation. He wrote many sheets, but never wavered, never hesitated or erased a word until he had finished. Then he gathered up the pages, folded them and, putting the whole into his pocket, went out.

He went direct to the office of a magazine which was of a better class than he had approached for many days, but with the editor of which he still held some acquaintance through association of earlier days and who still talked with him at times, for the editor had a taste for "types."

He approached the sanctum and was ushered in by an office-boy in whose eyes showed a bantering tolerance.

The editor looked up in response to the old man's "Please read this."

Something in the tone was so ear-

nest, so unlike the usual half-frightened, wholly apologetic murmur he knew that, although he was a busy man, the editor did not refuse. He took the folded sheets with an air of good-natured suffering and began to read.

The bored look vanished; once he looked at the signature at the end of the pages; then read on.

When he had finished he named a figure which had heretofore meant weeks of toil early and late to the old man.

"I can use all this kind of stuff you can give me. It's great," he said smiling. "It is wonderful," and his voice was very gentle. "But," he went on with vigour, "you must give me more."

"I cannot," said the old man.

The editor looked up. "Is the price not sufficient?" he inquired.

"Indeed, it is generous," replied the old man, "but I can do no more. I have given you the story of my life. I have lived only one life, only one story. I have become a hack. The best I have ever done or can ever do you have there, and (here he hesitated) could you let me have an order for a part, only a part, for I need it very much?"

He got his order and departed. All the decision was gone from his bearing. The figure was once more bowed, old and hopeless. The editor looked again at the title of the story and read: "The Hack."



HÉBERT THE SCULPTOR

BY GUSTAVE DUTAUD

LOUIS PHILIPPE HÉBERT, the noted French-Canadian sculptor, is descended from an Acadian family which removed to the county of Nicolet following the unfortunate events of 1755. After marrying, his father decided to carve out a fortune for himself in the new lands of the Eastern Townships, and settled down at Ste. Sophie d'Halifax, Megantic County. It was there that Louis Philippe Hébert was born on the twenty-seventh of January, 1850.

Like so many others who have achieved fame in the field of art and literature, the outset of his career was fraught with hardship and discouragement. Endowed with a romantic temperament, he loved to roam about in the woods, where he spent most of his childhood days.

"The forest has always exercised a fascination over me," he once wrote a friend. "I there experience an indescribable sensation. The stately trees swayed to and fro by the winds, the rustling of the leaves, the mighty roar of the elements mingled with the twittering of birds plunges me in the deepest reverie."

Naturally a country lad with such a disposition afforded anything but satisfaction, especially to the uncouth habitant with a large family to support; so it often fared badly with the boy. At the age of six, Philippe was sent to school, but the discipline did not suit him. He fretted, played truant or else, whenever he had the opportunity, busied himself with the carving of wooden figures. Briefly,

he turned out to be such a poor scholar that, after the reading and writing stage, his parents kept him at home to work on the farm.

During the long winter nights when the family was gathered around the fireside, the father used to read aloud from the "Relations of the Jesuits." These narratives deeply impressed the boy with the valour of the early French settlers who were so often obliged to fight the Indian while earning their daily bread. From them he gained an accurate knowledge of heroic episodes of our history, which he afterwards embodied in his work.

As a farmer the boy was no more of a success than as a pupil. Quickened by the tales of adventure of the "Relations of the Jesuits," over which he poured, his natural talent sought expression in further rough carvings, especially of Indians. Somewhat disappointed at the little interest which he took in farming, his parents placed him with an uncle who kept a country store, but here again the "Injun" clerk proved a failure, and was sent back home, where he met with a cold reception.

The struggle of Garibaldi to recover a part of the lands of Italy from the Holy See proved a turning point in his career. Hébert was then nineteen years old, full of youthful vigour and ambition. Grasping the opportunity of a free trip to the old world and of perhaps realising his fondest hope, he enrolled with the "Zouaves" and sailed for Italy to fight for the Pope. The expedition was scarcely a suc-

cess, the Eternal City falling into the hands of the Royalists shortly after the arrival of the Canadian contingent, with the result that Hébert and his devoted companions had to endure many hardships. In Rome he came in contact with the art treasures of the *Renaissance*, which dazzled him.

"I have made a foolish dream," he is quoted as declaring to one of his companions. "Never will I be able to attain such a height."

He nevertheless kept on carving, in secret, for fear of being laughed at. One day he ventured to show a bas relief representing a highwayman in the act of holding up a wayfarer. To his great surprise the work was praised by connoisseurs, who encouraged him.

"That night there was a happy man in Rome," wrote one of Hébert's personal friends.

Victor Emmanuel's success compelled Hébert to sail back home, not without regret, for he felt that luck was again turning against him. Dis-

heartened and with an empty purse, he landed in New England, where for many years he eked out a wretched existence, first hiring out as a farm-hand and beating the country roads as agent for a nurseryman.

On the advice of Mr. Edouard Richard, who wrote an account of the deportation of the Acadians, he came to Montreal in the hope of being able to exercise his talent with profit. A bust exhibited at the fair of 1873 attracted the attention of Mr. Napoleon Bourassa, the foremost French-Canadian artist of the time, who took him into his studio. Grateful in having at last obtained congenial employment, he worked with a will for seven years, striving toward his ideal with rapid progress. When at last he had mastered all that could be learned here, Hébert looked to France for further inspiration. With money which he managed to save, he went to Paris and remained one year studying. In that short time he managed to acquire a truer conception of



† From the model by Hébert

FIRST MASS AT POINTE CLAIRE

BRONZE PANEL ON THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT AT MONTREAL



PHILIPPE HÉBERT, C.M.G., SCULPTOR

art and especially more confidence in his own talent.

It was during his brief stay in the French capital, in the midst of favourable influences, that Hébert produced his first piece of real merit—the statue of de Salaberry which stands in the park at Chambly, Que. A superior conception of the hero of Chateauguay, produced by him ten years later, is that which adorns the Parliament Buildings at Quebec. With drawn sword, de Salaberry is represented leading his *Voltigeurs* into the momentous battle which resulted in the defeat of the invading

host and helped to insure British rule in Canada.

In 1885, Hébert was entrusted by the Federal Government with the producing of a statue of Sir George Etienne Cartier, and it is this achievement which brought him into prominence. Since that time he has risen rapidly and now ranks among the foremost sculptors of this continent.

Two years after receiving the order for the statue of Cartier, he was commissioned by the Quebec Government to execute ten historical statues for the ornamentation of the Legislative Buildings. In order to carry out this

important work to better advantage, Hébert returned to Paris and opened a studio there, where he continued to live until about two years ago, when he settled down in Montreal permanently.

Hébert's work is almost essentially patriotic. His masterpieces are all



From the model by Hébert

THE SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD MONUMENT
AT OTTAWA

devoted to the commemoration of momentous events in Canadian history. He was drawn in this direction as much out of personal sentiment as by the force of circumstances. It was a hero of the war of 1812 which he chose for his first noteworthy effort. Once his talent became recog-

nised, he was kept busier with orders from official sources than was perhaps always consistent with the leisure necessary for the attainment of the higher perfection in art. Hébert nevertheless responded happily in most cases to the task imposed upon him, with the result that many public buildings and squares in Canada bear the stamp of his genius.

Besides a galaxy of the illustrious soldiers and statesmen who did so much to mould the destinies of Canada, Hébert, no doubt under the lasting influence of early impressions, sought to immortalise the hardship and struggles of the early French settlers among the hostile Indians, as well as the customs of the Indians themselves. This subject always fascinated him and has found expression in his best work.

The most noteworthy example is perhaps to be found in the group which crowns the terrace of the Legislative Buildings at Quebec. It is a huge bronze representing a family of Algonquin Indians, and it does not fail to impress the most casual observer. With one knee resting on the ground, a youthful redskin aims a deadly shaft at some game which he has espied, while his father, standing proudly erect, and his mother distractedly kindling a fire, are watching to see how well their son can handle the bow. The younger member of the family, clinging to his mother's arm, pokes his chubby face between them, and is also interested in what his big brother is about to do. Apart from being a remarkable study in simultaneous concentration of attention, this group illustrates to the best advantage, perhaps, Hébert's mastery in the delineation of Indian features.

A somewhat more classical production on the same subject is that entitled "*Sans Merci*" (Without Mercy), which is reproduced as a frontispiece to this number. In 1890 Sir John Thompson, who was then at the head of the Federal Cabinet, suggested that Hé-

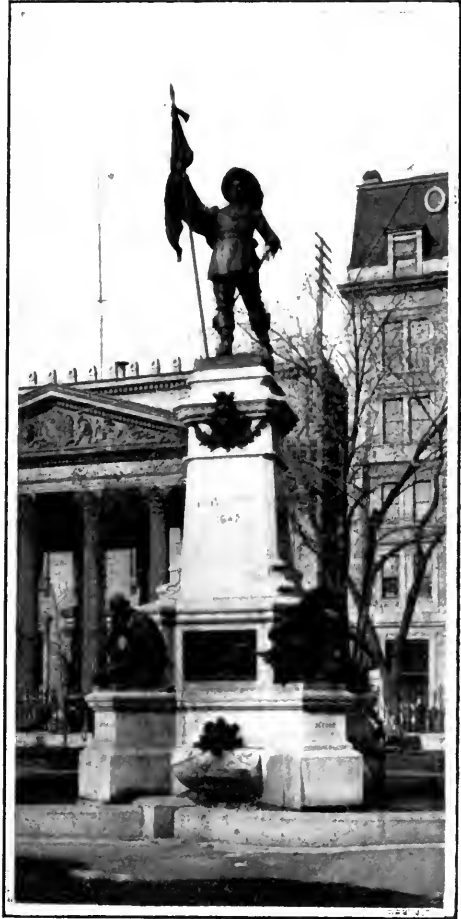
bert create a piece of statuary touching on Canadian history. It was under these circumstances that the Canadian sculptor conceived "*Sans Merci*," which is a life-size reproduction of a harvester who has been pounced upon by a redskin while at work in the field. Both men are writhing in a deadly hand-to-hand fight, the sturdy farmer aiming a blow with his sickle, while the adversary gnaws at his arm.

"*Une Mère*" and "*Le Rapt*" are the two other principal groups dealing with the peril in which early settlers were exposed among the hostile tribesmen: the first showing a mother defending her infant child from the cruel enemy, while the other recalls one of those many episodes when in the absence of the able members of the community, the Indians swooped down upon the settlers' homes and murdered the women and children. "*Le Rapt*" represents one of those early tillers of Canadian soil who, although enfeebled by age, musters his strength and courage in a vain attempt to repel the cowardly invaders and to protect his grand-daughter with whom he has been left in charge of the house.

If the relations of the white men with the Indians were frequently marked with bloodshed, there were instances where such gave rise to touching romances, as every reader of Canadian history knows. This subject has not escaped Hébert, who has given expression to it in several of his sculptural works, the most noteworthy being "*Madeline*" and "*Convoitises*." *Madeline* is a bright French maid, the idol of the community. She is worshipped by an Indian chief whose fierce nature has been completely subdued by the girl's beauty and innocence. As she winds thread around a distaff, he sits at her feet endeavouring to tell the tale of his heart, which, however, *Madeline* treats somewhat lightly. The sad and earnest expression of the savage makes a pathetic contrast with the

young girl's unconcerned joviality.

"*Convoitises*" deals with a less commendable theme. It recalls the gallant adventures of those reckless freebooters known in early days as "*coureurs des bois*." Hébert has produced one trying to tempt a fair Indian woman with a necklace. The



From the model by Hébert

THE MAISONNEUVE MONUMENT AT MONTREAL

creature makes a covetous gesture with her hand while the man's face expands in a Mephistophelian grin.

However, Hébert's most widely appreciated works are the Maisonneuve Monument, unveiled on Place d'Armes, Montreal, on Dominion Day, 1895, and the historical figures that

are the pride of the Legislative Buildings at Quebec. Of the latter, only those of Montcalm, Wolfe, Lord Elgin, Levis, Frontenac, Salaberry, and Bishop Laval are in position, while the others, comprising statues of Cartier, Champlain, Maisonneuve, La Violette, the founder of Three Rivers, and of Fathers Bréboeuf and Viel, the priests who were martyred by the Indians, have not yet been completed. Accompanying these historical figures is the family group of Algonquin Indians, the "*Pêcheur à la Ninogue*" and two allegorical groups, "*Poesie et Histoire*" and "*Religion et Patrie*," which adorn the central tower.

Hébert has endeavoured to reproduce Frontenac at the critical moment when, swayed by anger, the French general replied to Phipps' envoy: "Go and tell your master that I will answer him with my cannon." The bronze figure points to the grim engine of war protruding at the base of the statue.

The genial attitude of Montcalm forms a happy contrast with the irritable Frontenac. It is the victor of Carillon who, bareheaded and full of pride, after the battle thanks his warriors in the name of the king.

Hébert's greatest achievement is admittedly the Maisonneuve Monument which is admired by thousands of tourists every year. It commands an excellent position on Place d'Armes, opposite Notre Dame Church. The monument is flanked by four corner figures of historical import: Lambert Closse, M^{lle} Mance, Lemoine, and the Huron chieftain Anahotaha. The founder of Montreal is shown at the time he took possession of the land which is now occupied by the greatest metropolis of Canada. With his right hand, he raises the standard of France, while the left rests on his sword. The statue of Lambert Closse, the dauntless Frenchman who, with pistol in hand and holding back his faithful dog Pilote, crouches ready to spring on the Iroquois, is considered to be superior in its execution to the central figure itself. On the south corner is the reclining form of M^{lle} Mance, the angel of mercy of Montreal's first settlement, in the act of bandaging the arm of a savage urchin. The monument is completed by four bas reliefs: the signing of the charter of Ville Marie, the first High Mass at Pointe Claire and Dollard's heroic fight with Indians and his death.



From the model by Hébert

A BAS RELIEF DETAIL OF THE LAVAL MONUMENT AT QUEBEC



From the model by Hébert

STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA, AT HAMILTON

Hébert is a prolific worker. His labours have produced no less than fifty pieces of great merit, comprising twelve large monuments, half a dozen bronze statues, twenty busts, ten groups. Besides these there are a number of statuettes and a good deal of church ornamental work. His latest work is a monument to Monseigneur Laval which was unveiled on St. Jean Baptiste Day at Quebec in June last. He has already executed a monument to Monseigneur Bourget, one of Mont-

real's most distinguished bishops. It is to be seen in front of St. James' Cathedral, Dominion Square.

Among his best statuary are two commemorative figures in bronze of Queen Victoria: one at Hamilton and another at Ottawa, on the grounds of the Parliament Buildings. It was upon the completion of this latter one six years ago that the Imperial Parliament conferred upon him the honorary title of C.M.G., as a mark of appreciation of his talent.

Besides this, Monsieur Hébert has

received a great number of prizes both in medals and money. In 1894, the Federal Government awarded him the Confederation Medal for his patriotic statuary. The French Government made him a *Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur* seven years ago, on the occasion of his birthday.

Since his return from Paris, Monsieur Hébert has opened a studio in Montreal, at 34 Labelle street, where he spends most of his time. Of unassuming manners, he receives visitors readily and does not mind suspending his work for a chat.

"This is as difficult for me to say as for a father to decide which of his children he loves the best," he said in answer to the question as to which of his works he considered to have the greatest artistic merit.

"You see, I have given my best attention to all and each has some

feature which appeals to different people according to their tastes."

Although he has successfully invaded the poetic realm, Monsieur Hébert does not care to go outside his own country for subject matter.

"There is everything here that an artist can wish for," he said. Then pointing at a bronze statuette which he had just completed: "Look at that. It is M^{lle} de Vercheres who held out the fort against a host of Indians. Can there be a more fitting subject for a Canadian artist than this heroine who exposed her life to save those of her compatriots? She is the type of true woman who, although unaccustomed to firearms, nevertheless does not hesitate to use them when the occasion so requires. That is why I have made her handle that gun as a woman handles an umbrella."

THE HURRYING RIVERS

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

Plunging through the valley walls,
Leaping high,
Jetting white fumes from the falls,
To the sky,
And singing, ever singing, in your passing by.

Bending, rocking, roaring down,
Till you wait,
In the mill above the town,
Shrieking hate,
Then crashing, crying freedom, through the open gate.

Reeling, stamping down the shores.
In your wake
Stony, naked corridors
Shout and shake,
Then suddenly you sleep within the little lake.

AMENDMENT OF M. DE CHIRAC

BY H. C. BAILEY

M. LE MARQUIS DE CHIRAC was concerned for his moustaches. They were little and beautiful, but they would not turn up. Mr. de Chirac desired infinitely that they should turn up, because it was not the fashion. Auguste, who daily had the honour of assisting M. de Chirac to achieve perfect beauty, suggested wax.

"Auguste," said M. de Chirac pensively, "you have the heart of a hangman." And he caressed the moustaches. "So young, so amiable! Shall I force them? Wax? Animal! You would eat babies—with a brown sauce. I am sure that you would choose a brown sauce." He continued to caress the moustaches.

"Virginal, dainty! Shall I constrain your young desires? O, Phœbus Apollo!" For the moustaches had consented to remain erect. M. de Chirac let himself fall lightly into his chair and admired them in the mirror. "Phœbus Apollo—who, if I remember, never had any. The incomplete Phœbus. Auguste, I meditate on my own completeness."

"Monsieur requires breeches," said Auguste.

"I think I had desired the tailor to refer you to a woodland bank of violets?"

"But yes, monsieur!" cried Auguste, and with the gesture of Hypermides unveiling Phryne drew back a curtain of tapestry.

M. de Chirac had the felicity to behold a lay figure clad in violet and

green. "It is," said M. de Chirac, "deeply impertinent to make a dummy in my proportions."

"But what would you, monsieur?"

"That," said M. de Chirac, "I never know," and became melancholy.

In an hour or two he was covered. A work of art, he bestowed himself on the long gallery of the Louvre. His shoes were dark green, his stockings and breeches green of a lighter tone. His long cassock coat was embroidered without in varieties of green, but falling open revealed itself violet within. Violet was his undercoat and pale violet his ruff and his ruffles, violet also his hat, adorned with a clasp of great sapphires and gold. A bunch of violets peeped out of his golden hair above his left ear. All of his was fragrant with the scent of violets. And the moustaches still turned up. So M. de Chirac displayed himself to the admiring sun in the year of grace 1586.

Then he beheld afar off a woman. She was silvery gray, with something of crimson at her breast. She progressed swiftly for two steps, then slowly for three. M. de Chirac compared her in appearance to a wounded dove, in gait to a kicked dog. She arrived at monsieur and stopped and looked at him.

M. de Chirac made her a bow. "Mademoiselle, I await your criticism with confidence."

"Can you tell me where I shall find M. le Comte de Manillac?"

"Probably, mademoiselle, where he ought to be. He has no imagination, the good Canillac."

"But where ought he to be, monsieur?"

"Finally, mademoiselle, in hades. To bore the devil. Temporarily, I know not."

"Oh, will you not tell me?" she cried, clasping her hands together. "I have asked so many and they laugh, but——"

"In fact it is a little laughable. To desire Canillac!" M. de Chirac delicately shrugged his shoulders. "Madame, I trust you are unique."

A moment, biting her lip, she gazed at monsieur, who presented her with a calm smile. Then she swept past him and on down the gallery.

"She has the audacity to produce tears, and she is not beautiful enough," said monsieur.

While he watched her Auguste came out to the gallery. She stopped and spoke to him. Auguste bowed. Auguste pointed her to the haven where she fain would be—the quarters of M. de Canillac—and bowed again. She went on, her hesitating gait grew slower, she waited a long time before she knocked at the door. Auguste, as well as his master, watched her till she went in.

Then, "Auguste!" says M. de Chirac, and Auguste turned with a start. Monsieur beckoned him nearer. "Auguste, you have the impertinence to be more polite than I."

"Impossible, monsieur!" cried Auguste. Monsieur put up his eyebrows. "Monsieur, the lady was crying."

"That also was impertinence. She is hardly even pretty."

Auguste bowed. "Is that all, monsieur?" said Auguste.

M. de Chirac looked him over a moment before he said "Yes." Auguste bowed again and went his way. Then monsieur looked after him. "Decidedly he becomes a satirist," said monsieur.

M. de Chirac, extremely bored, then went to wait on the

most Christian King Henry III.

The King was yawning over his comfit box. M. de Chirac stood still before him and yawned. They finished together.

"Sire," said M. de Chirac, "I offer you my profound sympathy."

"Chirac, amuse me," the King drawled.

Chirac surveyed him from the pearls in his cream-coloured shoes to the ametlysts in his white ears.

"Do you not amuse yourself?" inquired Chirac.

The King shook his head.

"I am not nearly so amusing as your Majesty," said Chirac.

The King smiled languidly and offered a comfit box.

"Sire, no," said M. de Chirac with decision. "I have a complexion."

The King sighed.

M. de Canillac bustled in, and M. de Chirac groaned and turned away. M. de Canillac was full-fleshed and exuberant; he wore crimson from head to heel.

The King bent and picked up a spaniel.

"You are very red, Canillac," the King drawled. "So is sin. Try to be equally amusing."

Canillac laughed loudly and M. de Chirac shuddered.

"I will amuse you at once, sire." Canillac knelt and stretched forth his hands and spoke dramatically, "Sire, I pray for a man's life."

"Who has bought it?" the King drawled.

Canillac laughed again and rose. M. de Chirac in great haste brushed his moustaches down, for he saw that Canillac's stood up. "I have this day seen a love of my youth," said Canillac, smiling.

"It is always discouraging," said the King, and gave his spaniel a sugar plum.

M. de Chirac found a pack of cards and began to build a house with them.

"It appears that when I was young I said that I loved her. I had

forgotten. She remembers." Canillac laughed and the King yawned. "But she has had the insolence to love someone else. She loves M. de Vivonne." The King yawned again. "Vivonne, sire, you remember, who lies in the Bastille. And my well-beloved Mademoiselle de Montain comes to me to beg for his life!" Canillac laughed heartily.

"Vivonne?" the King drawled. "Some officious person accused him of a correspondence with the Béarnais. But was I going to kill him? I do not think that I was going to kill him."

"I regret to have announced otherwise, sire. I told his dear love that you had ordained his death."

The King pulled his spaniel's ears. "It may be so. Vivonne makes no difference. What did she say, Canillac?"

"Little coherent, sire. She embraced my knees and bedewed them."

"They will," said the King. "It is sometimes amusing."

M. de Chirac with great care put a fourth storey on his house.

Canillac was laughing. "In fact, sire, I was touched."

"That would not be amusing at all," said the King, and turned. "Chirac!"

But M. de Chirac, who was preparing his fifth storey, waved his Majesty away.

"Oh, sire, believe me!" cried Canillac. "It was most pleasing. I was touched. I offered mademoiselle to save this dear life which is not in danger provided that mademoiselle would enter into my embraces."

The King yawned. "You are not at all original, Canillac."

"But yes, sire, by your leave. Consider I who do not desire to espouse mademoiselle at all shall possess her, that she may save her dear love from the death he was never going to die. Comedy in the high strain!"

M. de Chirac imposed his fifth storey.

The King took a sweetmeat. "It is

a little amusing. She yielded easily, I suppose?"

"Quite otherwise. There were storms of words and tears. I have the honour to inform your Majesty that Mademoiselle de Montain considers me the most vile, the most loathsome of men. That will make her more comfortable as my wife. Finally, then, she yielded. She professes that she will kill herself afterwards—we shall see—and if I have the honour at all I shall never tell M. de Vivonne why and how he was set free—again we shall see."

"It might have been amusing to hear her," said the King, and yawned. "But I have had all the emotions before."

M. de Chirac imposed his sixth storey.

"Cecile has not, pardieu," laughed Canillac. "So, sire, I have the honour to beg that to-morrow about this time M. de Vivonne shall be set free."

"I never wanted the man," said the King. "Chirac!" and he turned in his chair. M. de Chirac's six storeys fell down. "What do you think?"

M. de Chirac stood up. "I think that your Majesty has knocked down my house," said he.

"What do you think of Canillac?"

M. de Chirac shrugged his shoulders. "Sire, he has no imagination. Let us talk of something pleasant."

Canillac flushed darkly and started forward. The King peevishly motioned him back. "I do not like these spasms, Canillac. Chirac, can you make it more amusing?"

"In a thousand ways, sire."

"One suffices."

"I have the honour to make the amendment that Canillac turn his moustaches down and that M. de Vivonne be brought to witness mademoiselle on the altar, that is to say when she espouses Canillac."

The King smiled and Canillac laughed. M. de Chirac bowed to one and the other.

"Certainly it shall be so," said the King.

"Canillac," said M. de Chirac, "turn down your moustaches. Order of the King!" Canillac, laughing, obeyed. M. de Chirac gave a great sigh of relief, and made his own stand up again.

Then the King spent an hour in elaborating the plan so that M. de Vivonne and his love should not fail of drinking deep passion and pain. M. de Chirac yawned vastly. But his Majesty had an interest in psychology.

"Sire," said M. de Chirac, rising, "I have yawned till my face aches. Does it suffice?"

"You will find nothing else more amusing, Chirac," said the King, whose eyes had grown bright.

"I shall find, sire, M. de Viviers, who does not talk," and Chirac made his bow.

*

On the morrow Chirac and Canillac shared the King's tardy *déjeuner*. By a simple process of deduction we may discover that the meal was gay. For we have it on the authority of d'Aubigny, that austere person, that when M. de Chirac was interested he was interesting; and in a too brief memoir of himself M. de Chirac has left it on record that he was interested in Canillac and his King on that day. He adds that the sensation was unique, and that he wore sky blue with sapphire buttons.

M. de Canillac, who was naturally impatient, arose when the sweets arrived. The hour appointed to Mademoiselle de Montain for the marriage was well past, and, "*Mordieu*," said Canillac, "I bade her be punctual in chapel."

Still Chirac and his King were ingenious, still the meal was prolonged. But M. de Chirac leaned back in his chair and took the King's favourite toy, a cup and ball of ivory and ebony and began to play with it as he sipped his wine.

It seems to have been about this time that M. le Baron de Veviers rode into the courtyard of the Louvre and

reined up by the gate to speak to Crillon.

At last Canillac rose to seek his delight. "One hundred and one, one hundred and two," said Chirac as he rose also. He was counting his catches with the cup and ball. "Come, *mon galant*," said he, and opened the door for Canillac.

"May Venus smile!" cried the King, and Canillac went out with a laugh.

"One hundred and three, one hundred and four," said Chirac as he followed.

Together Chirac and Canillac went down the corridor and past the Swiss on guard and down the stairs and out to the courtyard. There were some horses in waiting, and M. le Baron de Veviers still talked with Crillon, whom he hated. Still Chirac continued his play. They mounted the stairs to the long gallery.

"One hundred and ninety-one, one hundred and ninety-two," said Chirac, "one hundred and ninety—" he stumbled against Canillac and lost the ball. "Bah! boor!" he cried, and flung Canillac away.

Canillac turned as he staggered.

"Chirac!" he cried, his face aflame.

"Boor! Yes, pardieu, I said boor. I baptise you."

"M. de Chirac!" Canillac started forward, hand on his sword.

Chirac flung the ebony cup in his face.

A moment, and Canillac plucked out his sword and dashed on. M. de Chirac broke ground, found his sword and the blades clashed and grated. Canillac was fierce and light-footed; he sprang in and out again lunging furiously; he was wont to make an end soon. But Chirac never shifted his place. It lasted long. It was doubtless good to see. Canillac dared more as the minutes passed. Again and again he lunged to his full reach — then wildly something beyond. Chirac drew himself up and straightened his sword arm. Canillac ran his neck on the point.

Canillac's sword fell clattering. He coughed and caught at the blade in his neck. But Chirac whipped it back and sheathed it still wet and sprang to Canillac and threw an arm about him and drew him on.

"Come, *mon galant*," said M. de Chirac.

Coughing and spitting blood, Canillac was borne to the woman, his prey. There was none in the long gallery to see him save Chirac's man, Auguste. Cloaked and booted, Auguste stood out in the middle, but he said nothing, he gave no sign. Canillac was brought to the chapel door.

A lacquey opened it, a lacquey who began mysteriously, "Mademoiselle is—" and ended in a cry, "Ah, *Mon Dieu!* monsieur is wounded! But I will run—I will run for a surgeon!"

"Certainly, run," said Chirac, and the man ran.

Canillac could only cough and spit, and the blood welled out of him. Chirac bore him up the aisle.

All over the Louvre the clocks were striking three. The tardiest note died. Then prompt to the ordered hour came the tramp of feet. Two of the Swiss guard led on M. de Vivonne, brought punctually to behold his shame.

Chirac bowed. "M. de Vivonne, welcome and in good time! This good Canillac yearns to do a deed of charity before he goes—some whither."

And Canillac groaned and Vivonne stood gaping. M. de Chirac lifted up his voice. "Mademoiselle! 'Tis your cue! Mademoiselle de Montain!"

A moment of silence while the Swiss stared round-eyed at each other, at Canillac and his blood, at Chirac flushed and laughing, and Vivonne's face turned white. Then a door opened. Slowly, timidly, her hand at her throat, all in black, came Cécile Montain, led by a grimacing priest. Vivonne sprang at her and she gave a great cry and reeled.

"Softly, softly," says Chirac, laughing and caught her in one arm and held off Vivonne with the other.

"Canillac, this dear Canillac, to him is the joy of joining your hands!" and moving swiftly he took Canillac's limp hand in his and made it give Vivonne's to Mademoiselle de Montain.

But Vivonne snatched her in his arms and clasped her close, there before the altar, while Canillac groaned in his blood.

M. de Chirac held Canillac's dying arms aloft. "Receive, monsieur and madame," says he with unction, "receive the benediction of M. le Comte de Canillac." And Canillac's glazing eyes were set on her. But she did not know it, she was sobbing on her man's shoulder, and quivering while he whispered silly tender names.

A lean figure, a lean, cream-coloured, bejewelled, perfumed figure, came into the doorway.

"Dame! What is this?" The two Swiss saluted. "What is this, Chirac?" cried the King.

The woman's sobbing stilled.

"Sire!" she gasped, "sire!" and tried to come to him. The man would not let her go.

M. de Chirac in his pale blue and his sapphires still held on high the red arms of Canillac's benediction. M. de Chirac still smiled amiably. "It is, sire, M. de Canillac, who desires at the last to save his soul."

"*Notre Dame de Chartres!* He is dead!" the King cried. Canillac's head was fallen forward in the blood on his breast.

Chirac let the arms fall and swing limp. "Certainly he is dead. But he lived long enough," said Chirac.

The King came forward to look "But how? Chirac, who has done it?"

Chirac caught Vivonne and his wife and whirled them away past the Swiss to the door. "Run, *mordieu!* Run!" he cried, and as the Swiss ran after them, he whipped out his blood-stained sword and held the path. "I have had the honour, sire, to send him whither he ought to go," cried Chirac.

And without was heard Auguste, "*Par ici, par ici, monsieur et madame,*" as he hurried the two away.

"You?" cried the King, and stared at Chirac and the smeared sword.

"Congratulate me, sire," said Chirac.

The King flushed. "Fools, cowards, take him!" he cried to the hesitating Swiss.

But it was not easy to take M. de Chirac from behind that yard of flickering steel. Chirac held the two in play in an instant.

"You behold, sire, the amendment of M. de Chirac," he cried and suddenly turned and ran hot foot.

He took the stairway in three bounds, he was down, he was out of the courtyard, before the King had broken open the window and cried, "Crillon! Crillon! Take him! Take Chirac!"

Crillon, who was still talking to M. de Veviers, started forward, shouting and lugging at his sword, but the Baron de Veviers drove his spurs to his horse and reined back, and the plunging of it sent Crillon rolling on the stones. Thence he roared for the guard, thence he bade the sentries shut the gate. But Veviers reined round into the gateway again and held the gate back with his horse's quarters. From without came the clattering of moving horsemen.

M. de Vivonne and mademoiselle were mounted now. Chirac sprang

to his saddle and urged them on. Ere any Swiss musketeer had his wheel lock under way, they were hurrying through the gate. "Chirac! Chirac!" the cry came pealing, and they vanished and sped clattering away.

"Good day, Monsieur Crillon," said Vevier, politely, and sped after them.

Crillon ran to the gate, cuffing and cursing whom he found in the way. He had the pleasure to see that M. de Veviers was but the rearguard of a column. M. de Chirac, suddenly provident, had marshalled the troop of his household. Crillon was for some days bad company.

The troop had gone a league out of Paris before M. de Veviers forsook the rear and came up abreast of Chirac, who rode bareheaded still, his yellow curls adorning the breeze.

"Whither now?" grunted Veviers.

"Whither? To *le Vert Galant*, to Henri de Navarre, *cordieu*. Let me find a man—for variety."

Veviers grunted: "I did not know that you liked men."

"I have seen so little of them," said M. de Chirac.

"But you are much a man yourself, *cap de Bious*," cried the grateful Vivonne.

M. de Chirac made him a bow. "Hitherto, monsieur, only women have told me so. First among men you perceive my moustaches." M. de Chirac turned them up to the blue heaven.



POETRY IN WILD LANDSCAPE

BY SUZANNE MARNY

IT had been raining all night; a plenteous but gentle rain that everyone was glad enough to see, on grass, on farm, on berry crop. In a short time, the evening before, our empty water-butts were full again of fresh soft water.

At ten o'clock in the morning the sky was still gray, and the rain down-coming, steady and gentle.

I set up an easel on the side verandah. I had often cast an eye from the breakfast table on this decorative little composition. A shady foreground, a low bush or two, and an overhanging branch framing a light and open tangle of low growing maples, raspberry shrubs, hazels, and brambles backed loftily by elms and other old trees.

I began my sketch, putting in a table, and a garden chair with a lady in black reclining thereon, her hand listlessly stretched upon the table.

The transparent greens of the light vista, with the bluish green of the leaves that received the sky's light flatly, were difficult; and to make the dark, yet transparent, green of the overhanging branch and dark shrubs of the foreground tell against it was difficult too.

My desire to force out the sentiment of the listless black figure in the shadow and the light vista beyond, no doubt helped in the expression of it; in the end the sentiment was all I cared about, and I probably did not make a very successful study as far as the technique was concerned.

I took my sketch to the studio, set it up near me and stretched myself on the sofa, and from this starting point I set out on a reverie. This rough sketch might have been made anywhere where the trees and foliage were at all the same—in a garden in England, nearly two thousand miles away; or the solitary figure might have been sitting at a table set under a tree behind some country hotel in France. I fell to remembering some suggestive bits in my wanderings in my present surroundings—bits where figures might quite as aptly have been placed.

For many a year I had been trying to put into my summer pictures some of the solemn pathetic prose of the north country. The scenery hereabouts of rock and hill and pine and lake always seemed so much more typically Canadian than the settled district of farmlands farther south. I had painted the tiny house at the foot of the rugged hillside, with a gleam of river and lumber piles at the foot. I had laboured happily before a small farm with its old gray buildings in the few acres of wheat which lay gleaming before its background of misty blue woods. I had painted lakes girt with wooded hills, with huge opalescent clouds joining and dispersing above them. I had loved to do the old Muskoka road winding to the purple distance through low young pines and spruce trees. I had loved the country in its poorest aspects. I had tried to make a picture of a wretched little farm-house

shaded by thirty-year-old balsams and surrounded by poverty-stricken fields with many stumps.

This country will give its greatest gift, I think, to the painter who shall place on canvas its pathetic, homely tale. But in my reverie I began to see that here, as elsewhere, are the poetic motives that suggest a landscape with a figure or a human occupation of some sort or some very human sentiment in a poetic form.

There is the eternal roadway. The roadway which curves sharply round a hillock and disappears underneath a tall overhanging elm. How many a plodding country man or urchin has marked this curve and overhanging tree. Here he knows his distance to the village or his homestead, or possibly there is an ice-cold spring by the roadside when he shall have passed the hillock.

I know a road glaring dustily up an immensely steep hillside whose summit is crowned with thick trees. Could not that be painted to suggest the thought of one who should be prepared to climb it for the first time—in a hope of arriving at a shady beauty varying in aspect to any he has seen before, in a hope that he will wander through woods and pastures enchanting from their strangeness.

Another road I know, so narrow that the wayside woods almost touch. I have seen above these trees at times startling white mountains of cloud. There one might expect to meet suddenly some strange figure coming with footsteps silent in the soft red-dish soil.

There are joyous paths leading through sunny tangles where girls in light summer garments could be harmoniously flitting on the canvas, or more sombre ways, winding to blue distances, cloud-topped, where berry-pickers might be bringing home their August spoils.

While I lay day-dreaming, the sun broke out hot through dispersing

clouds. The verdure, the air was steaming hot. In the afternoon the wind came cool and fresh from the west. The ground was drying rapidly, and I sallied forth.

My mind ran in the same strain in which it had started in the morning. I was looking for my cosmopolitan poetic motives.

Who does not love old gardens and pictures of old gardens? I found in a wild field a composition which had once struck me as a very decorative, well-balanced scheme. A path wound about a round group of evergreens in the foreground, also pretty low climbing things and bracken fringed the base of the low trees. Behind them was what looked like a graded terrace of taller trees of a lighter green, and behind these again a broad elm hung its plumage before the sky with exquisite grace. Methought some day I might try this, putting an old gray statue to the left among the terraced maples, and nestling in front of the evergreen group a stone sun-dial. Then I should have a wild garden picture.

Later I found another motive wherein to place an old gray statue. It was a sunny path winding between two young pines into deep shadow. Glistening in the shadow curve were silvery mullein stalks. A crooked romantic maple towered into the blue behind the pines. I made my feeble effort after this model one day, and added, lurking in the shade athwart the mulleins, a flying cupid.

Now forever in the summer time I see poetic motives in my wanderings. I think now that one need not go to ancient Greece to paint an *entourage* for the folk of mythology. There are groves here where *Orpheus* might have sung, where *Bacchanalians* might have feasted, where pagan sacrifices might have been offered. There are ambushes where satyrs might have lurked, watching the dance of nymphs. There are sunny heights for temples and shrines.



A BRITISH COLUMBIAN SALMON FISHING FLEET

SUBDUING THE SOCKEYE

BY HAROLD SANDS

KLATHMAK the Babine sat on the wharf at Steveston, British Columbia, and swore softly to himself. It would be decidedly impolite to the reader to translate literally what he said. It is enough to state that the Indian's remarks concerned the white men who were waxing rich canning the salmon which Klathmak claimed belonged to the original lords of the soil—the first Canadians. What did it matter that Indians as well as whites made many round, shining bucks each year out of the operations of the white *tyees*? Had not the *Hyas Tyee* of all, he whom the Eastern brave calls the *Great Manitou*, given the salmon to the Indians, and were not the white men thieves and liars?

But Klathmak the Babine was not too busy swearing to fail to notice that the first boats of the morning were making their way towards the wharf with last night's catch of the splendid fish which the alliteratively inclined call the splendid succulent sockeye, king of canned comestibles. He hastened—if a British Columbia Indian ever can be said to hasten—to the little house where his *klootchman* was crooning over their papoose, and told her to get ready for the day's work at the cannery. He might call the whites thieves, but their money was good, and there were *potlatches* to be given when winter came.

Meanwhile two of the Columbia River fishing boats had just concluded an exciting race to the wharf. The



SALMON FISHING BOATS AT A BRITISH COLUMBIAN CANNERY

white crew, two splendid Scandinavians, descendants of the Vikings, had managed to win by an oar's length from a boat handled by two husky Japanese, sturdy specimens of the race which prevented Kuropatkin from eating his Christmas dinner at Tokio. Before the wife of the Babine had ceased her lullaby, the fish, looking like bars of burnished silver, were being rapidly forked through the air to the recently swabbed landing stage, and as they fell with a plunk, plunk on the freshly-hosed fir they were seen to be as firm-fleshed and in as perfect condition as brook trout.

In these "Jungleised" days everyone must be interested in following the fortunes of a salmon from the time it was caught in the mouth of the Fraser out yonder until it appears on the table, a cutlet of rich, red fish, "good enough for an epicure and clean enough for a crank," as my friend, the "Old Prospector," said when I gave him a slice at the largest salmon cannery in the world, situated at that same Steveston where the Babine engaged in his torrid soliloquy.

It is a clean, comforting, appetising

story, this of the catching and canning of British Columbia salmon. All in the cool hours of the dawning the traps are relieved of their heavy burden, or the nets are pulled over the side with their rich prizes or beautifully-marked fish. As I have shown, no time is lost in delivering the sock-eye to the cannery, cool and hard, fit food for any man, be he king or peasant, president or plebeian.

While the catch is coming in, let us examine the cannery itself. Every floor, box and bench is as clean as repeated scrubblings can make it. The housewife who keeps her kitchen as clean is a pearl above price. A man could eat his breakfast from that floor.

By now the salmon are lying so thick on the landing stage that they reach the thighs of the checker, whose rubber boots or leggings are in danger of disappearing. The hose is turned on to them. How the silver sparkles and the water splashes in the glorious sun! Here comes the first salmon along the conveyors. They are not using the "Iron Chink" in this cannery yet, but the hands who have taken their places along the sides of



DELIVERING SALMON AT VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

two long and narrow tanks are wholesome to look upon. They know how to handle salmon deftly and well, and where that running water is there can be no dirt. The "finner" has seized the first fish. Hey, presto! Fins, head, tail, are gone and the fish is slit open. Along the first row it swiftly passes to the initial tank. There the inside is removed and falls with the head and tail on to a constantly moving conveyor, which takes it to a scow alongside the wharf. Later a tug will tow this scow to the factory which converts these parts of the fish into guano.

As you easily will have seen, there has been no chance for dirt here. But that does not satisfy the canneryman—the man whom Klathmak swears at. After the washing in the first tank, the fish are passed into the second tank. Scrub, scrub, inside and out is the order. Perfectly clean, they are put upon another conveyor and begin to work their way toward the slicing machine. Circular knives, operated by steam power, descend on the fish and cut the salmon into slices just the right size for the particular can

that is being handled at the time. The cutlets are ready for the fillers. They look as appetising as a tenderloin steak does to a starving man. The cutlets are automatically passed along to the fillers, who place them in the cans and send them along to a machine which rejects any can the slightest degree under weight.

The fish has disappeared. In its place is a can whose fortunes we follow through a machine which forces a cover on, crimps it in place and passes it along to the soldering machine. Through both these movements sharp eyes are on each can and rarely can an imperfect one escape all of the ten separate inspections which it must undergo before it is ready for the final boxing. The soldering being done there comes the test under water for defective closing. Having satisfactorily gone through this, cooking is the order of the day. This is done with steam at a temperature of 212 degrees for the first time and 240 for the second.

The first cooking lasts about half an hour. A tiny hole is then punched in the tin to allow the steam



A JAPANESE FISHERWOMAN AT VANCOUVER

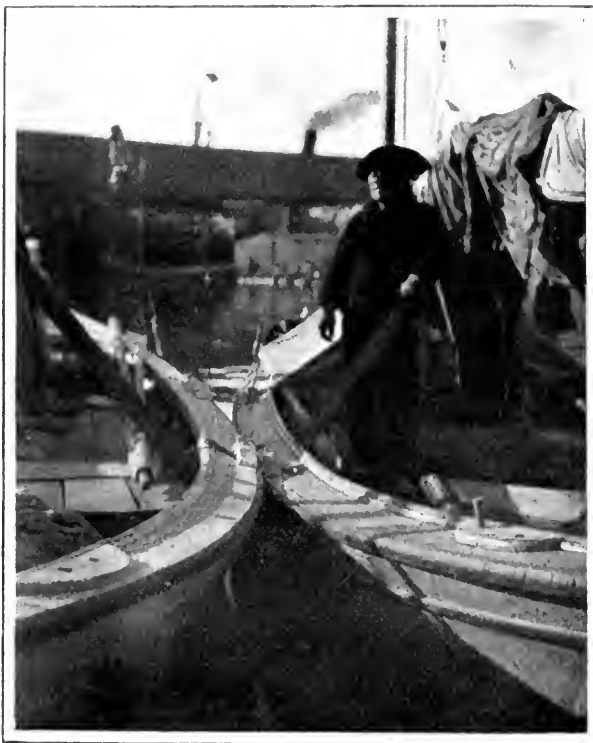
to escape. This hole is immediately closed up. Now you know the meaning of that little knob of solder which is found on every properly treated tin of salmon. The second steaming is continued for an hour. Surely by now, you will say, that little can of salmon can be called "done." By no means. True, the fish is cooked, but a band of experts has got to determine whether it is really and truly fit to go on your table. So each can is tested with the utmost care in order that no possible defects can be overlooked. It is indeed a perfect can of perfect salmon that finds itself elected to wear the bright label and take a trip through the markets of the world — to New Zealand, say, or to Australia, or Eastern Canada, or England — in search of a buyer.

Would you like to make sure, right here on the premises, how delicious that salmon is? Of course you would. Well, here, in this final testing room

of the cannery, the obliging superintendent will open a can for you. A few deft passes with a can-opener, and here is a compact outlet of rich red salmon. Yes, it came from that bar of burnished silver which you saw those two Vikings throw up from the boat a few minutes ago. It has been handled from first to last in the most careful and cleanly manner and with what a relish you, who have followed it from the first stage of preparation to the finished product, eat it, even though your table be but a box lid, and the background but a huge stack of similar cans and a mass of whirling, clicking machinery.

"My boy," says the superintendent, "I have been packing them for twenty years, and we have them on the table right along. I like them yet," and he reached for another slice of the rich, red fish.

If it be true that cleanliness comes next to Godliness, the salmon canner



A JAPANESE FISHERMAN AT VANCOUVER

ies of British Columbia must be given a high place in this world. During my visit to Steveston it was a case of water, water everywhere—and sock-eye, too, of course. Wash, scrub and rewash, test and retest, were the orders, until there was nothing more to be desired by the most exacting. So much of the work formerly done by hand is now performed by machinery that there is far less handling of the fish than of old. And more machinery is being introduced. For instance, in 1906 the “Iron Chink” made his bow in the canneries. There is a suggestion of the Inquisition about that name, but the “Iron Chink” is an instrument of good, never of evil. It does away with a large number of Chinamen, and therefore is very popular in British Columbia. On the Pacific Coast they are too busy to call a Celestial by three syllables, so they name him a “Chink.” The “Iron Chink” does with three men the work

it previously took thirty all their time to do. This machine has been described as being to the salmon-canning industry what the linotype is to the printing art. The members of the Dominion Fisheries Commission, while out on the Coast in 1906, made a special trip to Steveston to see the new machine at work. At the rate of seventy to the minute, sockeyes passed through it. When the fish enter the “Iron Chink” they are just as they come from the nets. In the twinkling of an eye heads and tails disappear, fins slip off clean to the scales with not a particle of waste, and with astonishing rapidity the entrails are removed and in most cleanly manner. No matter what the size or shape of the salmon, the rapidly-moving knives and saws of the machine adjust themselves so that all parts of the sockeye to be removed are whipped off.

By the way, talking of the Fisher-



SWEDISH FISHERMEN MENDING NETS AT VANCOUVER

ies Commission, that body was specially instructed by the Canadian Government to thoroughly investigate and inspect canning operations and canneries, from hygienic and sanitary standpoints, and gave the industry so clean a bill of health that it is a pleasure to talk of British Columbia as the place where the salmon comes from. Here is what the Commissioners said:

"Without exception we found conditions satisfactory; the salmon being packed were fresh from the cold waters of the Pacific and were placed in the cans in absolutely a fresh condition and in the most cleanly manner. We found no cause for complaint. The Provincial Government Board of Health, whose representative, Dr. Fagan, accompanied us, maintained a continuous and systematic inspection of all canneries last year. From our inspection we have to assure you (the Minister of Marine and Fisheries) that the salmon canned in this Province is fresh and wholesome."

With a certificate of good character like that, the British Columbia fish is afraid of nobody. "Jungleisers" may come and "Jungleisers" may go, but the Pacific Coast salmon will please forever. At the present time there are between seventy and a hundred canneries in British Columbia, and a number are situated on Puget Sound, on the other side of the boundary line. One company conducts as many as twenty canneries. Vancouver, New Westminster and Toronto capitalists are largely interested in the industry. A few independent people have plants, but most of the canneries are controlled by two big associations. They are the kings who pack the king of fishes.

No magazine reader really likes to wade through figures, so statistics will be avoided. It should be pointed out, however, that the indus-



LAYING NETS FOR SALMON IN BRITISH COLUMBIAN WATERS

try is now the third largest in Canada and during the fishing and packing season over 20,000 men and women find remunerative employment. Every housewife knows how handy it is to have canned salmon in the larder; it is a question, however, whether it is so universally realised that within the entire range of preserved food it would be difficult to name an article of greater dietary value, and cheaper, with the exception of milk.

So far attention has been paid in this article to the grade of salmon known as the sockeye, the blood-red favourite that commands the highest price in the markets of the world. The red spring, cohoes and humpbacks are by no means to be sneezed at. They do not show so much colour as the

sockeye, but they possess a good flavour.

With all this funny wealth it is small wonder that Klathmak the Babine sometimes becomes jealous of the white man who knows how to utilise the gold of the sea. As I passed out of the big cannery at Steveston on my way to the British Columbia Electric Railway station, to board the car for Vancouver, I saw the wife of the Babine cooking salmon. My last glimpse of Salmonopolis — as they sometimes call the little town at the mouth of the Fraser River — also took in Klathmak himself. The smell of the salmon was in his nostrils and it was so pleasant that he had forgotten to swear at the white man. The sockeye had called him home.





Illustration by Estelle Kerr

BY CHARLOTTE BEAUMONT JARVIS

Turning to face his foe,
The knight holds his lance at rest.
"Now, steady, good lance! and so
You will find the heart in his breast.

Dark knight, of foes the first!
No quarter I give nor take;
My lance's terrible thirst,
There's naught but your blood can slake.

I know you—as strong as bold,
But hold you awhile at bay,
Ere one of us dyes the mold,
And the other rides on his way."

Ho! the clang of the steel!
Clear through his armour it thrust!
He sees him waver and reel—
His worst enemy bites the dust.

Prone 'neath the darkening skies,
What reck's he of fame or pelf?—
One look—and the victor cries
To the heavens: "It is myself!"

Conqueror in the fight,
He springs to his steed again—
Acclaim him the noblest knight,
Because it is *Self* that lies slain.

THE RETURN OF HESTER

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Anne of Green Gables"

JUST at dusk that evening I had gone upstairs and put on my muslin gown. I had been busy all day attending to the strawberry preserving—for Mary could not be trusted with that—and I was a little tired, and thought it was hardly worth while to change my dress, especially when there was nobody to see or care since Hester was gone. But I did it because Hester would have cared if she had been here. She always liked to see me neat and dainty. So, although I was tired and sick at heart, I put on my pale-blue muslin and dressed my hair.

At first I did my hair up in a way I had always liked but had seldom worn because Hester disapproved of it. It became me; but I suddenly thought it was disloyal to her, so I took the hair down again and arranged it in the plain, quaint way she liked. My hair was thick and long and brown, although there were some gray strands in it; but that did not matter—nothing mattered since Hester was dead and I had sent Hugh Morrison away for the second time.

Many people in Glenannan wondered why I did not put on mourning for Hester. I did not tell them that it was because Hester had asked me not to. Hester never approved of mourning; she said that if the heart did not mourn crape would not mend matters, and if it did there was no need of the external trappings of woe. She told me calmly, the night before she died, to go on wearing my pretty dresses

just as I had always worn them, and to make no difference in my outward life because of her going.

"I know there will be a difference in your inward life," she said wistfully.

And oh, there was! But sometimes I wondered uneasily, feeling almost conscience-stricken, whether it were all because Hester had left me—whether it were not partly because, for a second time at her bidding, I had shut the door of my heart in the face of love.

When I had dressed I went downstairs to the front door and sat on the sandstone steps under the arch of the Virginia creeper. I was all alone, for Mary had gone to the village. It was a beautiful night; the full moon was just rising over the wooded hills and her light fell through the poplars into the garden before me. Through an open corner on the western side I saw the sea all silvery blue in the afterlight. The garden was very beautiful just then, for it was the time of the roses, and ours were all out, so many of them—great pink and red and white and yellow roses.

Hester loved roses and could never have enough of them. A bush was growing just by the steps, all gloried over with blossoms—white, with pale pink hearts. I gathered a cluster and pinned it loosely on my breast; then I put some half-open buds in my hair. But my eyes filled as I did so, and I felt desolate.

I was all alone, and it was bitter.

The roses could not give me sufficient companionship, much as I loved them. I wanted the clasp of a human hand and the lovelight in human eyes. And then I fell to thinking of Hugh, although I tried not to.

I had always lived with Hester. I did not remember my parents, who had died in my babyhood. Hester was fifteen years older than I, and she had always seemed more like a mother than a sister. She had been very good to me, and had never denied me anything I wanted—except one thing.

I was twenty-five before I ever had a lover. This was not, I think, because I was more unattractive than other women. The Merediths had always been the "big" family of Glenannan. The rest of the people had always looked up to us as their superiors—as we were, I suppose, in some respects. The young men would as soon have thought of wooing a duchess as a Meredith.

I had not a great deal of family pride, as perhaps I should be ashamed to confess. I found our exalted position very lonely, and cared more for the simple joys of friendship and companionship which other girls had. But Hester possessed it in a double measure: she never allowed me to associate on a level of equality with the young people of Glenannan. We must be very nice and kind and affable to them—*noblesse oblige*, as it were—but we must never forget that we were Merediths.

When I was twenty-five Hugh Morrison had come to Glenannan, having bought a farm near the village. He was a stranger and so was not imbued with any preconceptions of Meredith superiority. In his eyes I was just a girl like others—a girl to be wooed and won by any man of good life and honest heart. I met him at a little Sunday-school picnic which I attended because of my class. I thought him very handsome and manly. He talked to me a great deal,

and at last he drove me home. The next Sunday evening he walked up from church with me.

Hester was away or, of course, this would never have happened. She had gone for a month's visit to distant friends.

In that month I lived a lifetime. Hugh Morrison courted me as the other girls in Glenannan were courted. He took me out driving and came to see me in the evenings, which we spent for the most part in the garden. I did not like the stately gloom and formality of our old Meredith parlour, and Hugh never seemed to feel at ease there. His broad shoulders and hearty laughter were oddly out of place among our faded, old-maidish furnishings.

Mary was secretly pleased at Hugh's visits. She had always resented the fact that I had never had a "beau," seeming to think it reflected some slight or disparagement upon me. She did all she could to encourage him.

But when Hester returned and found out about Hugh she was very angry—and grieved, which hurt me more. She told me that I had forgotten myself and that Hugh's visits must cease.

I had never been afraid of Hester before, but I was afraid of her then. I yielded; perhaps it was very weak of me, but then I was always weak. I think that was why Hugh's strength had so appealed to me. I needed love and protection. Hester, strong and self-sufficient, had never felt such a need. She could not understand. Oh, how contemptuous she was!

Well, I told Hugh timidly that Hester did not approve of our friendship and that it must end. He took it quietly enough, and went away. I thought he did not care much, and the thought selfishly made my own heartache worse. I was very unhappy for a long time, but I tried not to let Hester see it, and I don't think she did. She was not very discerning in some things.

After a time I got over it; that is,

the heartache ceased to ache all the time. But things were never quite the same again. Life always seemed rather dreary and empty in spite of Hester and my roses and Sunday-school.

I supposed that Hugh Morrison would woo him a wife elsewhere, but he did not. The years went by and we never met, although I saw him often at church. At such times Hester always watched me very closely, but there was no need for her to do so. Hugh made no attempt to meet me or speak with me, and I would not have permitted it if he had. But my heart always yearned after him. I was selfishly glad he had not married, because if he had I could not have thought and dreamed of him—it would have been wrong. Perhaps as it was it was foolish; but it seemed to me that I must have something, if only foolish dreams, to fill my life.

At first there was only pain in the thought of him; but afterwards a faint, misty little pleasure crept in, like the mirage of a missed delight.

Ten years slipped away thus. And then Hester died. Her illness was sudden and short; but before she died she asked me to promise that I would never marry Hugh Morrison.

She had not mentioned his name for years. I thought she had forgotten all about him.

"Why, Hester, is there any need of such a promise?" I asked, weeping. "Hugh Morrison will never want me to marry him now."

"He has never married—he has not forgotten you," she said fiercely. "I could not rest in my grave if I thought you would disgrace your family by marrying beneath you. Promise me, Margaret."

I promised. I would have promised anything in my power to make her dying pillow easier. Besides, what did it matter? Hugh would never think of me again.

She smiled when she heard me, and pressed my hand.

"Good little sister—that is right.

You were always a good girl, Margaret, good and obedient, though a little sentimental and foolish in some ways. You are like our mother—she was always weak and loving. I took after the Merediths."

She did indeed. Even in her coffin her dark, handsome features preserved their expression of pride and determination. Somehow, that last look of her dead face remained in my memory, blotting out the real affection and gentleness which her living face had almost always shown me. This distressed me, but I could not help it. I wished to think of her as kind and loving, but I could remember only the pride and coldness with which she had crushed out my newborn happiness. Yet I felt no anger or resentment over what she had done! I knew she had meant it for the best—my best. It was only that she was mistaken.

And then, a month after she had died, Hugh Morrison came to me and asked me to be his wife. He said he had always loved me and could never love any other woman.

All my old love for him reawakened. I wanted to say yes, to feel his strong arms about me and the warmth of his love enfolding and guarding me. In my weakness I yearned for his strength. But there was my promise to Hester—that promise given by her deathbed. I could not break it and I told him so. It was the hardest thing I had ever done.

He did not go away quietly this time. He pleaded and reasoned and reproached. Every word of his hurt me like a knife-thrust; but I could not break my promise to the dead. If Hester had been living I would have braved her wrath and her estrangement and gone to him. But she was dead, and I could not do it.

Finally he went away in grief and anger. That was three weeks ago, and now I sat alone in the moonlit rose-garden and wept for him. But after a time my tears dried and a very strange feeling came over me. I felt

calm and happy, as if some wonderful tenderness and love were very near me.

And now comes the strange part of my story—the part which will not, I suppose, be believed. If it were not for one thing I think I should hardly believe it myself. I should feel tempted to think I had dreamed it. But because of that one thing I know it was real.

The night was very calm and still. Not a breath of wind stirred. The moonshine was the brightest I had ever seen. In the middle of the garden, where the shadows of the poplars did not fall, it was almost as bright as day. One could have read fine print. There was still a little rose-glow over the water in the west, and high over the poplars one or two large bright stars were shining. The world was so lovely that I held my breath over its beauty.

Then all at once, down at the far end of the garden, I saw a woman walking. At first I thought it must be Mary; but as she crossed a moonlit path I saw it was not my old nurse's stout, bent figure. She was tall and erect.

Although no suspicion of the truth came to me, something about her reminded me of Hester. Even so had Hester liked to wander about the garden in the twilight. I had seen her thus a thousand times.

I wondered who the woman could be. Some neighbour, of course; but what a strange way for her to come! She walked up the garden slowly, in the poplar shade. Now and then she stooped as if to caress a flower, but she plucked none. Half-way up she came out into the moonlight and walked across the plot of grass in the centre of the garden. My heart gave a great throb, and I stood up. She was quite near to me now, and I saw that it was Hester.

I can hardly say just what my feelings were at this moment. I know that I was not surprised. I was frightened, and yet I was not fright-

ened. Something in me shrank back with a sickening terror; but *I*, the real I, was not frightened. I knew that this was my sister, and that there could be no reason to be frightened of her, because she loved me still as she had always done. Further than this I was not conscious of any coherent thought, either of wonder or of attempt at reasoning.

Hester paused when she came to within a few steps of me. In the moonlight I saw her face quite plainly. It wore an expression I had never seen before on it—a humble, wistful, tender look. Often in life Hester had looked lovingly, even tenderly, upon me, but always as it were through a mask of pride and sternness. This was gone now, and I felt nearer to her than ever before. I knew suddenly that she understood me. And then the half-conscious awe and terror I had felt vanished, and I only realised that Hester was here and that there was no terrible gulf of change between us.

Hester beckoned and said, "Come."

No, she did not *say* it; no word issued from her gently-smiling lips; yet the command, or rather request, certainly passed from her to me, and I obeyed her unhesitatingly. I stood up and followed her out of the garden.

We walked side by side down our lane under the willows and out to the road, which lay long and still in that bright, calm moonshine. I felt as if I were in a dream, moving at the bidding of a will not my own, which I could not have disputed even if I had wished to do so. But I did not wish; I had only the feeling of a strange, boundless content.

We went down the road between the growths of young fir that bordered it. I smelled their balsam as we passed, and noticed how clearly and darkly their pointed tops came out against the sky. I heard the tread of my own feet on little twigs and plants in our way, and the trail of my dress over the grass; but Hester moved noiselessly, and when I looked

at her she was always looking at me with that strangely gentle smile on her lips.

Just at the bend of the road, below Adam Marchley's, James Trent overtook us, driving. It seems to me that our feelings at a given moment are seldom what we would expect them to be. I simply felt annoyed that James Trent, the most notorious gossip in Glenannan, should have seen me walking with Hester. In a flash I anticipated all the annoyance of it; he would talk of the matter far and wide. Nothing of the sort happened. James Trent nodded and called out:

"Howdy, Miss Margaret? Taking a moonlight stroll by yourself? Lovely night, isn't it?"

Just - then his horse suddenly swerved, as if startled, and broke into a gallop. They whirled around the curve of the road in an instant. I felt relieved but puzzled. *James Trent had not seen Hester.*

Down over the hill was Hugh Morrison's place. When we came to it Hester turned in at the gate. Then for the first time I understood why she had come back, and a blinding flash of joy broke over my soul. I stopped and looked at her. Her deep eyes gazed into mine, but no word crossed her lips.

We went on. Hugh's house lay before us in the moonlight, grown over by a tangle of vines. His garden was on our right, a quaint spot, full of old-fashioned flowers growing in a sort of disorderly sweetness. I trod on a bed of mint and the spice of it floated up to me like the incense of some strange, sacred, solemn ceremonial. I felt unspeakably happy and blessed.

When we came to the door I, still obeying Hester's voiceless bidding, rapped gently on it. In a moment Hugh had opened it. Then that happened by which in after days I was to know that this strange thing was no dream or fancy of mine. Hugh looked not at me but past me.

"Hester!" he exclaimed, with human fear and horror in his voice.

He leaned against the doorpost, the big strong fellow, trembling from head to foot.

Still no word passed Hester's lips, and yet Hugh and I both know that she said:

"I have learned that nothing matters in all God's universe except love. There is no pride where I have been and no false ideals."

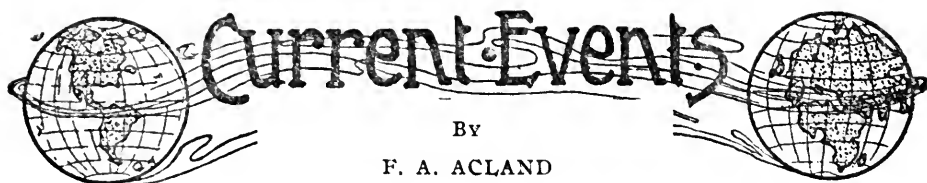
Hugh and I looked into each other's eyes, wondering, and then we knew that we were alone.

THE PRIMROSE

By CHARLOTTE EATON

I know a bank where the pale primrose grows,
A clear brook that ripples down a lane,
Whose memory brings the sweet romance again
When I, a child, went forth to gather sloes,
In little trodden paths I always chose,
Where I could follow up my fancy's train,
With heart uncognisant of human pain,
Filled with the loves that only childhood knows.

As I went dreaming of the fairy queen,
Or wishing I some magic sight might see,
Had she unveiled my eyes, had I but seen
Those twenty wandering years in store for me,
I think I would have prayed to slumber there
Where the pale primrose stars the fragrant air,



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE chief event of the past month has been the world-wide discussion arising out of the naval estimates of Great Britain and the drawing together to a perceptible degree of the peoples of Britain and greater Britain. The naval vote of Great Britain, \$165,000,000, was the greatest in its history, which is in itself occasion for both satisfaction and alarm, satisfaction because it demonstrates the continued determination and ability of the mother country to outstrip all competitors for the command of the sea, and alarm because of the staggering expenditure to which the ruinous rivalry leads. Mr. McKenna, the first Lord of the Admiralty, departed from all precedent and tradition by comparing the fighting forces of the country with those of a neighbour with whom its relations are ostensibly of the best. It was probably as well to speak in plain terms, because all the unofficial world has long been engaged in making the comparison, and officialdom has no doubt done the same quietly.

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There were some surprises, however, and it came as a shock to many that Germany is building at a rate which will tax the utmost energies of Great Britain to equal, not to speak of maintaining the two-power standard which has long been regarded as the measure of safety of the mother country

and of the Empire. The discovery of the situation appears to have made a profound impression on the House of Commons and started a wave of emotion that went around the world. New Zealand came to the front immediately with the offer to Britain of a *Dreadnought*, and the question of proffering assistance in that or some other practical fashion to the mother country was actively debated also in Canada and Australia. Of New Zealand's intense devotion to the cause of the Empire there can, of course, be no doubt; it was proved by its attitude during the Boer war as strikingly as on the present occasion, but we must remember, when reflecting upon its promptness in offering a *Dreadnought* that it is in a position which compels it to feel with peculiar force the benefits of naval protection. Far away at the Antipodes, and a thousand miles distant even from its neighbour, Australia, New Zealand would doubtless be one of the first portions of Greater Britain to face real peril from an invading or conquering force in the event of the British navy being seriously worsted in war.

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It was not natural therefore, nor was it necessary, or perhaps desirable that all the great self-governing dependencies of Britain should proceed on precisely the same lines to show their intention to stand behind the

mother country in any crisis that may develop from the gigantic duel now in progress for the command of the seas. On the spur of the moment the suggestion was made from many quarters that Canada should follow New Zealand's example and present one or two *Dreadnoughts* to the Empire. But it is not clear that such a procedure would have been the most effective method of rendering aid, and it is certain that it was not the only method; also it has to be remembered that there are many and various elements in the population of Canada, and it needs some careful thought to bring these into harmony on a great question of public policy. The course taken by the Dominion Parliament therefore in the end was that which on the whole would, in all likelihood, most commend itself to the general judgment of the country. Better than the resolution passed at the close of the debate was the debate itself, which was conducted on lofty lines, and marred hardly by a jarring word. The resolution pledges the support of Canada to the mother country, and it may be assumed that if occasion arises for implementing that promise, Canadians will not allow a constitutional shibboleth to stand in the way of performance in whatever manner seems most practical.

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Meanwhile there has been no hint from Great Britain that that country feels in any respect unequal to the heavy burden laid upon her, though there were some momentary tremors when the speech of the First Lord of the Admiralty made it appear at first that Germany's programme was even more ambitious than it is, and that England would be outstripped in the race unless efforts were made even more prodigious than those contemplated. In the latest phase of the question that has been presented Sir Edward Grey, the greatest Foreign Secretary, with the exception of Lord Salisbury, in a generation, has declared that the situation compels the

building of a vast new navy, and that the greatest that has ever been constructed, and it must be remembered that this declaration comes from a Cabinet devoted to Peace and Social Reform, and which as a whole views with intense reluctance the expenditure on military enterprises of money which is so sorely needed for purposes identified with the gentler and more human aspects of life. The eminent British statesman pointed out one thing which we of Greater Britain should bear always in mind, that, whereas the controlling power of the seas is absolutely essential to the safety of England and of the British Empire, it is an incident only to Germany, while it may be as readily agreed that, Germany being situated as she is, in the centre of Europe, a controlling army is as essential to her proper protection. Great Britain with her mighty fleet can do little harm to Germany; Germany with an overpowering fleet could reduce England to humiliation without putting a soldier on her soil—the stoppage of the inflow of grain would be quite sufficient. No argument therefore is needed to show how vital to Great Britain is the retention of the command of the seas.

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Just what the effect on Canada individually would be of the loss of the sea-sovereignty or the actual destruction of British naval power it is impossible, of course, to say. So far as any European power is concerned we should doubtless be safe enough from any fear of invasion. We may not take pleasure in the thought, but it is doubtless none the less true, that we should be sheltered by the Monroe Doctrine. But, on the other hand, we should know the world too well to suppose that we could receive the advantage of such protection without paying for it, sooner or later, a great price. Canada's independence is as vitally associated with the British supremacy of the sea as is the safety of the parent country itself. A fore-

cast of the situation that would arise is found in such statements as that of Governor Folk, of Missouri, who finds in the immigration of American farmers into Canada a reason why the forcible annexation of Canada to the United States should be accomplished with comparatively little difficulty; or in the suggestion of so usually sane a paper as the *New York Evening Post*, which declared that if Canada should build a *Dreadnought* and keep it at home it would be necessary for the United States to augment her navy, though there has been no hint of Canada finding an excuse for navy building in the naval activity of the United States.

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Mr. Roosevelt is an admirable example of the strenuous life that he preached. He ceased on March fourth to be President of the United States and his first signed contribution to *The Outlook* in his new capacity as assistant-editor of that journal bore date of March fifth, and appeared in the issue bearing date of March sixth, which latter detail may tempt those who are acquainted with certain of the mechanical exigencies of a newspaper to affirm to believe that after all the article may have been penned whilst the writer was yet a resident of the White House. Mr. Roosevelt's first article was a discussion of journalistic ideals, and it is needless to say that he held up for general approval the particular kind of journalism which *The Outlook* represents, and better than which, it may be added, none is to be found in any land. In succeeding issues Mr. Roosevelt handled the subject of Socialism in the first article in the manner usually described by the epithet "without gloves", denouncing it vehemently, and insisting upon identifying it with all that tends to degeneracy and ruin, morally and materially; the second article showing the possibility, nevertheless, of reformers working in sympathy with many idealists who thoughtlessly style themselves Socialists, and proceeding

with them to the limits of practicality, limits which, from Mr. Roosevelt's standpoint, as from that of most of us, include a vast region of opportunity. The articles excited the fiercest antagonism in the daily Socialist newspaper of Chicago, but attracted little attention in the press generally, furnishing an apt commentary in this respect on the difference between words and actions. Mr. Roosevelt at the White House was one thing; Mr. Roosevelt as a mere writer is another thing. Meanwhile the ex-President has again betaken himself to action in a new field and has started on his gigantic hunting expedition in Central Africa, first warning the public not to believe anything they may hear about him during his absence.

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The ascendancy of Germany in Europe is shown clearly enough in the outcome of the Balkan intrigues. It is frankly acknowledged that Germany has stood behind Austria from the beginning of the movement which had for its object the definite shattering of a treaty and which has ended by leaving Austria in full possession of the Turkish provinces. All tends to the ultimate aggrandisement of German power, for Austria will, no doubt, in any emergency be found ready to support her powerful neighbour. It is a deliberate affront to Europe and one which could not have been perpetrated by any nation less powerful than modern Germany, whose ascendancy over the continent is incomparably greater than that which any nation has enjoyed since the downfall of Napoleon. There are those who cry out that the Germans are a great race and must be left free to work out their destiny. The proposition does not admit of argument. There is hardly a more inspiring sight in history than the achievements of the German people during the last half-century, though this does not commit us to an admiration of all that it has done, and still less does it re-

strict other nations from being on guard against the dangers of a rival's newly wakened ambitions.

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It will be a matter of regret to many Canadians and we may confidently assume to many of the people of Great Britain, that Mr. Eliot, ex-President of Harvard University, has declared himself unable to accept the ambassadorship to Great Britain, though it is not perhaps to be wondered at, that, having at the age of seventy-five retired from the position he filled so long and with such distinction, to enjoy a few years of scholarly leisure, he should shrink from undertaking the quite serious responsibilities of the position indicated. Mr. Eliot has many friends in Canada and enjoys an international reputation as scholar and publicist. His appointment would have maintained the tradition of peculiar distinction that has attached to the occupants of the position since the days when James Russell Lowell was at St. James, and would have been a worthy exchange for the ambassador sent by Great Britain to Washington. Presumably a worthy substitute will be found, however, and the honourable tradition continued.

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Mr. Taft, the new President, has locked horns with the tariff without delay. He dealt with the subject in his inaugural address, and urged that the conditions of industry have changed essentially since the passage of the Dingley law, which accordingly should be considerably revised and reduced. The revision, he believes, may be the means of increasing the revenue to the extent needed to supply the present deficit, some \$100,000,000, but, if not, Mr. Taft thinks a graduated inheritance tax would be a "correct and easy way" to improve the situation. The tariff measure which has been brought in, promptly enough, under

the auspices of the Administration, and which is known as the Payne Bill, demonstrates the impossibility of any tariff, based on high protection, being framed that does not antagonise a host of interests. The bill is being riddled by the free-lances of either party, and it is roundly declared by many that it will directly increase rather than diminish the cost of living. It seems susceptible of mathematical proof that the Payne tariff is 1.56 per cent. higher than the Dingley tariff, though this would not of itself prove that the proposed tariff would increase the cost of living, since the increased figures might bear on non-essentials. Apart from coal and lumber, the change of duty with regard to which is conditional, there is a general tendency to a reduction of tariff on raw material, but the critics of the Payne measure insist that this will serve only to increase the profits of the trusts, unless it is accompanied, as it is not, by a corresponding reduction in the duty on the manufactured article. Granted, however, that the reductions on raw materials remain and the anti-trust legislation foreshadowed by the ex-President and the actual President is enacted, there should be some substantial relief to the average citizen.

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It is always dangerous to pick winners whether as to horse-racing or as to public life or popularity, and the attempt of a Canadian contributor to the English National Review to name the twelve ablest living Canadians is no exception to the rule. "E. B. O.," the writer in question, who will be identified by many as a Winnipeg man, both by his initials and by the special prominence of Winnipeg men in his list, admits the danger of the undertaking, but presents the following list, "in defiance," as he says, "of all that makes for journalistic caution":—politicians, Laurier, Sifton, Mackenzie King; financiers, Byron Walker, E. S. Clouston; railway men, Hays and Mackenzie; publicists,

Sanford Evans, Mabee, Doughty; editors, Dansereau, Dafoe; humourist, George Hain." The writer adds: Time, the master maker of men, is even now preparing to leave out such men as James Robertson, Maurice Hutton, Lemieux, etc., etc. "E. O. B." must take the responsibility of the selection. Of the title to first rank of a number of the names he singles out there can, of course, be no doubt; as to others, which are less obvious, everyone will have his own opinion, and will consider his opinion as good as another.

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The British Government has taken up the matter of sweated industries as part of its extensive programme of social legislation, and an attempt is to be made to establish a rate of minimum wages for the classes of labour in which sweating exists, usually a low and unorganised industry, and applying expressly in the first instance to ready-made and wholesale tailoring, cardboard box making, machine made lace and net finishing and ready-made blouse making, though other trades may be added by the department regulations. The law will be administered by the Board of Trade, over which presides at present Mr. Winston Churchill, and the method adopted will be the establishment of wages boards consisting of representatives of employers and workpeople in equal numbers, with official members nominated by the Board of Trade of whom one is to be chairman. The duty of these wage boards is to establish a minimum wage, and when the decision of the wage board has been confirmed by the Board of Trade, it is binding upon all employers concerned, and enforceable under penalty.

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The effects of the legislation will be watched with keen interest in all industrial countries. It is, of course, in

line with the fair wages policy applied by the Dominion Government to all public contracts, a policy which has also been pursued for many years by the British Government with regard to its contracts, though less thoroughly than in the case of Canada; that is to say, the contractor in the case of the British contract has been required to pay current rates, while the Canadian contractor is required to accept the stipulated wages contained in a schedule inserted in the contract. In this and other ways sweating has been suppressed in connection with contracts under the control of the Dominion Government, but needless to say, this is but a tiny fraction of the work in which sweating may be practised. The regulation of industrial conditions at large is, however, a matter which seems to be regarded as falling within provincial jurisdiction. So far there has been no attempt to prescribe a minimum wage on the lines now to be laid down in England and which have prevailed yet more extensively in some of the Australasian divisions, but the measure introduced into the Ontario Legislature by Mr. Fripp, of Ottawa, though there is no chance of it becoming law for the present, at least shows that the subject is not altogether escaping attention. By many the proposals of the British law are opposed as a species of sumptuary legislation and an undue interference with the natural laws of competition. The tendency, however, to set theories at defiance and legislate whenever and wherever the cause of humanity may be served is steadily growing. The minimum wage law must be regarded as experimental in the meantime. Great Britain is making some tremendous social experiments at the present time and much may be learned by the younger British communities by sometimes following, sometimes avoiding, her example.



THE SILENT SISTERS OF THE POOR.

By George Herbert Clarke

Meekly, with folded hands and patient
brows,
Come two from out the shadow-deepened
door;

A cross is on the altar of their House—
It hushed their voices while it heard
their vows;
Ay me,—the Silent Sisters of the Poor!

The cross upon the altar is of gold,
And coldly gleams in the chill chapel
air;—

Is it for this their bosoms are so cold,
Nor beat as they were wont to beat of
old?—
Or is a wintry cross enfixéd there?

The sun is dimly drooping down the
west;
The ancient House against his glory
stands

Sombre and gaunt and dark; and
darkly drest

Two figures seem to fade within its
breast
Meekly, with patient brows and folded
hands.

—*The Forum.*

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THE SISTERHOODS

THERE is something beyond the
merely curious in the regard
which women who are leading the
"worldly" life turn upon those whose
garb symbolises a vocation. To the
Protestant, there is the additional
piquancy of the unfamiliar in the
sombre figures which afford such con-

trast to the changing shapes and
styles of the ordinary feminine world.
The general sentiment of the unthink-
ing is one of pity, while the masculine
observer is almost certain to refer to
such a life as "buried" or "sacri-
ficed." In reply to such a remark
from a man who had expressed him-
self forcibly as to woman's manifest
destiny being marriage, a woman who
is a happy wife and mother asked:

"Have you ever seen a nun with
a sorrowful expression? I often notice
their calm, serene faces, with a feel-
ing of rest and comfort. I believe
that most of these women have chosen
the life—that they have not resorted
to it through disappointment or
crushing grief. It is a varied world,
remember, and we do not all find the
same road to or from Rome."

However, the man growled his dis-
belief in the possibility of any unwed-
ded woman being either happy or
useful and the demure little matron
contented herself with a quiet last
word about life fulfilling itself in many
ways.

This conversation, overheard years
ago, came to my mind when I was
reading "One Immortality," a new
novel by H. Fielding Hall, which
treats once more of the ancient theme,
"the love that binds man and woman
into one flesh and soul." It is a story
of an ocean voyage from Venice to

that East which Venice once held in fee and, as all the world knows, the ocean has an immemorial fashion of developing dreams into romance before the port is reached. It is a love story with the fragrance of "old-world roses," yet the life is of to-day, with its unrest and doubt. The heroine, *Amitié*, finally discovers that her vocation is that of Eve, but her mental wandering in search of her destiny is the querying of this age, rather than the "life unquestioned" of the ancients.

A group of "sisters" on the steamer affords a quiet contrast to the shifting loves and hates and *Amitié* is almost irresistibly attracted to them in her girlish resentment of a lover's insistence. But the nuns are wise and merely smile at the curiosity which urges the young inquirer to ask if she, also, may not have the call to the cloistered life.

"Listen," says the gentle *Cecilia*. "If it is the mind that seeks, it is the heart that finds. When God calls, you will hear it then. He calls with many voices. The voice which says, 'Go to the sick and friendless, to the poor; help them and love them,' that is God's voice, the voice that says, 'Work hard; cultivate then the talent that you have, for your work will help your family, your nation or humanity,' that is God's voice. And if a man says to you, 'Come to me,' and you know that you *must* go, that is God's voice also."

It is a curious fragmentary story, this "One Immortality," with its wistful idealism. Not the least attractive feature in the story is that quiet group of "The Silent Sisters of the Poor," for whom the writer seems to have a comprehension as profound as that which interprets winsome *Amitié* and her futile flutterings against the first "Immortality."

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THE QUINQUENNIAL CONGRESS

GREAT are the expectations of the work to be accomplished by the Quinquennial Congress of Women

which meets in Toronto in the month of June. When the National Council was formed in Canada, many grumbled, and with apparent reason, over the multiplicity of societies and questioned the unifying power of the new organisation. However, complaints and doubts are far in the past, so long has it seemed since the National Council made itself a power in the land. Now, women of many lands, forming a great International Council, are to meet in our own fortunate Dominion, in the capital of our Premier Province, to discuss the movements, philanthropic, literary and everything else under the sun, in which women are concerned.

The Countess of Aberdeen, who took such an interest in all matters pertaining to feminine welfare when she was in Canada as *châtelaine* of Rideau Hall, is the president of this large assembly and will probably come to Canada earlier than most of the delegates. Among the representatives from foreign countries there will be twenty-five from Germany, eleven from Holland, two from India, three from Tasmania and four from New South Wales.

The party from Europe will probably arrive in Montreal in the second week of June and will remain there for two days as the guests of the Montreal Local Council, who will give a reception in their honour. Special cars will take the party to Ottawa on Monday, June 14th, arriving there about noon, when they will be received by the Ottawa Local Council, who will provide for their entertainment until they leave for Toronto by the night train.

It is probable that fifty or more will come from Great Britain, the official delegates being Mrs. Edwin Gray, President of the British Council, who is much interested in questions of public health, housing of the poor, and like topics; Mrs. George Cadbury, of Northfield Manor, Birmingham, whose interest in the social betterment of the people is well

known; Miss E. M. Eaton, Editor of the Council paper; Hon. Mrs. Franklin, whose special interest is education, she being Hon. Secretary of the Parents' National Educational Union; Miss Olga Hertz, a Poor Law Guardian of Manchester; Mrs. W. S. Johnston, of Woodleigh, Cheshire, who is an earnest worker in the "Mothers' Union"; Miss E. H. Melville, M.A., head of the Scottish Girton; Dr. Mary Murdoch, a clever woman physician; Miss Janes and Miss Green, the hard-working secretaries of the British Council.

Among others who are also expected, and who will speak at the Congress will be Miss Constance Smith, whose addresses in the Albert Hall during the Pan Anglican Congress on the Housing of the Poor, and the Sweating System, were both deeply earnest and eloquent.

Miss Wilkinson, Principal of Swanley Horticultural College for Women, will also be of the party, and her address will be of special interest doubtless to the members of the Women's Institute in particular. Miss Wilkinson will be accompanied by a party from the college.

Mrs. Ogilvie Gordon, the Corresponding Secretary of the International Council, who will also be here, is entitled to the letters "D.Sc., Ph.D., F.L.S.," after her name, a distinction won but by few women. Mrs. Gordon is much interested in trying to secure the formation of Educational Bureaus, so that boys and girls on leaving school may if they wish it have help and guidance in choosing their future vocations.

It may readily be seen that these women are no visionaries, but are



MRS. ADAM BECK, ON A FAVOURITE MOUNT IN THE GROUNDS OF "HEADLEY", HER RESIDENCE AT LONDON, ONTARIO

practical citizens, engaged in work for the physical and mental betterment of the race. The meetings in June must result in a broader outlook for our own National Council and a mutual quickening of those activities which are for the universal good.

*

AN ATTRACTIVE HORSEWOMAN

IT is to be regretted that more Canadian women are not at home on horseback. In Great Britain, to say nothing of Ireland, the accomplished horsewoman is no rarity. In the Southern States, most of the girls are fearless and graceful riders. But it must be admitted that comparatively few Canadian women are noted for their equestrian art. Among those who have won distinction at horse shows in Toronto and Montreal is Mrs. Adam Beck, of London, Ontario, whose grace and spirit in the arena are to be admired by all lovers of the finest sport in the world. To see this dainty driver managing one of her famous teams at the Toronto Horse Show is to be inspired with the hope that there will never be a horseless era. An automobile is a marvellous

machine at best. It is a thing of noise and bluster, which can inspire no sentiment of regard or admiration. But a horse, a magnificent, sensitive creature, responding to human pride and guidance, is one of the finest friends in that "lesser world" of animal creation.

Mrs. Beck presides over "Headley," one of the most attractive homes in a city which has more comfort and hospitality to the square foot than any other in Canada. Her husband, Hon. Adam Beck, shares his wife's enthusiasm for equestrian affairs and the Headley stables are not to be excelled in the County of Middlesex. Mrs. Beck's tastes and interests are wide and varied, and her musical talent makes her songs a coveted feature of London recitals. Her influence in social circles unites a feminine gentleness and grace with a devotion to all that is healthful and inspiring. Mr. Beck and his charming wife have met with a political and social prosperity which, their friends hope, may long continue.

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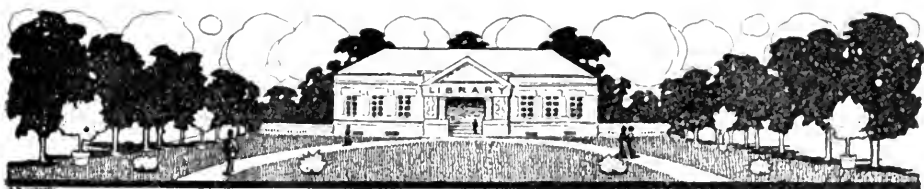
OUR WANDERING SCRIBES

GOOD Americans when they die go to Paris, according to the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Successful Canadian literary lights cease to twinkle north of the forty-ninth parallel, or whatever the boundary line is called and blaze forth in Chicago and New York. To drop metaphor, which is a dangerous figure, given to becoming mixed, our journalists, novelists and poets have a gentle fashion of leaving the Hamilton Mountain, the Winnipeg cafés, and the Toronto suburbs for the wider ways of the States. It is true that Ralph Connor remains, but we may pick up the *Globe* any morning to be informed that the "Sky Pilot" (whom the Editor of that journal discovered) has received a "call" to San Francisco or Minneapolis.

The women writers of Canada are

also given to straying to the south and giving us only a passing call. Mrs. Everard Cotes has belonged to Calcutta for this long while, Miss Agnes Laut has betaken herself to the picturesque seclusion of Wassaic, New York; Miss Lily Dougall has become enamoured of Devonshire and Miss Agnes Deans Cameron is a dweller in Chicago. But Miss Cameron's heart turns to the North as soon as the ice begins to leave the rivers and bays, and she comes back to explore and lecture, as the fancy may lead. Miss Cameron is still the Vice-President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, and her recent return to this country should be an occasion for several travel talks and much enjoyment, for Miss Cameron is a standing, or rather a talking refutation of the charge that the Daughters of Eve have the sense of humour left out. More than a year ago, an article by Miss Cameron appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "Wheat, the Wizard of the North," that told the most picturesque story of the western fields which has appeared in modern journalism. Then Miss Cameron has the story of her ten-thousand-mile journey in the summer of 1908, from Chicago to the Arctic Ocean by way of the Athabasca, Great Slave Lake and the great Mackenzie River, in which Crees, Chipewyans, Dog-Ribs, Yellow-Knives and Eskimo are prominent gentry. "The Witchery of the Peace" tells of six weeks in an open boat in this river of the wonderful, fertile north, where the fields of Vermilion bewilder the traveller from the south with their golden wealth. It is a great map which this Canadian woman voyager and writer unrolls, and those of the settled districts begin to grasp what the Dominion means in breadth, length and opportunity. Miss Cameron is endowed with more than average pluck and ability, but it is the happy gift of all such spirits to infuse something of their own belief and determination into their hearers.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

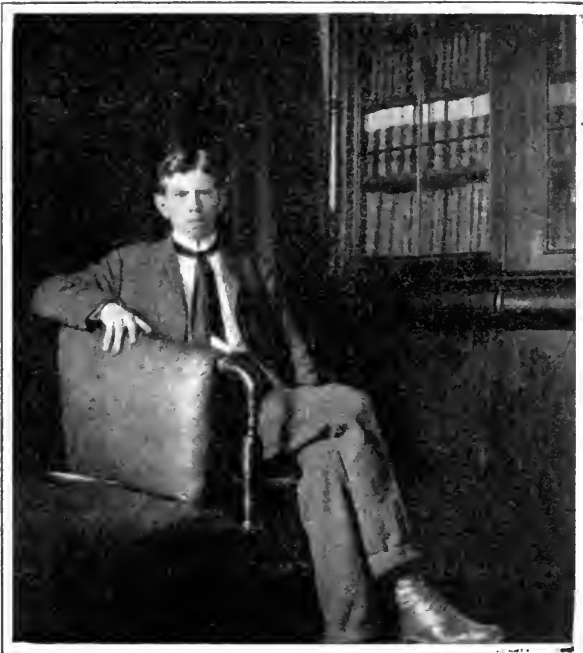
HAD Eric Mackay Yeoman lived to mature his gifts as a poet, his name would doubtless have stood at or near the head of all the poets that Canada has yet produced. But he died, and all we have of his work is a small collection of poems, most of which have appeared in *The Canadian Magazine*, and some of which will still be seen from time to time in the pages of the same publication. Mr. Yeoman had seen but twenty-three summers when he passed away, burned out almost, last February, at Halifax; where he lived; and, although he had scarcely begun to seek publication for his literary work, he had already attracted more than usual attention. He saw much beauty in grief, and employed the sad and pathetic, even sombre aspects of nature and life, and particularly of human love, as themes for the development of his art. In this respect he was a disciple of Poe's, but in theory only, for his work is full of colour like that of Keats. Scarcely did he strike a lightsome or jocund note, for his themes seldom ever admitted of such. His work displays intense emotion and keen sensitiveness. One of his temperament could not hope to live long, but it is

a pity that he could not have seen a few more years. Still, he has left his mark, and it is to be hoped that a judicious selection of his writings will be made and published in a volume. His leave-taking is a distinct loss, and while we lament him we are nevertheless glad for what he has left behind.

*

A RARE CHARACTER: SEPTIMUS

The very surest way to become a successful novelist is to write a couple



THE LATE ERIC MACKAY YEOMAN



Illustration from "Where the Buffalo Roamed", by Miss E. L. Marsh

A FUR BRIGADE

or three really delightful novels. This may sound absurdly easy but it is true. A few years ago no one had even heard of W. J. Locke; now his name upon a book means instant and assured success. Like many other modern writers, skilful dramatisation has helped his sudden rise to fame—"The Morals of Marcus" charmingly played, having become one of the hits of a London season—but in any event his arrival was sure. The public like advertising, but better still they like a good book and they know that the author of "The Beloved Vagabond" can be trusted to give them that. "Septimus" is Mr. Locke's latest book and the promise of its quaint title is delightfully fulfilled. The story is perhaps not as strong as "Marcus Ordeyne" or as consistent in its inconsistency as "The Beloved Vagabond". but it is charming, and it possesses in full measure Mr. Locke's peculiar beauty of style. There are, of course, things which we do not approve—we feel sure that *Zora* made a mistake in marrying the patent medicine man whom we tried in vain to like; we found ourself very much out of patience with *Zora* herself and wonder what our delicious *Septimus* could see in her; if she were not the heroine we

might frankly dislike her, in spots, but this is only our prejudice because we think so much of *Septimus*. There is little plot, little description and the pages are not burdened with heart-searchings but in the end we have been everywhere. *Septimus* was, we have seen what he saw (except in *Zora*) and we know his little world well and himself best of all. In other words we have made a find,

we have discovered another oasis in the great Sahara of modern fiction. (Toronto: Henry Frowde).

*

A BOOK ON CANADA FOR BOYS.

An historical narrative, written in much the same style as the Henty books, and intended for the amusement and information of boys and girls, is entitled "How Canada Was Won." The author is Captain F. S. Brereton, who has a wide reputation as a writer of books on travel. In what must be accepted as a very graphic style, the events that ended in the conquest of Canada by the British are related. The chief character, or hero, is one of a party of British trappers who becomes captain of a band of scouts, takes part in the defence of Fort William Henry; is made prisoner at Quebec; escapes by means of the steep cliffs, and takes part in the attack on Louisburg, and afterwards figures in the capture of Quebec. (London: Blackie and Son. Cloth, 6s.).

*

A MILD PASTORAL.

Any reader who has a weakness for a smoothly written story of the pastoral type will make no mistake in

selecting "Miss Charity," by Keble Howard. It is a story of life in an English village, but within this rather circumscribed limit all our old friends of moral melodrama play their familiar parts. We have the saintly heroine (in this case rather a charming heroine also), the heroine's lover, the double-faced cousin who endeavours to part the lovers, the rich villain (not *too* dangerous), and several minor characters who act as chorus. The plot is not original, but there is very little of it, and the book will doubtless be considered moral, because although all envy, malice and uncharitableness is displayed by some of the characters, there is a certain commandment which remains unbroken. But any kind of harsh criticism seems out of place in connection with so simple a story, and it is sufficient to say that on the whole the tale strikes one as having been written to suit the simpler taste of by-gone years. One certainly becomes tired of the eternal modern problem novel, but perhaps our education along that line has spoiled our appreciation of the simple life, especially if it be very simple. Only a master-hand can take a few commonplace people in a commonplace village and make us laugh and weep and wonder and admire. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: The Westminster Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

A NEW CANADIAN NOVELIST

A new Canadian novelist has appeared. Dr. William J. Fischer, of Waterloo, Ontario, who is well known as the author of several volumes of verse, has written a story that should make a strong appeal to all who enjoy a wholesome story that is told without any striving after sensation or theatrical effect. "Child of Destiny" is the title. It is the story of a girl who was kidnapped in infancy, but who finally came to her earthly reward in an unusual manner, after a succession of important and surprising

events. The plot is quite ingenious, particularly towards the end. (Toronto: William Briggs. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

DUTCH ART.

Perhaps nowhere outside of Holland is Dutch art favoured so much as in Canada. Owing to some peculiar reason, Canadians have taken a special interest in paintings by Dutchmen, and there are as a result several collections of distinction. Not only are some of the old Dutch masters represented in Canadian collections, but there are large groups from the brushes of modern leaders in Dutch art. The publication therefore of a volume entitled "The Art of the Netherland Galleries," by David C. Preyer, which is the latest volume in the series called "The Art Galleries of Europe," should attract art lovers in Canada. The volume is splendid in appearance and workmanship; the illustrations and letter press are excellent. The author writes in an enthusiastic, sympathetic manner, and,



F. MARION CRAWFORD, THE DISTINGUISHED
NOVELIST, WHO DIED RECENTLY
IN ITALY

as the subject embraces the work of Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Rysdael and many others, there is plenty of material for him to describe. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$2).

*

"IN VIKING LAND."

Even without its romantic past, Norway is full of interest, geographically, pictorially and socially. Conclusive evidence of this is given by W. S. Monroe in his volume, "In Viking Land. Norway: Its People, Its Fjords and Its Fjelds." This volume is more than a mere book of travel, in as much as it gives prominence to matters of human interest—the people, their habits, customs, and traditions, and to the developed and developing civilisation of the country. Geographic types and marvels of scenery are by no means overlooked, but there are chapters on institutions of the country, on its folk-lore, its music, literature, etc., with special reference to persons such as Greig and Björnson. The viking age is treated interestingly, the old Norse sages having been carefully consulted

for material along this line. The volume is well illustrated by reproductions of excellent photographs. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$3).

*

CUPID AND HEATHER.

When a Scotch novelist announces his book as a love story, the reader may be sure that the narrative is more desperately affectionate than anything an impulsive Irishman could produce. "Whither Thou Goest," by J. J. Bell, is an instance of the dour Scot turning sentimentalist to an alarming degree. This is a book for the matinée girl to pronounce "lovely," inasmuch as it is given over to the unsmooth course of the truest kind of love. It is not so interesting as "Wee Macgregor" of tender memory but it may entertain those who like something better than Annie Swan and not so fine as Maurice Hewlett. The scenes are thoroughly modern, even to the point of introducing us to suffragettes with an enthusiasm for slumming. (London: Hodder and Stoughton. Toronto: The Westminster Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

So for me — O fair, O dear! —
 I led the night when you drew near;
 With the shining of your eyes
 Did my laggard sun arise —
 And the light, day being spent,
 Died along the way you went!

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay



Within The Sanctum



SENATOR WILLIAM MILLER writes as follows under recent date: In a characteristic article in *The Canadian Magazine* of January last, Sir Charles Tupper, in the alleged cause of "historical accuracy," but in many respects with a striking disregard of historic truths, attempts to discredit some portions of my "Reminiscence", published in the September number of last year, in relation to the Union struggle in Nova Scotia in 1866.

Although Sir Charles does not deny that it was in accordance with, and in response to, my proposition made in the Legislative Assembly on the third of April, 1866, and which was accepted by his government, that Confederation was carried in Nova Scotia, yet his admission is accompanied by so many mis-statements that, however reluctant to do so, I feel it necessary to refute a few of them. Let me call attention to one or two specimens of Sir Charles Tupper's "historical accuracy", which are fair samples in this respect, of his whole article. He says:

"At this time Mr. Miller, who had been elected as a supporter of our party, but who had continually opposed me, sent his friend, Mr. S. McDonnell, a member of the Legislature, to inquire how I would treat him if he would announce himself a supporter of Confederation."

This whole sentence is simply untrue, and Sir Charles Tupper's memory was greatly at fault when he wrote it. I was not

elected as a member of his party, and I did not continually oppose him, as witness the government's "Judge in Equity Bill", which was the bitterest party question of the first session I was in the Legislature, and which I supported.

I was elected to represent Richmond in 1863 under a written requisition from the electors of that county, which has been more than once published in the newspaper press of Nova Scotia and in public pamphlets; and which was several times the subject of conversation between Sir Charles and myself. The third paragraph of that requisition is as follows:

"Viewing as we do the advancement of the general interests of the country, and attention to our local wants, of far higher importance than mere party rivalry, we desire to return you to the Legislature unfettered by pledges of a party character, which might interfere with those objects, or cripple your general usefulness."

This requisition was also read and marked by the learned judge who tried the cause, as an "exhibit" in the libel suit of Miller vs. Annand, tried in Halifax in 1878, in which I was plaintiff, and Sir Charles Tupper was a leading witness, for the sole purpose of proving that I was elected as an independent member of the Assembly "unfettered by pledges". So much for Sir Charles' "historical accuracy" on this point.

Equally incorrect are Sir Charles Tupper's references to my friend, Mr. S. McDonnell, and here I can contra-

dict him by himself under oath. I may observe that in 1866 I lived in Halifax, and Mr. McDonnell lived in Cape Breton. We seldom met except when he came to Halifax to attend to his legislative duties. But Sir Charles swears that he and I discussed the Union difficulties *before* the session of 1866, and therefore our negotiations could not have been initiated by Mr. McDonnell. While intimate friends, with views in common on many subjects, of which Confederation was one, Mr. McDonnell was no follower of mine, but a very independent man, who thought for himself on public questions. I was the youngest man in the Assembly, and did not claim to have any followers, not even as much as the "one" he doubtfully gives me; but I do say that my proposition secured a majority of both branches of the Legislature at a moment when the Union cause was threatened with disaster.

Sir Charles Tupper did not always value my services in the cause of Confederation as lightly as he appears to do now. I have just said that he was an important witness in the cause of *Miller vs. Annand*, reported in the *Dominion Annual Register* for 1879, and on that occasion he minutely detailed our negotiations *re* confederation (but never alluded to Mr. McDonnell), while very emphatically declaring his high estimate of my services. I quote the following extract from his evidence on that occasion as reported:

"Sir Charles Tupper was sworn. He stated that he was Premier of Nova Scotia from May, 1864, until to July, 1867. He had been a delegate to the Charlottetown Conference and also to the Conference at Quebec. The Charlottetown Conference was intended to bring about a Union of the Maritime Provinces; the Conference at Quebec had for its intention a union of all the provinces of British North America. The plaintiff (Mr. Miller) was a member of the Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia from the election of 1863 until July, 1867. When the resolution authorising the first Conference was proposed in the Assembly,

the plaintiff opposed it, and expressed his desire for Confederation of all the provinces. When the Quebec scheme was published in 1864, plaintiff also opposed it, in its details, chiefly on financial grounds, but reiterated his desire for a union on what he considered fair terms. In 1866 witness had several conversations with plaintiff *before* and after the meeting of the Legislature in that year on the subject of Union. The attitude of the Imperial Government, the relations of the provinces with the neighbouring states, and other causes which the plaintiff mentioned induced him to desire a compromise of the difficulties that stood in the way of confederation. After several interviews and much discussion, it was agreed that the plaintiff would support a compromise by which the whole question was to be referred to a new conference to meet in London, when all disputed points would be decided under the auspices of the Imperial Government.

When delegates to the London Conference were appointed, it was considered that plaintiff's position and services entitled him to a place on that delegation, and witness notified him of the intention of the Government to appoint him. The plaintiff declined the appointment. He stated his desire was to recover the confidence of his constituents, among whom he had become very unpopular on account of his support of the Union, and that if he took any office or position from the Government it would be looked upon as a consideration for that support, and would be injurious to him in his election. This was months after the Union resolution had been carried in the Legislature of Nova Scotia, and was the first communication of a personal character witness ever had with the plaintiff in regard to this subject. Witness then informed plaintiff for the first time that the Government was prepared to offer him a seat in the Senate of Canada. Plaintiff replied that he did not want a seat in the Senate, as he intended to ask his constituents for a seat in the House of Commons, and only consented to his appointment on the condition that he should be at liberty to resign the Senatorship at any time previous to the general election, and contest his county. Plaintiff appeared decided either to get a seat in the Commons or go out of public life. Witness considered the plaintiff's prominence and public services justly entitled him to a Senatorship, and it was for these reasons the position was offered him."

And yet at this time of day Sir Charles Tupper has the effrontery to taunt me with being indebted to him

for my present position as if it were a personal gift, when in reality I enabled him to make his public career a success, and he owed me more personally than he ever could repay, and till now he always admitted his obligations.

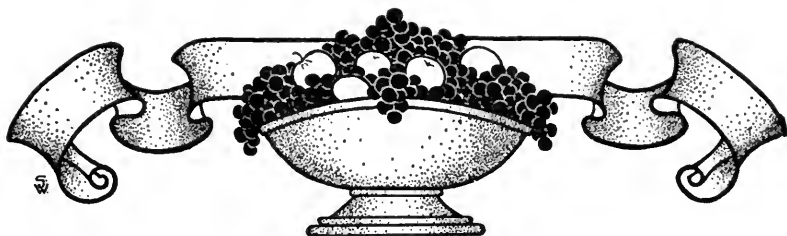
Notwithstanding the haste with which he grasped at my proposition for another conference in London, Sir Charles desires to leave the unwarranted impression on the minds of his readers, that there was no crisis pending in Nova Scotia in 1866, and that he was only awaiting the action of New Brunswick to submit the Quebec scheme to the Nova Scotian Legislature. How then does he account for the cyclone that struck him in the first Federal elections, in 1867, when he did not take even "one" follower with him to Ottawa? The newspaper press of that day—the annals of that period—have only to be searched to expose the absurdity of that false impression. Besides, his motion was made on the tenth of April, and the New Brunswick elections did not take place until the ensuing June or July. The passage indicated is a fine specimen of the game of bluff, at

which Sir Charles was ever expert.

As to the Pictou Railway transaction, I beg to remind Sir Charles that I have used the names of two living men, his old friends, Hon. James McDonald and Sir Sandford Fleming, both of whom are concerned in my narrative of that transaction, and can easily be called by him to refute my story, if they deem it incorrect. How any one can imagine, who reads the last paragraph of that story, that it was written in a hostile spirit to Sir Charles Tupper, I cannot understand.

Perhaps few of the Fathers of Confederation put up a braver fight for Union than did Sir Charles Tupper in Nova Scotia, and I would be the last man to detract from his merits in that connection; but it is well known that one of Sir Charles' weaknesses has always been to magnify his own services by minimising those of others, without whose assistance he could have accomplished nothing, and in too many cases to forget, or ignore, or repudiate that assistance altogether.

My reminiscence is correct in every particular, and no one knows this better than Sir Charles Tupper himself.





A FABLE.

ONCE Upon a Time there was a Young Man who met Two Girls, who were Constantly Together. Now, he was an Astute Young Man, and he desired to say Something Pretty and Agreeable to the Ladies, but he knew that if he paid a Compliment to One of them, No Matter which, the Other would be Hurt.

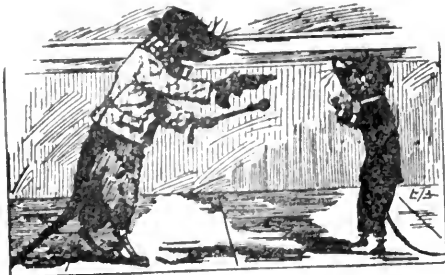
So he Thought Rapidly for a moment, and then he said:

"Ah, I know Why you Two Girls are Always Together!"

"Why?" asked the Two Girls.

"Because Everybody said that A Handsome Girl Always Chooses a Homely One as a Companion So That Her Beauty may be Enhanced by the Contrast."

After Such a Remark, either Both Girls would be Angry or Delighted.



"Your money or your life!"

"Excuse me. I'm a Church mouse."

—Life

And what Do you think Happened? The Two Girls Blushed and said he was A Flatterer and went their way Together, each Happy for Herself and Sorry for the Other. — *London Answers.*

*

THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

"Are you there?"

"Yes."

"Who are you, please?"

"Watt."

"What is your name, please?"

"Watt's my name."

"Yes; what is your name?"

"I say my name is Watt."

"Oh, well, I'm coming to see you."

"All right. Are you Jones?"

"No; I'm Knott."

"Who are you, then, please?"

"I'm Knott."

"Will you tell me your name, please?"

"Will Knott."

"Why won't you?"

"I say my name is William Knott."

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"Then you will be in if I come 'round, Watt?"

"Certainly, Knott."

Then they were cut off by the exchange, and Knott wants to know if Watt will be in or not.—*The Ka-zooster.*



PHYLLIS: "I'm very sorry, but I think we must be going. Andrew has borne it as long as he can."

—Punch

AN EDITORIAL ENDORSEMENT.

From a serious-minded jester the editor received this note, together with a consignment of humour that was heavy enough to go by freight:

Dear Sir,—I read all these jokes to my wife, and she laughed heartily. Now, I have it on good authority that when a man's wife will laugh at his jokes they are bound to be very good—or she is.

Yours, etc.

The editor slipped them into the return envelope with the letter, after writing on the margin, "*She is.*"
—Lippincott's.

*

A HELP.

"Do you ever do anything to help your wife with her household tasks?"

"Sure I do. I light the fire every morning."

"Ah! And do you carry the coal up?"

"No—no. We cook with electricity."—Cleveland *Leader*.

CHIEFLY LEGAL ADVICE.

A certain prominent lawyer of Toronto is in the habit of lecturing his office staff from the junior partner down, and Tommy, the office boy, comes in for his full share of the admonition. That his words were appreciated was made evident to the lawyer by a conversation between Tommy and another office boy on the same floor which he recently overheard.

"Wotcher wages?" asked the other boy.

"Ten thousand a year," replied Tommy.

"Aw, g'wan!"

"Sure," insisted Tommy, unabashed. "Four dollars a week in cash an' de rest in legal advice."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

*

THE NAME, PLEASE.

They talk about the heroes of old, but we would like to know the name of the daring and reckless man who wore the first green hat.

—Toronto *News*.

The Merry Muse

TO A MOSQUITO

Once when the members of the Royal Society were being entertained at dinner by the Governor-General at Rideau Hall, a man of science and a *littérateur* drew each other's attention to the presence of a mosquito, which, alighting on the latter's hand, drew a challenge from the former for a sonnet on the incident. The following *jeu d'esprit* was the outcome of the challenge:

What dost thou here? Thy frolic
cries alarm,
Where festal vapours 'courage men
to laugh
At cares that sting. The mirth that's
tipped with harm
Graves premature its own sad epi-
taph:
Blind passion, sipping surfeit, coun-
sels not
How vaulting pleasure finds its goal
in pain—
How life and death, the twins of
Nature's reign,
Adjust the balance of all power. Thy
lot
In hall vice-regal is but ill-assured;
For here the poet dares thy song
berate,
While science shuns, with ken of
thee matured,
Thy hovering heedless hum, as wo-
men hate
A trifling wooer, not for what he is,
But for the poisoned insult in his
stolen kiss.

J. M. Harper.

*

GROWING VOCABULARY

I purchased me a motor many, many
years ago,
And used to mote me thisaway and
that;
I slaughtered countless fauna and a
dozen folk or so,

The world was sure my oyster, on
a plat;
But now the outlook's different, and
my motor gathers rust—
I spurn it—let it stand around and
loaf;
I long for sport much stranger which
is fuller far of danger—
Ah, how I'd rather aviate than
chauf!
What fun is there is spinning through
a city's dinny dinning?
How much I'd rather aviate than
chauf.

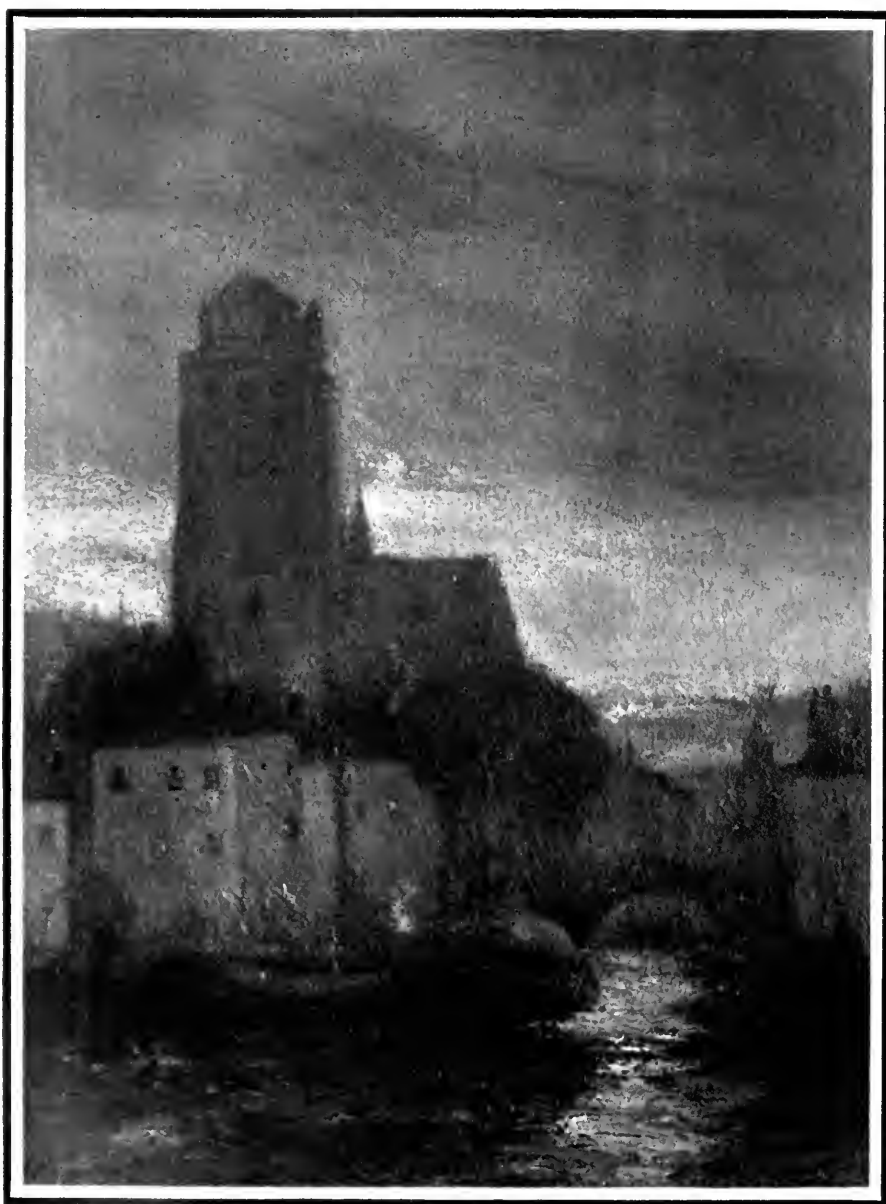
I'm sick of honking swiftly over com-
mon, stupid streets,
I'm sick of all the things the cop-
pers do;
I'm ill of turning chickens into little
fresh mincemeats,
I'm bored of cutting ladies half in
two.
I want to cleave the ether in a dizzy
aeroplane
(Who doesn't is a dullard and an
oaf)—
I long to skim the breezes like a
bunch of well-skimmed cheeses,
For I had rather aviate than chauf—
(I never, never hammer all this long-
haired, new-born grammar,
So I had rather aviate than chauf).
—Richmond Times Despatch.

*

A DISTINCTION

"She's as pretty as a picture"—
There is sunshine in her smile,
And she has a pair of dimples
That are fashioned to beguile.

"She's as pretty as a picture,"
But it may as well be known
That she isn't, to be honest,
Quite as pretty as her own.
—Chicago Evening Post.



Painting by W. E. Atkinson, A.R.C.A.

THE GROOTE KERKE, DORT, HOLLAND

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 2

A FRAGMENT FROM A TRAGEDY

BY S. T. WOOD

AS wide as the world is the range of the flowers of genius. Some bloom only in the arctic frosts of adversity, while others need the continuous tropical warmth of comfort and abundance. Some demand the free neglect of the shady woods or open prairies, with the erratic smiles and frowns of changing scenes and seasons, while others need the hot-house nurturing of affectionate understanding and appreciation. Though many seeds fall in uncongenial environment and die, a few find the soil and climate that is their own, and enrich the world with a response, transmitting the renewed heritage to succeeding generations. No matter how favorably adjusted the surrounding circumstances may be to the creation of a work of genius, no one can escape the price of achievement. It is often a terrible penalty, of which the enriched world knows nothing. Relentless nature may exact the sacrifice of peace, comfort, home, friends, health, love, even life itself. And the achiever goes down to his grave mistakenly pitied, stupidly condemned or complacently pilloried as a warning, that the unappreciative world may inherit immortal literature or priceless art.

Coleridge sacrificed all that men reverence and hold dear in life, and suffered years of unimaginable torment that the world might inherit "Kubla Khan" and "Christabel", and the charm of philosophy, beauty and spiritual insight in "Sybylline Leaves". A mind capable of illuminating the world, driven to childish devices in eluding the vigilance of friends, may provoke thoughtless condemnation and even pity. But when the awful tragedy is seen in its true light as the price of achievement, narrower views are lost in a great admiration. Creative power in literature is strangely elusive. Some are able to call it up at will. Some may be possessed by it regularly every day, or at strange and unreasonable hours. The pipe, the glass, the phial, and the hypodermic syringe play a part occasionally, as does the thought of a kindred soul or understanding mind, in stimulating the creative mood. And sometimes achievement demands an abandoned devotion to drugs or stimulants, that sacrifices life to art and the man to his work. These fragments accidentally preserved from the tragedy of Coleridge's life reveal the stage in which dignity and manly courage are gone, eaten away by the nerve-



THE POET COLERIDGE, AT ABOUT FIFTY YEARS OF AGE

destroying drug which alone could give the temporary quiet essential to spiritual insight and the mysterious germination of poetic thought.

There has always been some uncertainty and speculation among Coleridge's biographers as to how far Gillman the Chemist, the faithful and conscientious friend, with whom he went to reside in 1816, was able to enforce the moderate restraints he thought best suited to the poet's condition. Coleridge was then thirty-four years of age and the spirit of literary creation was departing. There were rumours that another chemist, in Tottenham Court Road, had been successfully appealed to for a surreptitious supply of drugs. These rumours have received various acceptances and denials, and Hall Caine, in his life of Coleridge, says that the onus of proof is on those who doubt Gillman's claim to success. The resurrection of the relics, the letters, that are the *raison d'être* of this article, puts

all speculation at rest. They were preserved in pitying reverence by Miss Dunn, daughter of the Chemist of Tottenham Court Road. Miss Dunn became the wife of Rev. William Henry Norris, a clergyman stationed near Toronto, Canada, and the notes which reveal the surreptitious purchase of drugs are preserved in the family of one of his daughters by a former marriage. Revealing the tortures of a mind consumed by the fire of genius may seem like profaning the sacred chambers. That the fire was fed by the fatal narcotic makes the scenes in the passing struggle all the more sacred. But Coleridge is not an ordinary man whose secrets we must respect, but a bright star on which we may freely

gaze according to our mood, with wonder, admiration or indifference. The glances we are allowed at one of the mysterious sources of his brilliancy and poetic insight but serve to make the light he sheds on the world all the more dazzling and incomprehensible.

Only two of the notes are dated and they are separated by an interval of almost eight years. The earlier is apparently on a page torn from a notebook, and although the hand is firm the writing has been slightly blotted by haste in folding.

21st Sept., 1824.

Dear Sir,—

It has mortified me that in consequence of the prolonged stay of a friend at Paris I have been obliged to disappoint you and must still defer it for a few days. I do not doubt, however, that by or before this day week I shall be able to settle it, independent of my friend's return, tho' certain circumstances render me reluctant to make use of other resources, which I can indeed at any moment command but not so easily keep sacred to my own knowledge.

S. T. C.

21 Sept. 1824

Dear Sir, —
It has mortified me
that, in consequence of the protracted
stay of a Friend at Paris
I have been obliged to disappoint
you, and must still defer it for
a few days. I do not doubt,
however, that by or before
this day week, I shall be
able to settle it, independent
of my friends' return. The ~~then~~
certain circumstances render me
reluctant to make use of other
resources, which I can indeed
at any moment command but
not so easily keep sacred to my
own knowledge. S. T. C. —

A LETTER FROM COLERIDGE TO A CREDITOR

Another, somewhat firm in touch,
is dated with the day and hour, showing intimate relationship. It is on part of a sheet of note paper and a small part of the water-mark shows probably a flower. The script characters "A & M" are distinct.

Wednesday Noon.

Dear Sir,—

I am setting off for town, which I was prevented from doing yesterday by a Cold and the Weather. I leave this note in case I should return too late to call at your house this evening.

S. T. C. —

The following is in a finer but firm hand on paper which seems to have

been roughly squared by tearing. There is a pathetic touch in the final request.

I have this morning received a long desired letter which enables me to state this day week for the settlement. It would remove an unpleasant weight from my mind, if I could with propriety explain to you, why with a hundred pound of my own in the house I yet could not, without imprudent exposures, settle a £25 account.

Destroy this instantly.

The following direct request is written on part of a sheet of note paper torn off squarely and folded into a small compass. The ink is carelessly

Dear Sir

If it be in
your possession, could you
send me a quantity of the
Liquor Morphii, equal in strength
to Laudanum or in lieu of
this half a pint of the
Acetate Morphii -
S. J. C.

A REQUEST FROM CGLERIDGE FOR A STIMULANT

Wednesday Nov.

Dear Sir I am setting off to town,
which I was prevented from doing
yesterday by a cold and the weather
I leave this note in case I should
return too late to call at your house
this evening. S. J. C.

A NOTE TO THE CHEMIST

I have this morning received a long desired Letter which enables me to state this day week as for the settlement. It would remove an unpleasant weight from my mind, if I could with propriety explain to you why with a hundred pound & my ~~work~~ own in the house I yet could not, without imprudent exposures, settle a 25£ Account. — Destroy this instantly

ANOTHER LETTER FROM COLERIDGE TO A CREDITOR

smeared by the folding, and the hand is decidedly weak.

Dear Sir,—

If it be in your possession, could you favour me with an oz. of the Liquid Morphii, equal in strength to Laudanum or in lieu of this half a scruple of the Acetate Morphii.

S. T. C.

The most deliberate letter gives some glimpse of the poet's sensitive mind, as well as the manifold causes of his distress. It is written on both sides of a half sheet of note paper. The part of the water-mark showing is the name "Pine &" in large capitals with "18" of the date. It was folded and sealed with wax in such a way that the margin was torn when it was opened. This bears in pencil mark, evidently by the lady who preserved it, the date, "March 10th", but the year is omitted.

Dear Sir,—

I do not doubt that within a few days my settlement with my publishers will enable me to settle with you. In the meantime be so good as to accept the enclosed, in addition to the account, as fairly your dues. The Day I left Highgate for Ramsgate a letter arrived, contained a draft for the sum, £26; but it was accompanied with a request in relation to a late unfortunate Public Mea-

sure, and Controversy or Feud in this District, which (had the compliance been less repugnant to my own private and disinterested conviction) I could not but resent as compromising my independence. Meantime, for motives of great literary and not trifling pecuniary magnitude, I was under the necessity of changing at a heavy present loss, the whole of the work I was engaged on, and of re-writing the whole. I mention these circumstances to you in confidence in justice to myself. For be assured, that few things have given me so much pain as this Delay has done. A few months' hard work will enable me hereafter to be beforehand with you rather than behind.

With true respect,

Your obliged,

S. T. C.

P.S.—I entreat you, be careful not to have any note delivered to me unless I am alone and passing your door.

The later dated note, the only one signed in full by the poet, was written less than three years before his death. Many phases of the dark picture are crowded in, and the shaking hand and smeared ink reveal as much as the words. This note was folded and sealed with red wax, but the seal was broken without injuring the paper.

Dear Sir,—

You will oblige me by filling the accompanying bottle with Tinct. Op. I am

at present confined to the house by an attack of Rheumatism, but on my very first excursion I will call on you and settle this with what other favours I have yet to account for. Believe me with "many happy New Years" to you, with regard and esteem.

Your obliged

S. T. Coleridge.

6 Jan'y, 1832.

(See page 105)

The mystery of genius must ever be measured by, or subjected to, conventional standards, for common humanity can have no other. The solitary school-boy absorbed in poetry and metaphysics was flogged for infidelity. Nothing could be more typical of the whole life of this man who paid nature's price, and of the world's acceptance of him and of his work. At twenty-one he enlists. What could

be more incongruous than the man of metaphysical insight standing at attention? He is discharged in a few months. The dream of human brotherhood, that child of a deluded faith in man, is indulged. He marries at twenty-three, and a biographer, with laconic deduction that may be tragic or humorous according to the mood, says this was the end of his socialistic projects. At twenty-five he sleeps under the "anodyne compound" and dreams the vision of "Kubla Khan", awakening with a strange remembrance not only of the vision but of the poetic lines that have given it life. But in the soil in which his genius bloomed and flourished his body, his will, his common human nature must die. He took up the burden and we have "Kubla Khan," a work of which Charles Lamb, his understanding friend, wrote:

It irradiates and brings heaven and Elysian bowers into my parlour while he sings or plays it.

At thirty he is tortured with rheumatics and gout. The strangely elusive creative faculty is deadened by physical ailments. There is new life in the "Kendall black drop" and in this form the nerve-wasting morphine becomes a deadly necessity. The creative insight and imagination that could be awakened by the spirit of youth when the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" was written, required, in later years, the stimulant of the humanly fatal drug. It is impossible to believe that this was a weak sacrifice of health, strength, will, nervous force and self-respect, for the sake of some passing and un-



COLERIDGE COTTAGE AT NETHER STOWEY

My dear Sir

You will oblige
me by filling the accompanying
bottle with Tincture. I am
at present confined to the house
by the attack of Rheumatism, but am
very fit to receive. I will call
on you & settle this matter with
other favors I have yet to
request. Believe me,
with many happy regards
to you, with regard and esteem
Yours obliged,
S. T. Coleridge

8 Apr. 1832.

THIS NOTE DISPLAYS THE HUMAN SIDE OF GENIUS

natural sensations of pleasure. Those endowments which ordinary and normal man values so highly were sacrificed, not to pleasure, but to the creative power that has given the world enduring literary treasures. Charles Lamb was of the few who understood. The strangeness of his own genius may have given a clue to the artificial strangeness of Coleridge's recreative mood. It could not have been to a weakling seeking pleasurable sensations that Lamb wrote:

In my brief acquaintance with you in London your conversation won me to a better cause and rescued me from the polluting spirit of the world. I might have been a worthless character without you . . . this is no cant.

Biographers have attempted to estimate the balance of rights and duties in Coleridge's relations with his wife and family—as if any profane eye could discern the myriad influences of so sacred a relationship. On his return to England after two years of fruitless struggle abroad, he avoided

his people and went to live with Wordsworth. His condition, worse than homeless, prompted Dykes Campbell to write of "a sense of broken promises—promises to friends, and promises to himself, and above all sense of a will paralysed, dead perhaps, killed by his own hands".

In this there is forgetfulness of Coleridge's struggle to redeem a broader promise to the world to give full measure for talents entrusted to him by nature. The world cannot say how far the fulfilment of this promise necessitated the breaking of many others.

Gillman's influence fortunately disappointed the prophecy of Charles Lamb's sad joke in spelling his name with a "K". Coleridge was again able to work, to achieve and to give forth the light of his subtle imagination. Then came the delightful evenings with Wordsworth, Charles Lamb, Mary Lamb, Moore, Rogers, Hazlitt and DeQuincey.

In the intellectual light of an understanding circle his genius kindled into flame and his wonderful conversational powers found scope. We need not join in the general regret at the loss of these inspired monologues. They are not lost. They were the Promethean fire that animated a beloved and receptive few, inspiring a creative, literary impulse which has given the century its place in the world's mental development. No one could hear unmoved, and the world owes to his inspiration both the sympathetic, spiritual mysticism and the antagonistic materialism of the creative minds he won or repelled. Critics have freely condemned this unconventional and seemingly purposeless life. But fortunately for the world the man with a message will reach understanding ears, irrespective of its praise or blame.

This is not a contribution to the endless controversy over the duty of men of genius to conform to the conventions necessary to the stability of ordinary humanity under civilised con-

ditions. Whatever position the world may take, men of genius will continue to be laws unto themselves, and to pay the price of achievement for the reluctant world's enrichment, while the world will continue to criticise according to the laws of which its vision is able to take cognisance.

Great physical vigour prolonged Coleridge's life to nearly three-score years. The period of decline from which the fragments are rescued were years of physical and nervous suffering, of humiliation, of struggle with poverty and debt, of senselessly vindictive criticism, of painfully congenial work and of the consciousness of creative power which he could not use.

This outwardly sad picture is relieved only by the quickening association of a few sympathetic minds. At forty-eight he writes:

From circumstances, the main portion of my harvest is still on the ground, ripe indeed and only waiting, a few for the sickle but a large part for the sheaving, and carting, and housing; but from all this I must turn away, must let them rot as they lie and be as tho' they had never been, for I must go and gather blackberries and earth nuts, or pick mushrooms and gild oak-apples for the palate and fancy of chance customers.

That is not the letter of a man seeking weak indulgence, but of a man seeking power to work. The strength to realise elusive possibilities may cost even the supreme human sacrifice and the reward may be the opportunity for new sacrifices and new achievements. Coleridge suffered the penalty but does not seem to have gained the full reward.

It is a mistake to regard as wasted a life that has accomplished so much. It is also a mistake, though a noble and praiseworthy one, to pity deeply, when, through all the distress and anguish, there must have been the secret consciousness of power, of greatness, of success. His pain was not that he suffered at the hands of a criticising few who should have welcomed the manifestations of each re-

newed activity, but that this literary circle was unworthy, and consequently unappreciative of the spiritual insight and exaltation which were striving for utterance. The great soul cries out in its loneliness—not because it is misunderstood but because the world cannot understand. Genius is forever disappointed, for its reach so far exceeds its grasp. There may be a sense of disappointment with self, perhaps keenly felt and suffered, but there is always the sustaining inner vision which tells that the disappointment is with the great brotherhood of humanity. And Coleridge must have felt in the bitterness of the attacks which his works seemed to provoke, that the failure was not his but his critics'. Spiritual exaltation strug-

gling for audience amid the sordid restraints of commercial journalism is a pathetic picture over which we may forbear to dwell. But if we have tears let them be shed, not for Coleridge, but for the purblind critics who were moved only to a jealous antagonism, and lived in the midst of treasures they never discovered.

"His great and dear spirit haunts me", wrote Charles Lamb on hearing of Coleridge's death. "I cannot think a thought, I cannot make a criticism on men or books without an ineffectual turning and reference to him."

In the intellectual life of that prolific time others were equally indebted with Lamb, but none other was so clearly conscious of the source of his light.

RESPONSE

By

KATHERINE HALE

Have you known pipers in magic mood

Take a slim branch all winter-worn and bare
And breathe on it, till notes that were not there
Seemed to steal out through the enchanted wood?

Have you seen Spring in luring, roseate guise

Gaze on some meadow desolate and worn
Until, like softest footsteps of the morn,
Pink buds responded to those questing eyes?

Then you have felt the stirring in my heart

O Gazer on a life bereft and cold:—
God yield to you the promise you unfold
And let me go, awakened, yet apart.

THE INTERRUPTED TOAST

BY ROBERT E. KNOWLES,

Author of "St. Cuthbert's," "The Web of Time," Etc.

"WE'LL really have to take in some of the Scotchmen," I insisted, looking rather despairingly at the other two; "nobody ever heard of a St. Patrick's supper with only three people—the thing's absurd."

My remarks were directed to Terence O'Flynn and Jimmie Ryan. They, with myself, constituted the entire Irish population of our Scottish town. It seems, I know, like an oversight on the part of Providence that any one community should have so little of the salt of the earth—but so it was. Terence was the town solicitor, this plum having fallen into his capacious Hibernian mouth while several Scotchmen fought savagely for it among themselves. Terence got it, and litigation became straightway the order of the hour. Jimmie, strangely enough, was also an official of the municipality. His particular duty was to keep the Main Street bridge looking decent. A shovel and a broom were Jimmie's instruments of office, both of which were now leaning against the little wardrobe in which Mr. O'Flynn kept his gown and other garments less professional. Jimmie had dropped in on his homeward way.

"There doesn't seem to be anny sinse in askin' Scotchmen to an Irish banquet," said Mr. O'Flynn, concluding with a violent but accurate bombardment of the cuspidor in a distant corner. Terence was a sure-enough lawyer—but, so far as the English language was concerned, he was still a layman.

"But how the mischief can we have a banquet wid jist three men—that'd

be nothin' but an ordinary spree. An' ivery mother's son av thim an Irishman into the bargain—shure they'd slaughter one another," said Jimmie dolefully.

Terence paid little heed to this. "I wouldn't moind one or two of the haythens," he went on musingly, "as far's mysilf's concerned—but I believe it's *ultra vires*; I'm almost sartin it is."

Jimmie gave a violent start. "Hivens, Terry," he broke out, "what's that ye're sayin'—it's what?"

Mr. O'Flynn looked at him calmly. "It's *ultra vires*, Jimmie," he repeated solemnly; "I can show it to ye in the book," laying his hand on a volume of poetical quotations that lay on the table.

Jimmie reached down and pulled one leg of his overalls out from the keeping of his high boots, not knowing what he did. His clay pipe rolled mechanically in his mouth—the latter beginning to open—till it was turned upside down.

"What might that mean, Terry? It sounds loike the mischief—some-thin' about Ulster, is it, Terry?" a little Vesuvius falling from his pipe on to the table.

"Not exactly," responded Terry; "it means it ain't dacent."

"Oh," said Jimmie, much relieved. "It sounded like some wan was goin' to lose their job," which was Jimmie's ultimate conception of disaster.

"Cut this out, O'Flynn," I interrupted; "let's stop fooling and attend to the banquet. The fact is, we'll

have to ask some of those Scotchmen—and the question is, which ones shall be invited."

"They'll drink us dry," remonstrated Terence; "an Irishman hasn't any show wid those fellows along that line."

"There won't be any drink," I broke in, a little sharply, "for—"

"More pertikkler when it's free," exclaimed Jimmie with a kind of wail. "They're devilish careful, when they have to pay for it; but whin they get it for nothin' they—they jist swim in it," and Jimmie smacked his lips in a kind of proxy of delight.

"We'll invite none but total abstainers," I interrupted.

"There isn't anny," retorted Jimmie promptly, "none that's fit to ask, annyway. Archie Carrick's one o' thim kind—but it's in his wife's name; an' she won't let him out afther sundown. That's how she keeps him true and stidfast. An' Tony McArthur's a sthricht abstainer—but whin he does take a little, he gets wild. He's apt to slam the bottle on the floore," Jimmie added, awe and pain mingling in his voice. "An' thim's the only two rale timperance men in the bunch," as he cast on me a glance that indicated the security of his position.

But I was far from vanquished and only then did the real fight begin. I contended stoutly for the abolition of all liquids except the most innocuous brands. The evil and the peril of any other course were duly pointed out by me. The Scotchmen must be invited, I urged—or a few of them, at least—but why risk the pleasure of the evening and the souls of the Scotchmen by the presence of "the cratur" at the banquet? What a noble example, I pointed out to Terence and James, if all liquors were banished from our table, would thus be afforded the wondering Gentiles who were to be our guests.

But my colleagues were obdurate and immovable. Terence declared, almost with tears, that he was not

thinking of himself but of the honour of ould Ireland; and Jimmie made no secret of his emotion as he told me how he had promised an expiring grandmother in far-off Tipperary that he would always observe St. Patrick's Day after the fashion of his fathers.

So I yielded, sorrowfully. But I had not finally surrendered. A few days later Mr. O'Flynn and I were walking across Main Street bridge. Jimmie, with his usual industry, was plying his profession with both broom and shovel. Then and there I stopped and made my last request. Unless this were granted, I explained, I would have to retire from the celebration. All I asked was this, that I be permitted to provide the drinkables myself.

Terence consented readily enough; but Jimmie was more cautious.

"Will ye promise it'll be Irish?" he demanded.

I promised. "Straight from Belfast," I volunteered, as additional security.

"An' it'll be good stuff," pursued Jimmie—"none o' that r——" employing a familiar term that implies internal decay.

"The very best," I answered, and so the bargain was consummated.

*

St. Patrick's Day in the morning, which fell this particular year on a Saturday, was bright and beautiful. Jimmie and Terence and I were early abroad, each resplendent in a sprig of real shamrock. Jimmie scorned all toil this day, providing as his substitute on the bridge, and at his own expense, a Scotchman straight from Glasgow. At frequent intervals Jimmie would appear upon the scene and thunder his orders at the toiling Sandy, especially masterful when sundry Scotchmen were near by to mark the servitude of their race.

All things were in readiness for the festivities of the evening. The duty allotted to me, as afore described, had been faithfully discharged. And in the

doing of it I had had great delight. Always a stout advocate of temperance—any man who drinks whisky, that doesn't have to, is a fool—I had provided the liquid supplies with a profound assurance that I was a benefactor of mankind. I had purchased, paying liberally therefor, a generous supply of empty bottles, each one bearing the lurid label: "Good Old Irish Whisky." These I had filled, in accordance with my promise to James and Terence, with good stuff straight from Belfast. Right to the cork I filled them—with the best Belfast Ginger Ale.

The Scotchmen were early at our little banquetting hall. No ticket was demanded, no admission fee—nothing but to walk in. They came early and eager, one or two showing signs of preliminary fasting, thus to partake more worthily of the waiting hospitality. Their number was rather greater than we had expected. With a nimbleness unwonted to their race, an additional few had qualified for the occasion. Clarence McKinnon as much as invited himself, pointing out that he had carried an Irish blackthorn for over forty years. Ronald Robertson was more delicate, merely intimating that his grandfather had, when a little boy, sold shamrocks on the streets of Glasgow. Charlie Neil told Mr. O'Flynn, in confidence, that their family name had been O'Neil a few centuries before; while Archie McGlashan plaintively called my attention to the fact that he had kept an Irish setter till its bright career was closed by an unequal conflict with a passing train.

We admitted them all: and a very happy company it was that gathered about that Irish board. Out of respect to our guests, and as a tribute to their prehistoric appetite, porridge was one of the first items on the bill of fare. But they silently scorned it—all but one Scotchman, who had evidently vowed to begin at the beginning and continue to the end. He devoured it without a word, though his

face showed that he considered he was doing us a favour.

After the main meal was concluded, it was comical to observe how the Scotchmen kept their anxious eyes turned upon the waiters as they came in from time to time. There were various preliminaries, of course, before the musical clink announced that their pain was about to end. Gravely, as befitted the occasion, the glasses were set upon the table; then followed the large bottles, all bearing the lurid label to which I have referred already.

Never have I seen such a transformation! One and all rose to the occasion, a smile wreathing each Scottish face as they prepared themselves for the real business of the evening. This was especially true of Watty Ferguson, one of Scotia's most loyal sons. Watty wore upon his bosom a generous sprig of heather, an heirloom in the Ferguson family, now proudly flaunted in the very face of the modest shamrock that reposed on every Hibernian breast.

"'This is gaein' to be a graum' nicht afore it's through,'" Watty murmured as the waiter made a welcome deposit at his elbow. "'Thae Irish buddies ken hoo to be hospitable, mind ye, though they dinna' get the name o't.'"

He glanced a little impatiently towards the Irish brethren, waiting for them to inaugurate the festivities which, in Watty's estimation, were now about to have their real beginning. His glance was not quite normal, his face a little flushed; it was all too obvious that Watty, suspicious of Irish taste, had taken the precaution to lay a good Scotch foundation—inside of himself, that is—before risking the hospitality of the evening. Indeed, so liberal and fluent had Watty's internal preparations been that he was now able to do little more than read, with a kind of contemptuous delight, the flaming label that set forth the merit of Irish distillery.

Watty's impatience was submitted to no lengthened test. For after the National Anthem had been sung—and

it did seem to me that our guests hurried through it with unseemly haste—Mr. O'Flynn proposed the first toast of the evening. I fancy very few of the Scotchmen knew what it was. They were intent only upon paying due and copious honour to it. Had it been to the health of Sennacherib, or the prosperity of the pig-iron industry in Patagonia, or the repose of the soul of Joe Smith the Mormon, it would have been all the same to them.

But with the first mouthful of the beverage I had provided, a great and solemn hush fell upon the company. The merriment faded from their eyes; the laughter died upon their lips. Terence O'Flynn and Jimmie Ryan cast swift and sympathetic glances toward each other, both pairs of eyes turning then on me, more, it would seem, in sorrow than in anger. Jimmie, hoping against hope, took yet another furtive mouthful; his worst fears now confirmed, he silently emitted the counterfeit, pretending that he was stooping over to recover his napkin from the floor. Mr. O'Flynn, as befitted his superior station, merely pushed his glass away from him, still turning a reproachful eye upon myself.

A moment later Jimmie had left his seat, and a hoarse voice was whispering in my ear: "It was ye that put that pizen in the bottles—if this was Tipperary, ye'd be hanged." Then he passed solemnly out of the door—gone for repairs. In about five minutes he returned, convalescent, and at peace with all the world.

But the Scottish grief and disappointment knew no abating. For them no second spring! Clarence McKinnon and Ronald Robertson, seated side by side, exchanged pathetic glances, like men who had tasted of the fatal hemlock.

"It's ginger ale," I heard Ronny exclaim in a ghastly kind of whisper, as if his mouth were full of ashes.

"It's some kind o' thae aireated waters," returned Clarence.

"Only way, it's swill," Ronald responded sadly, the tones of both suggesting vitriolic acid, or something worse. Charlie Neil (alias O'Neil, lang syne) took up his glass and smelled it incredulously, while poor Archie McGlashan simply turned his round and round in a dumb despairing sort of way.

Not so Watty, however. Whether it was the previous precautions he had taken—of laying a native-brewed foundation—that stood him in good stead, or whether the ascending flavour from within lent its superior tang to the descending material from without, or whether a stimulated imagination atoned for all deficiencies, I cannot say. But, from whatever cause, Watty was delighted. Again and again he quaffed, more and more thrilled by each returning draught. My Old Irish pleased him well, and was evidently fulfilling the duty Watty expected it to perform.

The programme at length drew near its close. Yet dark disappointment still sat upon the assembled faces—all but Jimmie Ryan's and Watty Ferguson's.

Suddenly Watty swayed to his feet, his face aglow with exuberant emotion. "I'll gi'e ye a toast," he cried, unpinning the heather from his coat and waving it fervidly aloft. "St. Patrick was a Scotchman, onyway—so I'll gi'e ye a toast to Robbie Burns. Robbie Burns, an' a' wha honour him!" he repeated with growling unction. "Man, Bobbie'd hae likit fine tae be wi' us the night. There's nae Scotch, an' there's nae Irish," he went on, emotion mingling with his voice, "when Scotch an' Irish drinks oot o' the same little broon jug—an' I believe in treatin' the puir Irish like ye wad ony ither buddie. They're human, like oorsel's—an' we canna a' be Scotch. We've whippit the Irish ower an' ower again—an' ye never cast it up against us. That's the forgivin' speerit o' the——"

"We mopped up the floore wid ye,"

Jimmie broke in, unable to stand it longer.

"An' the Scotch hae the intelligence o' the world," Watty went calmly on; "the Irish learned their A, B, C's frae us. When it comes till brains, ye canna haud the candle till us."

"Yez haven't brains enough to make your head ache," Jimmie roared; "yez can't tell Ould Irish from ginger ale."

"But on that graun' pint we staun' taegither," pursued Watty, adroitly switching to Jimmie's savoury theme; "we staun' agin the world. If a' men was Scotch — or Irish — or baith, there'd be none o' this haverin' aboot Scott Acts, an' local option, an' sic like. They're graun' folk, the Irish," cried Watty, smiling benignantly on Terence and James. "Ye've fed us — an' ye never lookit oor way when we were pourin' — an' we got it a' for naethin'. This wad hae cost us a quarter, ony ither place," Watty declared, looking around on the dismantled table. "Ye canna tell the shamrock frae the heather," he went on in poetic vein, "an' if I was the King, I'd hae St. Andra's an' St. Patrick's come on the same day, an' — an' then there'd be nae fear o' Home Rule for Ireland."

"What's that ye're sayin'?" Jimmie broke in significantly; "there wouldn't be anny what?"

"There wadna be ony Home Rule," Watty responded pluckily; "that is, nane forbye the kind we a' believe in. I tak' my staun' for Home Rule, nae doot — but I'm meanin' in ilka man's ain hoose. Let a man rule his ain hoose — that's Home Rule for ye. I'll wear the breeks while I wear onythin'," Watty predicted proudly, his bosom swelling, the conscious heather held aloft. "A man's nae man ava that canna rule aneath his ain roof-tree. An' that's my toast," he suddenly digressed, forgetful of the ploughman bard: "I ask ye a' to fill yir glasses till they're rinnin' over, an' drink to the Home Rule o' Scotch-

men ower a' the world — ilka Scot the king o' his ain castle, and the de'it tak thae suffragents that's tryin' tae wear the breeks. Fill yir glasses wi' this guid Auld Irish, an' we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet for the guid Auld Scotch, the Home Rulers o' the universe," with which high appeal Watty put forth his hand to discharge the duty he had just enjoined.

When, lo! the door of our humble banquetting hall slowly began to open, and our inquiring eyes confronted a forelock of red hair. This was followed by a head covered with many kindred tresses, each one of which, in its aggressive pose, might have done duty as a forelock. Beneath the ruddy tresses was a matronly face, strongly Scottish in its cast, from the eyes whereof there gleamed a light that bespoke a long-attested leadership.

She stood a moment, the door open behind her, her eyes fixed on the orator of the hour. Watty was pale as death. But, suddenly recovering, he did his best.

"Come in Betsy," he said in the most conciliatory of tones, "come awa in an' tak a seat. There's a wheen o' stuff left yet — an' there'll no' be ony objection till a bonny wumman joinin' wi' us, will there, sir?" appealing plaintively to me.

Jimmie grinned; Watty's adjective was too much for him.

"It's my wife," Watty added in a lower tone; "it's her, as sure as death — but she's a harmless buddy," he reassured us all, motioning the while to Betsy to come forward to the table.

But Betsy was not to be so disposed of.

"Ye'll come hame this meenit," she said, straightening up and scorning Watty's proffered hospitality. "Wha's a' these drouthy buddies ye ha'e wi' ye?" searching the assembled company with a glance.

"They're — they're freens o' mine," Watty ventured timidly.

"They're naethin' o' the sort," she retorted sharply, the auburn forelock

nodding with her emphasis; "an' ye ken that fine—they're some sort o' a society, I'm thinkin'—wha are they, I tell ye?" she repeated, advancing a little nearer.

"We're a—a kind o' a releigious body," Watty began desperately; "that's why we meet on a Saturday nicht, ye ken. We're—we're the Sons o' Scotland," he said triumphantly, drawing himself to his full length and taking a deep breath, holding it as far inward as he could, for his wife sniffed a little as she came nearer. "We're the Sons o' Scotland," he repeated proudly, "an' I'm the Chaplain, ye ken; I was juist gaein' tae gi'e them that bit frae Burns, aboot the Cotter haein' worship wi' his family—a little like oorsel's, ye ken."

His wife came closer to him. "Yir breath's like the Sons of Scotland," she said scornfully, "but I ken fine wha's yir company. I ken them frae that bit weed on their jackets. They're the ungodly Irish. An' ye'r gaein' hame wi' me."

"I'll no' gang," said Watty stoutly, making one final desperate stand as he glanced around at the deeply interested company.

"Watty Ferguson!" was all his wife said as she gazed into the blue eyes of her spouse. Then after a long pause: "I heard yir bit screed, Watty, aboot wha rules the hoose—an' the boots is tae black, an' the coal stove's gane oot, an' the water's tae be brocht again the Sabbath. An' ye'll gang wi' me, Watty Ferguson."

The struggle in Watty's conjugal bosom was brief and sharp. Something of the storm within showed on his mobile face. Then, very slowly, he reached under the table and produced the flaming Tam o' Shanter, donned a few brief hours before in proud defiance of all things Irish. Solemnly he bowed to me as he stood with his bonnet in his hand.

"Gentlemen," he began with splendid dignity, "ye'll ha'e to excuse me noo. I'm no' leavin' for ony — ony — authority, forbye my ain mind and

will. But it's drawin' near the Sabbath day, ye ken; an' I was aye brocht up to respect the Sabbath. Watty Ferguson's nae the man to be caught carousin', when it's maist the Sabbath day, wi' a company o' Irishmen that'll no' be found i' the kirk the morn. It's a matter o' conscience wi' me—an' I'm gaein'. Wumman," as he turned sternly to his wife, "ye'll gang hame wi' me. D'ye hear, Betsy? I order ye, as yir husband, to gang hame wi' me this meenit; it's by yir ain fireside ye ought tae be, solemnisin' yir mind for the sanctities o' the Sabbath, in place o' makin' a laughin' stock o' yirsel' afore a gatherin' o' ungodly Irish that's been tastin' mair nor's guid for them. Come wi' me this meenit, wumman, when I tell ye," as Watty solemnly adjusted his Tam o' Shanter, bowed profoundly to the company, and started majestically for the door.

There was a pause for a minute or two after Watty and Betsy had passed out into the night. Terence and James looked uneasily at me, waiting till I should break the silence. But, to tell the truth, I was quite at sea as to what should follow next. The way, however, was speedily opened up. Clarence McKinnon slowly raised his six feet four into the air and addressed me thus:

"Mr. Chairman, I'm sure we a' feel we've had a graun' time the nicht I'm dootin' if ony gatherin' o' Irishmen ever had sic a nicht since St. Patrick and John Knox used to wet their whistles when they met together. An' I dinna think," Clarence formally concluded, "I dinna think oor proceedin' cud hae a mair fittin' close than for us a' tae rise an' sing Auld Lang Syne afore we part. I'll lift the tune mysel'," as he extended a spacious palm to Mr. O'Flynn beside him.

We all joined hands—Terence and James and I of necessity were mute—and the surviving Scotchmen sang their great anthem with the unction that befits their race.

MORALITY AND THE MODERN STAGE

BY ROBSON BLACK

THE periodical outburst against immoral presentations upon the New York stage has of late been centring upon itself a degree of public and private attention. No matter what the transient force or inconsequent birth of this latest crusade of newspaper and pulpit, it is yet sufficiently demonstrative and sincere to merit present discussion. In the course of a sermon in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, Archbishop Farley is quoted as having said: "The stage is worse to-day than it was in the days of paganism. We see to-day men and women, old men and old women, bringing the young to these orgies of obscenity. They go to the theatres in shamelessness and they bring with them youngsters who cannot escape corruption."

No denial of this printed attack came from his Grace, and on the following day, Monday, Charles Burnham, of the Managers' Association, boldly said that he believed the Archbishop was right and that if he (Mr. Burnham) had his way, five productions then in New York theatres would be closed forthwith.

"All this talk," he absorbed, "about the stage teaching sermons or moral lessons is all bosh. Its mission is purely one of entertainment. You can't blame the managers for indecent plays. You must blame the public, for the public wouldn't make this sort

of production pay unless the stuff was what it wanted."

That began the battle royal. The clergyman lunged; the manager parried; the newspaper sat astride the fence or violently belaboured the producer on behalf of the ever dear "public." It has been worthy of attention that through all the fume, the public, whose moral welfare was the sole cause of strife, seemed interested only in a good-humoured way, wondering which of the contestants would get the worst of it. These periodic Doneybrook episodes with the morality of the stage as the chip on the shoulder, must not be taken with morbid concern. They have occurred before and will again, like the outbreaks in our zeal for national political purity.

Newspapers from coast to coast have taken a hand in the quarrel, mainly demanding that the theatre be "purged," and suggesting in some cases the employment of a censor. Others have found their opportunity for demagogic tirades on the greed of theatrical producers, while one or two, seeing in the situation only the puny figure labelled "the public," have flung plentiful brickbats at its head. Now, in all this blaming, the only peg for three-quarters of the deductions has been a surface impression gained from a shallow cognisance of our time and condition. Few have thought to dig even five years back.

to trace tendencies and find that the strange series of vicious portrayals of social evils by the New York stage is no matter for surprise. We have reaped our promised whirlwind.

Let us look for a moment at the exact condition of the metropolitan theatres and learn the cause of these verbal fisticuffs. In the thirty or more playhouses in New York City which boast of being "first-class" five plays have gained for themselves either a reputation for stark indecency or ill-concealed deviltry that to the mass of theatre-goers must necessarily prove a poisonous draught. This quintette of immoral plays has played to more immediate profit than any other five of the last ten years, which would indicate that there is a large enough following to make them temporary successes. In a published declaration of Mr. Burnham, following his interview, these plays were indicated as "indecent": "The Easiest Way," "Salome," "The Girl from Rector's," "The Queen of the *Moulin Rouge*," and "The Blue Mouse." Back came the managers and authors of the pieces singled out, using two defence arguments, either that their plays and operas were perfectly proper or that their existence was justified by the "public demand," not seeming to see that this latter argument is the one which an apothecary might use when caught vending cocaine to a drug victim.

Charles Frohman then came forward. "I do not believe in a play censor," he said; "I believe existing statutes should regulate the tone of plays just as they regulate street traffic, the character of books, pictures and public morals."

And Lee Shubert added: "The stage can get along without indecent plays. I believe the public is the best censor, and it is up to the public to aid the managers in their effort to wipe out such performances as may seem objectionable."

"I could name a number of plays, the really successful ones," said Dan-

iel Frohman, "that contain the quality to uplift. The success of lewd plays is distinctly ephemeral. They have a run for three weeks, and then their vogue is at an end. The public should act as censor of the stage. If they did not find a play worthy of their presence, nothing would more affect the future of these gutter creations than the public's remaining away."

And from Eugene Walter, the author of "The Easiest Way," came this: "I believe that the theatre can and will become an engine of tremendous educational value."

A few of the opinions of the New York clergy are particularly interesting. Rev. Charles F. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, said: "I don't go to the theatre, but I am not opposed to it. I am afraid of becoming too interested, and I am too busy to give the time. I have been in a theatre only once since I came to America and I consider the play I saw a beautiful one and in no way injurious to the morals of old or young."

The Rev. Ralph Jervis Walker, rector of St. Simeon's Protestant Episcopal Church, said: "You cannot make people moral by legislation, and in this country a censor would not meet the demand of the time. To-day the Church has no objection to allowing its children to see proper, elevating plays which, like good books, may have a beneficial influence. But the presence of offensive entertainments in the city leads properly to protests of the most vigorous kind."

What has come of it all?

Mr. Erlanger, the head of the booking syndicate, which controls ninety per cent. of the theatres of Canada and the United States, promised in an interview not to send any of the condemned plays "on the road," which would restrict their poison to the one stream which passes through New York City. Two days later the manager of "The Queen of the *Moulin Rouge*" announced that he had arranged with a powerful partner of Mr.

Erlanger's for booking rights over an important section of territory, including Toronto, Canada. And there we are. "The *Moulin Rouge*" looked like a "good thing" to the enterprising manager, and, so long as the law keeps its hands off, this leprous creature of a foreign brain can crawl its disagreeable length before any theatreful of wives and daughters in the land. Conceive the pretty picture of a press-agent advising as a tonic "The Girl From Rector's," the Paul Potter edition of a French piece, expurgated, cut down, expunged, pruned and again re-baked before the American manager would consider it; even at that, its first production in a New Jersey city brought from the editor of a sane newspaper an editorial lashing in which one of his mildest similes was "a sewer turned loose across a stage."

Plays of this sort have perhaps never been presented with such daring boldness as to-day in New York. Take "Salome" as an example. One year ago it was withdrawn quickly by the express order of Mr. Oscar Hammerstein's backers, who were apparently too ashamed to let it go on, but to-day it is revived by the same manager with the same backers, and is an excellent magnet for the box-office. "Mrs. Warren's Profession," bizarre, mocking, with the inflaming logic of theatre tricks, gave Arnold Daly the experience of twenty nightmares when he first touched his fingers to it. The public anathematised his boldness by book and bell, but—twelve months after that, in this same year of the Lord, "Mrs. Warren's Profession" comes back smiling, as innocent as a school miss at commencement. Once its drabbed name was unmentionable in polite company; to-day, hidden among its darker fellows, it shines milk-white by comparison. And that is just the way many a theatrical rogue becomes a feasted but unrepentant prodigal.

It is necessary to go back, somewhat, to show how the modern play of "purpose," the "problem," or

whatsoever you are pleased to call that long line of solvings or aberrations flying the flag of modern drama came into being. The primary purpose of all theatres in all ages is a reflection of the circumstances, manners, and sentiments either identified peculiarly with that period or recognisable easily by its people. With this in mind, it is profitable to know how the play of exterior development, natural to writers in olden times, when externalism played admirably into their hands, has been edged into obscurity by the modern attempt to solve a thousand questions, moral and psychological. Our playwright of 1909 has been forced to it, because his forerunner of the *Renaissance*, for instance, controlled dramatic treasures denied to men in the present century. As an instance, the advent of skepticism has robbed religion of much of its traditional awe and majesty. Less turbulent political conditions have taken from the theatre conspirator his old mantle of interest. There could be no rehabilitated *Cassius* to-day, because there is no Rome with its unrest, its brooding spirit of war, its violent and revengeful hates, its loves tried by bitter sacrifice. True, there is hate and love and jealousy to-day, but their externals have been altered past all recognising.

Of late, dramatic writers, no doubt inspired by the French School, have endeavoured to meet the public's craving for entertainment by what one might call the "introspective" play, which fills the same relation to the temper of the present day as Sophocles' "Antigone" to the appetites of the Greeks for legend. Instinctively, therefore, an American author might look for a theme in one of the most harassing evils of his nation—divorce. In that there are a hundred possible problems which lend themselves to dramatic handling: Should the faithless wife be forgiven? Is revenge for domestic wrong ever justifiable? And so forth.

Ten years ago these questions which

have found their way to the public forum were discussed in whispers by people morbidly anxious for something to gossip about. But now they are blazoned from the newspaper headlines, chattered by foolish mothers before listening children, circulated in household literature, and, indeed, have become the common property of discriminating wise men and impetuous, ill-governed fools. What surprise, therefore, if the drama of the time, likewise grown bold, unscrupulous because irresponsible, pictures the common table-talk of the nation and asks us all to listen and to look well. Its boldness is only the boldness of the newspaper; its stripping off of delicacy is but the stripping that has crept into colloquial conversation; its offensiveness is no viler in the nostrils than would come from a close examination of more than one corner of modern human society. However, in spite of the few dramas reflecting this sort of aspect to an extent that becomes keenly offensive to the normal mind, the play of "purpose" and the plays of "problem" recently put together in America have been, in the main, pieces of ineffectual nonsense, starting with a dull and foolish hypothesis and closing with it still undeveloped.

Though it may be for a moment stepping from the direct path of our discussion, there is yet an indirect interest in a glance at some recent dramas purporting to be "purposeful." Richard Harding Davis, in announcing his late deceased output, "Vera the Medium," told the world that he sought to expose the evil of spiritualism. But, indeed, it only exasperated the audience, broke down Miss Eleanor Robson's patience, and made a horrible mess for audience and actors alike.

"The Vampire" began in New York with a good idea, that of absorption of others' gray matter by a peculiarly formed giant, but crashed dismally.

"The Test," a most inane treatment of an impossible situation, rose in the

East and went down in the West.

"Man and His Mate," a mixture of fatalism and yellow melodrama, sang its own requiem, though but a few months old. Of the successful teaching dramas, "The Great Divide" mildly advanced the humanising power of love; "The Servant in the House," the brotherhood of man; "Jack Straw," the viciousness of snobbery; "The World and His Wife," the tragedy of idle gossip.

Some weeks ago Mr. Charles Frohman remarked that in judging of the morality of plays he would learn first whether they represented fine drama, with an unfortunate side of life as merely incidental, or placed the grossness of the gutter first and their dramatic art secondary. The first named he would justify on account of its fine drama; and would condemn the second because of its illicit theme. A very sane basis of judgment, but a veritable pitfall for the unskilled helter-skelter masses of the public.

When playwrights with their facile pens begin to toy with the problem of sex, and find that it is a delicious morsel with the public when treated daringly, scarcely any barrier except a policeman's warrant can prevent a public carnival of grossness. Such, the clerical critics of New York would have us believe is shown by "The Easiest Way," which lifts a young girl out of degradation, then throws her headlong into it, because Mr. Eugene Walter chose to clothe vice with pearls and fine linen. "Salome," on the other hand, is but a familiar story taken from a widely read source, but to the majority who see it in its gorgeous grand opera raiment, there is less art in its telling than gloom and sensuality. With the irresponsible "Girl from Rector's" and "The Queen of the *Moulin Rouge*," their frivolous atmosphere of unreality almost dispenses with part of their danger, even though they preach the unbridled doctrine of wine, woman and indifferent song. These two latter, with "The Blue Mouse," an adapted German

farce, are to the stage what unclean books are to the careless vendor or gross pictures to the dealer in art goods.

In a theatrical sense, there are but two publics, those who "go" and those who stay at home; and regarding this latter class the statement of a prominent idealist and student of the theatre is interesting: "Three quarters of the people qualified to appreciate fine drama never enter a playhouse."

In the writer's opinion the reform will not come from the present theatre followers. *They* are not calling out for revolution; they are quite resigned to the shadow of their Bastille. To-day we have not well-defined classes of theatre-goers. Instead, the old time representatives of various schools and levels of dramatic taste have become a polyglot mass of "show-goers," seekers after the treasure they are sure never to find.

Ask the average "intellectual" Canadian, the very man whom one might expect to be a pillar of art reform, what his ideal of relaxation or entertainment is. "When I tax my brain all day, sir," he answers, "I want a change at night. Give me a brisk musical show, with lots of fun in it." With such men (and women equally), representative of the great class of regular "show-goers," there is but a meagre desire for stage reform other than that performances be kept "respectable"—a term of very great latitude. Our Divine institution of The Drama is treated with the same serious regard that a lad bestows on his rocking-horse — to be kicked about when the temper pleases or petted when the liver is active. We give all consideration of our drama over to the tender brains of commercial managers to bring up in their own mercenary school, and then belabour it when it shows a trace of viciousness.

Painting has secured from us a definite veneration; music is hallowed through instinct and training; sculpture is worshipped blindly; but the

drama, the most widespread, most popular and therefore most potent of all our Arts—we laugh at its whims, and leave its wickedness to the professional clergy. It is clearly a denial of duty, a duty as profoundly ours as any in the calendar of religious dogma.

The point I desire to make is this: The theatre as it is to-day can be reformed not so much by those who attend as those who stay away. This is no paradox. I mean that non-theatre-goers, who are the stage's severest critics, are responsible if the object of their wrath shows no sign of regeneration.

Deeply ignorant as are the majority of persons of the history of the drama and its ideal purpose in a community, it is unreasonable that so many should scoff at an institution which will work for tremendous good or desperate evil. And how very often we find these non-theatre-goers possessed of a desire for entertainment and the intelligence to appreciate the best in drama, leaving the building of the Temple to the least competent in the community, while they stand aside, and storm and revile out of all countenance.

The "uplift of the stage" requires more than well-intended platitudes of pulpits, editors, or managers. Under its present commercial control it is amenable primarily to money. It may not be a highly ethical suggestion, but experience will prove it true that only a wisely-applied crowbar of dollars can do much elevating to the American stage.

Dollars are its master, always absolute, sometimes tyrannical. Every dollar put aside by a family for the atrical amusement is a ballot of immense power. Collectively they are capable of sending every unclean or incompetent drama into eternal limbo. These ballots for the election of good or evil on the stage are in your hands, and mine, dozens of them used in a year's time with all the responsibility for good keeping that attached to those servants in the parable of the talents.

AN EDUCATIONIST IN MUSIC

BY MRS. J. W. F. HARRISON

“SERANUS”

WHILE in its infancy as a nation Canada's leading citizens were chiefly conspicuous in commercial and utilitarian directions, there was even in the colonial age, from which we may be said to have successfully emerged, warm recognition always of the first educationists, those intellectual and resolute men who grappled valiantly with the difficulties of a new country and laid the foundations of the great schools and universities which have made Canada justly famous. The names of Strachan, Ryerson, Dawson, and of many others less brilliantly endowed will readily occur to all familiar with our history.

As long ago as the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, some features of the public school system of Ontario were represented in the Canadian section and attracted most favourable comment. In fact, if statistics were given, it would probably surprise a great many people to note the proportion in any standard work of reference (such as H. J. Morgan's "Canadian Men and Women of the Time") of professors and "educationists" to business men, bankers and capitalists, especially taking into consideration the total population. These first educationists were always more or less connected with such subjects as mathematics or political economy, with history or the physical sciences; they were good Latinists but did not rightly appreciate Ruskin. Art of any kind was not quite in their line of vision. Knowledge came, but the æsthetic faculty lingered; therefore,

in the early records of Canada and even up to twenty-five or thirty years ago there is not one name which is prominently associated with the advanced development of music, painting, or sculpture.

About that time there appears to have been a considerable awakening in these artistic departments of knowledge throughout the Dominion, and when Dr. Edward Fisher came to this country from Boston, Mass., it may be that he arrived at what we sometimes term the psychological moment, although the phrase had hardly appeared then. A native of New England and the son of Dr. Chesselden Fisher, a practising physician, he was born at Jamaica, Vermont, January 11, 1848, and very soon manifested unusual taste and aptitude for music. Private tuition in Hyde Park, Vermont, was followed by studies in Worcester, Mass., and later in Boston, where he attended the Conservatory of Music and became a pupil of Eugene Thayer, the leading organist of that city; of J. B. Sharband in piano, and of Julius Eichberg in harmony and counter-point. After holding prominent appointments as organist in Boston, he proceeded to Germany, where, in Berlin, he studied the piano under the celebrated Loeschorn, teacher and composer, and the organ and theory under August Haupt. Upon returning to America in 1875, Dr. Fisher became Musical Director of the Ottawa Ladies' College and in other ways left his mark upon the musical life of the Canadian capital,

and in 1879 proceeded to Toronto, where he has fortunately elected to remain, and where his influence and personality have become so widely known.

Dr. Fisher's first and only church appointment in this city, which he held for twenty years, was that of organist and choirmaster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, King Street. Another branch of activity was the founding and directing of the Toronto Choral Society, an organisation which was, for twelve years, conspicuous among choral bodies and gave many important and difficult works, including a number of the standard oratorios. As a teacher, an organist and a conductor, Dr. Fisher amply proved his very great abilities and made many friends in all capacities; but, perhaps unconsciously at first, there was developing in his mind the conviction that his chief energies would, sooner or later, be preferably expended on the scheme of establishing a conservatory of music in Canada, which should be to Canadians what the schools of Europe have long been to natives of Germany, France, Italy and the British Isles.

Probably this idea first occurred to Dr. Fisher in Germany, the scene of his future labours being the United States and not Canada; and, had he not come to Canada, he would have been equally distinguished and influential in his native land. However, fortunately for us, he did come to Canada, or rather to Toronto, and at an opportune time promulgated his scheme for the founding of the Toronto Conservatory of Music based on sound business principles and possessing the confidence of the public as well as the enthusiastic following of music lovers.

In 1887 the Conservatory was opened with two hundred students. To-day, in 1909, it has a roll of upwards of seventeen hundred, with graduates scattered all over the world. These pupils are about to unite in forming a much-needed Alumni Association. Between 1887 and 1909 are twenty-two

years of constant upward endeavour on the part of the director and founder, the board of officers, the Faculty and the pupils themselves, who are naturally bound by ties of gratitude and esteem to their musical *alma mater*.

Space will not permit here of a detailed description of the Conservatory itself, nor is it necessary to dwell on the advantages of the curriculum or the very high standard of its examinations as the business of this paper is rather with the career and personality of its founder, but it may be broadly stated that in exterior features such as site, architectural fitness and equipment and in the eminence of its faculty, the Toronto Conservatory of Music is recognised as ranking with the great music schools of the world.

Returning to the subject of Dr. Fisher's church and choral work, it soon became evident that the success of the Conservatory, so much more rapid than he had foreseen, would be a heavy tax upon his time, and therefore he retired, first of all from the conductorship of the Choral Society and later from the organ of St. Andrew's. By thus devoting all his time and energies to the work within the Conservatory, he became what may be termed a specialist in his line, and it is a case of the end crowning the work.

In 1897, the present premises were acquired, but in 1899, only two years later, it was found necessary to make further extensions to the original building, and again in 1902 and 1907, various large additions were built, including many new studios for the faculty, which has grown with the progress of the institution.

On May 7, 1908, a banquet was given to Dr. Fisher by his brother musicians, at which general reference was made to his wonderful gifts as teacher and musical director, the title of the "Mendelssohn of Canada," in allusion to the founding by Mendelssohn of the well-known Leipzig School of Music, being applied to the



DR. EDWARD FISHER

guest of the evening, in the course of a happy speech by Dr. Humfrey Anger.

If one were asked to mention in straight, clear, categorical terms, the secret of his splendid success, the answer might take the form of affirming that in addition to his musical and business capacities Dr. Fisher, very early in his career, by the strength and uprightness of his character, made

himself and his calling very genuinely respected. It need be no reproach to a man of artistic bent that he is also a man of business, and in a combination of these qualities in Dr. Edward Fisher may be found the secret of his success. Therefore, not only has he conferred benefit on this Province and on this city by establishing the Conservatory, which will be a lasting monument to his name, but he has

rendered a service to the cause of music and of all æsthetic enterprises, by proving certain possibilities and by discounting financial failure by his sound judgment and foresight. He has probably made it easier for many who have followed in his steps, and the great musical awakening all over Canada during the last decade may not inappropriately be traced to the effect on the community of such solid and legitimate prosperity as has attended the growth of the Conservatory.

Dr. Fisher married, just before coming to Canada, Florence, daughter of Silas Durgan, an esteemed resident of Boston. Mrs. Fisher, herself a good musician, has been the keenly-interested companion of her talented husband during their residence in Toronto, where her delightful presence and appreciation of all things artistic have made her many friends. Dr. Fisher is a member of the Lambton Golf Club and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, and his fine social qualities are recognised not only by the outside world but among his colleagues in the Conservatory, who presented him two years ago with a handsome gold chain and amethyst seal on the occasion of his birthday.

The degree (*honoris causa*) granted him from Trinity University some years ago is only one of the many outward tokens which assure Dr. Fisher that he is held in the greatest esteem by his adopted country. He is regarded outside his professional calling as a well-informed and widely read, courteous and amiable gentleman, capable of interesting himself in all modern ideas, and whose adaptability and readiness make him at all times a delightful companion. The number of first-class pianists and teachers trained personally by him is very large, and graduates of the Conservatory are to be found in all parts of the Dominion, in the United States, and Great Britain. Among the musical enterprises associated with his name is the organisation known at present as the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, which originated in the Conservatory Symphony Orchestra.

Every year witnesses some new and important feature in the development of this great school of music, the result of a lifetime devoted to serious, far-reaching and honourable aims. As Canadians, we may perhaps be permitted to reflect that the good seed sown was sown on good ground and has brought forth an hundred fold.



THE TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC



NEAR LYNTON



IN TINTERN



LYNMOUTH

MINIATURES OF MERRIE ENGLAND

BY FRANK YEIGH

Illustrations from photographs by W. E. H. Carter

ENGLAND is a miniature land, as well as a land of miniatures.

In every county, and in every corner of every county, the wayfarer is rewarded with glimpses of scenic pictures of rarest beauty and most perfect setting: nature-gems, miniatures in proportion, exquisite in their framework of rock, of foliage, of mystical moorlands, of bold fronted cliffs ever feeling the savagery of the sea.

And the miniatures are of many types and kinds, discoverable in all sorts of unsuspected places—such an odd little hole-in-the-wall as Clovelly, or such a curious little harbour-mouth town as Lynton, or such a poem in architecture as Tintern, even in its decay, or such erratic, delightful narrow streets as hundreds of hamlets can show.

Here the eye may rest upon a six-century-old house, rich in its feudal traditions; there upon one of the stately homes of England. Here a castle wall peeps o'er the tree tops;

there a modest little cottage almost effaces itself behind a barricade of rose bushes. Castle and cottage are alike encased in the democratic ivy, just as the road and river-sides are banked with green and bright with flower colour.

In the June days of springtime, or the warmer and yet rarely too hot summer days, England will win the heart of any visitor with a heart, with an open eye for its beauties, with open ears for its music of birds, and Devon streams, and Cornish sea surf.

At such a time it is more than easy to fall in love with the merrie England of the open air and the countryside—to fall in love with her flowers, her flocks, her one-street hamlets, her solemn little parish churches, her wayside inns, her soft-carpeted swards and far-sweeping moors—with England herself, “the little body with a mighty heart,” “—this little world; This precious stone set in the silver sea.”



THE BASE OF CLOVELLY



CLOVELLY FROM ABOVE



IN TINTERN



A STREET IN EXETER

Let us ramble at random, in this land of delight, in search of miniatures—and pleasure. The riches are embarrassing, as one feels in searching for a masterpiece in the National Gallery. As every wall has its masterpiece, so every bit of England has its scenery-picture, its gem-like miniature, its nature magnet. If we coach through Devon and Cornwall, and then make a series of circles through the South of England, the programme will be replete with surprises, supplying moreover a rich store of memories for the after thinking-over days.

“One of the loveliest village in England.” So our reliable Baedeker describes Lynmouth, huddled in between the bold cliffs where the two little Lyn streams unite before they lose their individuality in the Irish Channel. Quaint little Lynmouth, with its feet in the sea; picturesque little Lynton perched high and dry four hundred feet above its neighbour. Viewed from the summit of the Ragged Jack rock, a charming picture is unfolded of mingled crag and forest and water scenery. Valley doors invite exploration, of the land of Lorna Doone, of the Valley of Rocks, of the Tor Steps and the White Stones, of many another world of wild nature.

If Lynmouth is one of the loveliest villages in England, Clovelly is its queerest corner, and this in a land full of queer corners. It, too, is a town of one street, and that so steep that no horse or cart can use its course; foot-walkers perforce have to negotiate the series of steps, in themselves so precipitous that if one ever started to roll down hill in Clovelly, one could roll only in one direction—to and into the ocean. It is a village on a staircase, a hamlet overhanging the sea. The roof of one little house evens up with the ground floor of its neighbour, and each rose-encased cottage looks proudly down upon its fellow or sits humbly at the feet of its companion on the higher level.

At every landing of the street entrancing glimpses are had of the blue

waters stretching away to the green shores of Ireland and, in between, the white sails of the fishing fleet and the long snaky lines of smoke from the funnels of passing steamers.

At the foot of Clovelly's hillside thoroughfare is a stout sea wall that encloses a tiny harbour, and harbours, even miniature ones, are oftentimes needed along this Devon coast, when the Channel waters are in a storm rage. But the tide is out; and the sea is quiescent and the herring boats are stranded helplessly in the mud. Stranded for a few brief hours too are the fisherfolk, hardy old sons of Neptune, bronzed with the air and winds of many a decade of exposure.

Friendly and communicative they are, between smoke puffs. They will point out Crazy Kate's cottage — a lassie who lost her lover at sea and who thereby lost her reason. And a group of net-menders may sing you the song of "The Three Fishers" who sailed long ago into the West from Clovelly; of the three wives watching through the storm from the lighthouse tower, of the three dead bodies lying on the wet sands as the tide hurried away after casting up its burden, of the three women

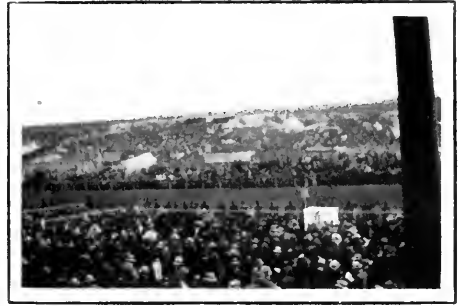
"—weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to
the town;
For men must work, and women must
weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to
sleep—
And good-bye to the bar and its moan-
ing."

Yet another house is pointed out—the inn at the foot of the cliff street. "The folks do only dare drink at one inn—the one at t' bottom o' the hill. Them as lives three away has to keep sober or they'll tumble down an' break their crowns!" So spoke a garrulous old loiterer sunning himself on the sea wall.

It takes a mighty heart-wrench to leave Clovelly, even though the scene by the sea is soon exchanged for enchanting vistas of Devon lanes and Devon streams and Devon woods along



LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH



EPSOM DOWN ON RACE DAYS



NEAR SALISBURY


COURT-YARD OF GOLDEN LION INN,
STRATFORD-ON-AVON



THE TAP-ROOM OF AN ENGLISH INN

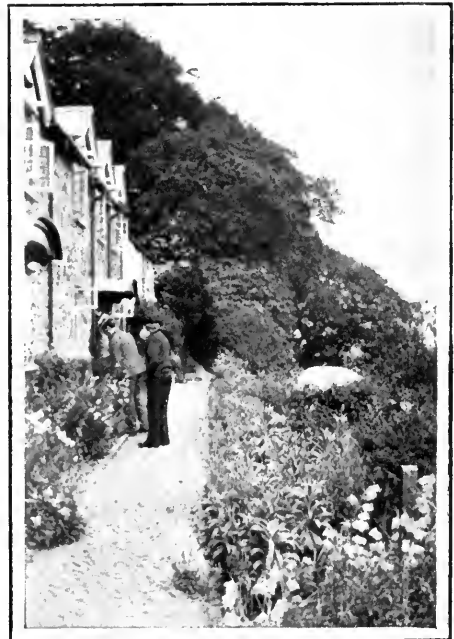
their hedges and banks. It is a fair land in this western main of Merrie England, with miniatures on every hand. The quaint gabled houses, ancient in appearance and even in structure, speak of centuries as our frame homes of Canada tell of a brief span of years. The roses embellish their window frames and porches, the ivy tangles itself around eaves and casements, and the rich weather-colours are engrained in walls and roofs. By rare good luck the door of such a home swings open with all the wideness of English hospitality and a glimpse is had of the cosy interior, with the cheery steam of the tea kettle singing its song over the fireplace and the happy purr of the family tabby, stretched out in its warm window seat, and adding its own note of deep content.

A similar degree of comfort is still to be enjoyed in the typical wayside inn of rural England, even though their prices have materially gone up of recent years. There is something welcome about the very courtyard of these modest hostelryes—such as the Golden Lion Inn, and who would object to paying a few extra pence for the yellow zoological monster ever swinging on the old signboard?

Inside, a stolid Hodge is seated on the hard bench of the tap-room, sipping his ale as Englishmen have done since hops were discovered. A dull-witted chap he appears, not given to a wide range of conversation or agitated about the Concert of Europe or the battle of the trusts in America, yet this same peasant helps to make up the England that is the mother of many nations and the guardian of many peoples.

But the tap-room is not an attractive apartment at best. The hungry guest will prefer the dining-room, with its generous-sized sideboard bearing the burden of a huge roast of good old English beef (perchance a section of a Canadian cow?) or he will welcome the inviting softness of the big four-poster bed and the accompanying comforts of ample towelling and hot water.

Thus refreshed to the tip of his toes, the thread of the journey is taken up the next morning with every body and mind ache gone, every muscle and nerve rested, and every faculty



A SIDE STREET IN CLOVELLY



IN WARWICKSHIRE



OLD HOUSE IN LINCOLN

alert for what the coming milestones may reveal.

And revelations a-many there will be: of old towns with old streets, bounded by old houses, with old folks sitting on their doorsteps, with old village crosses rising sedately from market or green, with the old stone church in the centre of the parish, and with centuries of buried folks hugging its foundation stones as if in remembrance of the life-days when they worshipped within its walls.

Such streets you will discover in Exeter, in Amesbury, in Plymouth, in Tintern. Ah, there's a name to conjure with: Tintern-by-the-Wye, Tintern of the ruined abbey, Tintern of the tiny tea-houses down by the river bank. Tintern of the old mill, of the richly carpeted valley bed, of the tree-clothed hill slopes. "God's hand touched but lightly when He made our England," wrote Mrs. Browning in one of the finest lines ever penned in the English tongue, and the light touch of the Creator is evidenced in the vale of Tintern.

If there is romance in stones and poetry in architecture, then the remnants of Tintern Abbey supply them both. Great-brained builders those twelfth-century Cistercian monks must have been; men of artistic vision to conceive such window traceries and towers and pillar decorations and capitols. There, in the heart of a green meadow, by a seaward rushing river, lies one of the most romantic ruins in England, amid scenery of surpassing



HOUSE 600 YEARS OLD



IN AMESBURY



IN WARWICKSHIRE

loveliness and amid a nature quiet that rests the wayfarer through many an after day of stress and strain.

If Clovelly tugs at the heart-strings, so does Tintern, so do most of these beauty spots of the dear old island. But the miniature-seeker must ever continue his search, in which he becomes something in the nature of an expert. If he happens upon Epsom Downs on a big race-day, it will be not so much a miniature he will find, but a large canvassed picture of humans in the mass, two-legged creations watching four-legged ones race neck and neck for the goal the while all England stops business long enough to bet on the result. But it is when the last contest is over, when the shouting and tumult die away, when the turf-lovers have returned to town, leaving the downs to the silences that can only live where men are not, that the man-on-a-quiet-journey is satisfied.

It is the mood that first hurried him from the sound of London, which is so well likened to the roaring loom of Time—the mood that carries him without aid of compass or chart to a bit of country like Salisbury Plains, where he has all out-of-doors to himself, save for a passing labourer, urging his horse to carry its load of wood, or a passing cyclist, hurrying from somewhere to somewhere else, as if Scotland Yard were upon him, save for the Druidical stones, and they are as voiceless as the Sphinx. They tell no tales of white-robed priests chanting mysterious

theologies by weird torchlight around the grim granite pillars, they gossip not about the dead days and a dead religion, but the thirteen surviving stones of a once perfect circle form a fascinating miniature set in the centre of a vast plain that slopes away to the sky-line, away to the tall spire of Salisbury Cathedral, representing another and a more vital religious cult that shows no signs of submergence.

The road that leads from the Plain to the Town will also bring you—if you mind your map—to the Shakespeare country, to Charlecote, the mansion where, if the olden police court records be correct, Master Shakespeare was brought up before Sir Thomas Lucy for deer-stealing and with whom the young delinquent got even by pillorying him as the worthy *Justice Shallow*.

Once within the bounds of Shakespeare-land, the summer-day saunterer will run the risk of a lengthened detention, for miniatures demand his admiration at every cross-road, by every country stile, within the Shutter cottage and under the limes of the parish church where Stratford's great son rests, beside the quiet-moving waters of the Avon.

And unless time is an elastic term, and there is no such things as fixed sailing days or home-calling duties, he—the traveller—will still be held by the spell of the Shakespeare Kingdom, by the magic and magnetism of Merrie England itself—the land of miniatures in nature and in art and life.



BRADSHAW'S ENGAGEMENTS

BY HELEN E. WILLIAMS

CLARK BRADSHAW, president of year '03, was striding about through the cool semi-dusk, collecting from their various repositories such implements as he would need for his morrow's campaign in the garden. He had just straightened himself from setting an armful of little pots of seedlings on the grass beside them when he saw, first, one, then, another figure in white slip through the hole in the hedge, and saunter down the path towards him. He stooped and sent a hand rummaging under the steps after a whetstone, and was busily engaged sharpening a scythe when they, following the windings of the path, for a heavy dew was freshening the grass, called out as they came up:

"Hullo, Clark!"

"How do you do, Mr. W. Clark Bradshaw, A.A., B.A., B.C.L.?"

Then Clark shifted the whetstone to his left hand just long enough to snatch his cap from his head, with the Bradshaw smile and manner.

"Hullo, girls. Awfully good of you to come over. Notice that variegated pæony? Isn't it a peach? Now that is my notion of——"

The girls, who had unceremoniously pushed aside the tools, and seated themselves gingerly on the steps, eyed him with such evident reproach that he stopped to laugh a little.

"I suppose you have been reading the papers."

"We have," said Corinne, emphatically, "and what's the use of coming out so magnificently—oh, you needn't

shake your head, you did, you know you did—and being Class Poet, and winning the gold medal, and—and all, if you come out here and grub the minute you get home, and make out what you've done to be nothing at all? I think it's maddening!"

Alice took up the tale of his delinquencies.

"And we had *such* a nice reception ready for you at the station, and the band struck up 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and you jumped off the other side and actually ran away! You!"

The subject of this denunciation had the grace to blush.

"So you didn't appreciate my variation 'See the Conquering Hero Runs'? Sorry. But as to getting into any speechifying scrape, and looking a blooming ass, while some Johnnie works off the mute-inglorious-Milton-about-to-shake-off-the-shackles-of-oblivion act—not for mine, thank you."

He stalked over to the garden-house, and came back with a box of sturdy dahlias knocking against his shoulder.

"Aren't they daisies?" he exulted. "Think I'll put them in that bit of spare ground next the daffodil border. George, but it's living again to get out to the country! To-morrow I shall make a day of it."

The girls, who had been regarding the plants with small favour, at this exchanged alarmed glances. Corinne got up and went over beside him.

"This is a *Jean Charmant*," he explained, fondly turning it round as he

exhibited it, "a magnificent 'decorative' type, a giant in size, silvery-pink deepening to rosy pink on the edges. And this is a *Gloriosa*, vivid carmine-scarlet, bright and striking, large flowers, and so on. And *this* is a *Souvenir de Gustave Douzon*, and will have flowers reaching ten inches across—not too bad, eh? Colour intense orange-red, with rich crimson shadings, a profuse bloomer, has created a sensation; in short, in the dahlia world—what's that?"

"I was only saying," observed Corinne, hastily, "that we know how hard you must have been working, so we thought we would break the strain by giving——"

"Not a tennis party!"

"Now, Clark, why not?"

"Why should you?"

"Well, if you don't see, Clark Bradshaw——"

He came and swung himself up on the verandah, and regarded his two fair visitors with good-natured exasperation.

"All pure rot!" he vociferated. "If it happened that I in the least wanted any demonstration. And every time I come home you girls seize the opportunity to get up a shine at which I am supposed to masquerade as chief entertainer. Now if you are honestly getting this up from a laudatory desire to please an old playmate, take my advice and—don't."

"With everything all ready?" demanded Corinne.

"H'm. You have mowed the lawn, then?"

"Well, no, not the lawn. You see we thought— I mean, you have always before——"

"Court marked? Net up? Ice cream churned? Schedule made out? People asked?"

"Now, Clark, how absurd you are!" How *could* the court be marked when the lawn isn't mowed? And we did think of the schedule, but decided it would be better to talk it over with you first. And, as to the invitations, I wouldn't have minded doing that

part myself, but remembered how social you are, and——"

"Hated to deprive me of the bliss of making a house to house visitation, eh? Well, this is all very thoughtful and nice, except that it's going to use up all the Saturday I've planned to give to rustivating. See?"

But she didn't see. How anyone could prefer pottering around among stupid flowers to the delights of a tennis party was a wonder not to be encompassed by the feminine mind.

"Have it without me, why don't you?" suggested Clark, amicably.

"That's the idea. You will have the satisfied feeling of having done it for me, even if I have the callousness, the poor taste, not to show up, while I can grub to my heart's delight. Well?"

Corinne received this in a silence which her host did not seem to perceive was disapproving.

"Just as you like, of course," she said at last, preparing to beat a dignified retreat, "but I must say, Clark, I think—or perhaps I'd better not say. Good-night."

"Now I've ruffled her feathers, I suppose. Think she'll throw it up?"

Alice, who had lingered behind, shook her head.

"We just can't, because—now don't smile—it *was* mostly for you, but you know Corinne always likes to kill two birds with one stone. Well, she has asked a friend she met at Mount Desert out for the week-end, and this was to be the star entertainment—minus the star, it seems."

Clark shot a rapid glance at his companion, and appeared to recall something, for his manner changed indefinitely.

"Of course, I am always glad to see you girls, who have been like sisters to me; but, to be flagrantly truthful, I am not exactly in the fitting frame of mind to be what people about here call 'entertaining' to a stranger—not as things are now."

"Clark! she hasn't broken the engagement?"

"Oh, didn't I write you?" Elaborately careless was the tone. "We called that off some time ago. It wasn't her fault. We mutually agreed to disagree, don't you know? No hard feelings on either side, as the saying is."

"And it was your third — beside those two sort of summery ones at York."

She sighed.

Clark said nothing, but stood idly pulling a spicy sweet-mary through his fingers, back and forth. Twilight had darkened to night. A star here and there turned a brightening eye upon the garden and adjoining meadows, where dancing fire-flies held high carnival. Across the lake came the lilt of a song too distant to convey more than a sweet, melancholy passion, which blended it with the drowsy chirping of birds and other night sounds. The boy drew a deep breath, and when he presently spoke his voice was very low.

"There would only have been one, Alice," he said, slowly, "if you had not been—obdurate."

The girlish profile in the shadow of the post turned ever so slightly away, seeing which Clark threw himself headlong into speech.

"But have you heard of the new light on the horizon?—the scintillating, the beauteous, the heart-enthraling Miss— Why, you aren't going so soon?"

She made a little gesture of assent, and he walked along the path at her side.

"Well, there was I all ready to launch upon engagement number four, when the lady proves coy and betakes herself to some country retreat, and I am left inconsolable. And now you see why I was so chary about accepting Corinne's invitation."

"Is she a nice girl, Clark?"

"Why, as to that, there is a difference of opinion. The mother is not smitten with her charms; but, then, there is only one girl that she does consider worthy of her young

hopeful. Optimistic mother!"

"What is her name, Clark?"

"Her name is, her name—Smith, Yvonne Lydia Smith. Believe she spells it with a 'y.' Good combination, don't you think? Not the sort of girl, exactly, I used to think I should marry. But my motto these days has simmered down to, 'if you can't get what you want, take what you can get.' Don't you admire it?"

"Good-night," said Alice, abruptly.

*

The next morning Clark went foraging in the attic, with the result that when he came plunging down the stairs half an hour later his mother gasped:

"Why, my son! W-where——"

"Oh, up there. Pretty fit, eh? Guess I'm equipped to wage war pretty successfully upon obnoxious herbs, eh, mother?"

"Don't you look a little, little—unusual. That hat——"

"Oh, don't you like the hat? Now, to my untutored mind that is the most fetching feature of the whole get-up."

He drew off the huge, broad-brimmed, high-peaked affair, fantastically decked with red and white streamers, and stood absently untwisting the faded strands, a smile half hovering about his lips.

"Relic of my first calithumpian parade, theatre night," he explained, "when we marched in all the haughty glory, and might, and—nerviness, of which only a freshman is capable."

Out in the sunshine he set mechanically to work, at the long-anticipated task of preparing ground into which to transplant his beloved dahlias. But somehow the bubble of his pleasure was pricked, the fate of many a larger, finer bubble since Alice had ceased to smile upon him. The worst of it was that she did not look happy herself—or was it the worst? Could it after all be converted into the best? He was turning over ways and means to bring this about, in a mind not unskilled in such tactics

when the tick-tick-tick of a lawn mower being pushed out backwards came to him from the other side of the hedge. An expansive smile spread over his handsome face.

"They can't mow that lawn!"

Throwing himself back on the grass he pushed aside strips of the hedge till the light from the other side glimmered through, and he made out Corinne pushing vigorously from behind, while Alice, clutching a string with both hands, strove to assist from the front, with results evidently unsatisfactory, for they stopped and communed together.

"And that lawn has not been cut this season, and that mower is, to say the least, not in its first youth! Great is the faith of the Ephesians!"

After following the halting progress another minute, the watcher rose uneasily and sought the barn.

He greeted his neighbours with a wave of his scythe, and a "guess I'd better tackle this for you."

"Oh, you needn't mind," retorted Corinne, distantly. "We may be a little slow, but in time——"

However, as Clark had already begun, and as the old mower came to another choked halt, which defied all their efforts, she capitulated.

"We wouldn't bother, since you don't care about it," she confessed breathlessly, "but I suppose we must do something for this girl — Yvonne Smythe, did I tell you?—who's coming."

Clark sent one astonished glance at Alice, while Corinne went on to explain the chain of accidents by which a casual and, she hinted, not over-welcome summer acquaintance would soon be their guest. But she was not allowed to proceed far before the thought wrinkle smoothed itself from Clark's forehead, and he interrupted her rapturously.

"But this is capital, *capital!*" he cried. "Corinne, you are a genius!" And as she stared, he seized the handle of the scythe and set to work. "We must make this shine the real

thing. I'll see to the lawn and marking the court, and other little things like that, so as to leave you girls free for anything else you may have on hand, and if you think of anything more you have only to say the word and — Yvonne Smythe, Yvonne Smythe! Well! well!"

And he did not seem to hear Corinne's searching questions as to whether he had met Miss Smythe before, and Alice had to explain matters, as she and her sister returned to the house. The rest of the morning and the early part of the afternoon he displayed such bubbling spirits that Corinne, arranging centre pieces on the little tables under the trees, confided to Alice that she believed Clark Bradshaw was in love this time.

"It looks like it," Alice agreed.

But she stiffened perceptibly as the afternoon wore on. He had eyes for no one but Miss Smythe. If by chance his regard did wander in her own direction, by their far-away expression she knew he did not see her, though once she thought she detected a wicked look in them, which puzzled her. Not that he ignored her. Quite the reverse. But he made it so apparent that it was a duty, which he conscientiously imposed upon himself, that she took no pleasure in it. He would tear himself away, and come over beside her and fasten his eyes resolutely on her face, as if nothing should prevent him from paying all due attention to his old friend. He would ask her what she had been doing with herself since Easter, and whether she had forgotten how they used to do so-and-so. Then in his turn he would give a brief rehash of his doings, dwelling humorously on the events of convocation, and making a good deal out of certain breaks he had made. But, invariably, just as he was getting to the point, and Alice had almost forgotten the fair Yvonne, the flow of his narration would slacken, he would falter, repeat a sentence, apologise penitently, and conclude most lamely, as likely as not

without the point, and she would hear one of the girls behind whisper: "Did you ever see anyone so completely 'gone' as Clark Bradshaw? Delicacious!" Glancing round at him, she would perceive that he was gazing dreamily across the lawn. How different when he approached the paragon! No effort there. No need to simulate devotion. And, yet, how could he, Clark, the boy she had played with when her hair swung in pig-tails, care for this affected fashion plate?

She gave up the puzzle of it as too deep for her, and devoted herself so sweetly to her guests' comfort that she failed to see that her old friend seemed strangely willing to let his *vis-a-vis* bear the brunt of the conversation. But when one of the girls on departing suggested that they should go *en masse* to her house for a game of bridge and a "hop," she excused herself on the plea of domestic duties.

She was thinking how strange it seemed to have Clark go off without her, without a word, and with another girl. Before, whoever had had to stay behind, he had taken good care it was not she. Probably the time would come when his face would not lighten when she came into a room nor his lively persiflage cease when she left it. Queer, how the thought stung her! The afternoon had brought it home to her as his three engagements, despite his voluminous correspondence, had failed to do. Oh, well! She looked around on the cluttered tables, the melted remains of ice-cream and sherbet in the saucers, the bits of cake, the racquets and balls flung carelessly on the grass, when Clark in one of his characteristic speeches invited the combatants to refreshments. What was that under the tree? Someone had left a handkerchief. She left her half-filled tray, and picking up the dainty, lacy trifle searched for the name. A quick, familiar tread on the gravel walk! It was *hers*—and he was coming back

for it. She had never let him wait on her, in the past. They had almost quarrelled about it. And now— She turned a smiling face towards him.

"What have you left?" she inquired in her most sisterly tone.

He crossed the intervening strip of grass before replying, "you."

She went on piling saucers and plates on her tray.

"But I said I wasn't coming."

"Yes, I know."

"So run along and enjoy yourself."

But what he did was to lift the tray out of her hands.

"You might keep me company with that dollish thing," he suggested.

After a glance at his face she complied, and between them they cleared away all traces of recent festivity.

"Now, if you're going at dishes—"

He put on the aggrieved air of a little boy who wants to be petted.

"I'm not, I'm not."

"Very well."

"Poor Clark! I wish you wouldn't take it so hard. She——"

Alice broke off upon seeing him suddenly redden, as the key to her suspicious readiness in allowing him to stay flashed across him.

"I believe you think that— But I've only given one girl the chance to refuse me."

"You were so sure of the others?" she asked tentatively.

He looked at her thoughtfully, as if weighing something in his mind, then swept aside her remark contemptuously.

"Others? There have been no others— since the beginning— until the end. Only you, Alice. Always, always you."

"But you said—you wrote——"

"Rather creditable fabrications, weren't they? Well, I worked hard enough to give them the 'vital touch.' I wasn't squeamish about the truth. But—I never saw such a girl! Haven't you a spark of jealousy in you, Alice?"

"I did almost hate that Myrtle," Alice whispered, as if confessing some

heinous crime. "She was so inconsiderate, so exacting, she kept you waiting on her so, and the way she broke off the engagement was abominable!"

Clark laughed delightedly.

"She was a ripper, wasn't she? Oh, I put some deep thought into the make-up of Myrtle!"

"But Yvonne Smythe? She at least was no fabrication."

"Met her at a tournament last week—again to-day. When you struck me for a name I thought hers would answer the purpose as well as another, though I hadn't counted on the damsel putting in an appearance to expose my nefarious ways. Still, she's not a bad sort—at least, the chap she's engaged to seems to think she is all right."

They fell into silence for a little, watching the purpling hills but a moment since sharply defined against the daffodil sky. The girl, curled up among the cushions in the easy chair, her fair head thrown back against the bend of a softly rounded arm, seemed the embodiment of all that was best in the romance of the ideal summer night.

"Well, Alice?"

All the tender, eloquent, untranslatable passion which on such a richly-dowered evening becomes almost a tangible presence, caressed the two words and filled them with a world of meaning. A confession, a yearning, a prayer, which hardly dared to be a hope—what did they leave unsaid of a man's love and longing, of a woman's power to awaken again and, if she but would, to satisfy it?

Clark waited expectantly, but the chirp of crickets alone broke the silence. Suddenly all his optimism forsook him. It seemed the most audacious thing he had ever heard of to expect a girl like Alice to care for him. How had he ever conceived such a thing within the range of possibility, how had he had the presumption to think, in his rather grand way, that it

was only a matter of time before he would have his way in this, as in other things! The irrevocableness of the silent answer, so palpably intended to wound as little as might be, brought home as nothing else, the realisation of what it shrank from conveying through the bald medium of speech.

But life without Alice—life without Alice to live up to. He was not given overmuch to thinking about religion, but in the background of his mind he had always felt it would be well with him with Alice by his side. Without her—he stared out over the garden, and shivered a little. The very garden had changed. Where was now the enchantment of a moment ago? A cold, bright, artificial light flooding an average country place. What had there been in that to evoke such visions? Was it that he had seen Alice in everything? Without Alice would the visions "fade into the light of common day"?

"Well, Clark?"

Mechanically he turned round on the step where he was sitting.

Of course, it's not much of a hand," pursued the mocking, deprecating voice, "still, as you happened to ask for it you might at least pretend—"

Dully he lifted his eyes from the fluttering hand to—oh, *such a face!* and eyes shining with *such a light!* With a cry he sprang up and caught her in his arms.

*

"Well, Clark Bradshaw," said Corinne, later, when the great news had been divulged, "I hope this is your last engagement."

"It certainly is my first," he laughed.

Whereupon Alice revealed the astral properties of Myrtle and Florence and the York beauties. The fair Yvonne, whose presence alone saved her from footing the list, was properly shocked.

"Whatever would Frederick think! I must tell *that* to Frederick. You know Frederick believes—"

"What I want to know," interrupted Corinne (who had heard Frederick's theories all the way home, and had formed the private opinion that "Frederick" must be "a precious one"), "what I want to know is *how* Clark, here, *did it*, what he *said*. He has had practice enough in making fine speeches. Now, Alice, haven't I always been a good sister, haven't I acted the mother's part?"

"Alice, if you tell!" cried Clark, in mock consternation.

"Alice will now have one stock reply: 'just as Clark says.' Oh, me, what it is to be engaged! I foresee months a-plenty in store with every sentence prefaced, 'as I told Clark,' 'as Alice said to me.'"

Alice smiled in the serene manner of one too far removed by happiness

to be disturbed by any amount of chaff.

"There was no need to say much," she observed, quietly; "we understood."

"That's right, Alice, don't you let them jolly you."

"It's only the very stupid people," he explained to Corinne, "who have to 'say' things, only the Myrtle-Florence aggregation. We soar above such trite amenities."

"And this is he that was Clark Bradshaw!" chanted Corinne. "This is he who—"

But Clark, snatching Alice like a brand from the burning, fled through the hole in the hedge into the Bradshaw's garden, where the voice of the Philistine was drowned in the pipings of that great god Pan.

AN ACADIAN SPRING

By INGLIS MORSE

Across some mirrored lake
As evening falls,
I hear the night birds give
Their vesper calls.

The tinkling bells of kine
Float down the vale
And lose their melody
Along the trail.

Forth from the old mill-race
There comes the roar
Of waters falling as
They fell of yore;

While far in yonder gorge
A restless stream
Makes music to the night
Wind's gentle dream.

Across the marshland drifts
A silvery screen
Of fog; the late moon casts
Her mystic sheen.

Upon Tawopskik's hill;
The odorous Spring
And cool, dark Earth now move
The heart to sing,

As out of memory
Faint echoes rise
And quaint Acadian days
In dim disguise.

WIT IN EMERGENCIES

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON

IT is sad that one cannot always say the right thing at the right time. Even if a man is ready of speech, his readiness usually deserts him in a sudden danger or emergency, and he thinks of the crisp repartee, or the soft answer "that turneth away wrath," just a moment too late. But there are many brilliant exceptions, where words promptly fitted to the conjuncture have saved the situation.

Prior to the decisive battle of Salamis the Greek commanders had voted to retire before the preponderating fleet of Xerxes, but were persuaded by Themistocles to alter their decision. It required not only his arguments but also his prompt rejoinders to prevail over their caution and thereby decide the supremacy among the continents in favour of Europe. When during the debate Themistocles had started to his feet, Adeimantus, the Corinthian commander, said: "In the festival competitions those who rise before the signal are scourged." "True," rejoined Themistocles, "but those who lag behind win no crowns."

At another stage in the angry discussion Eurybiades raised his wand as if to strike. "Strike," cried Themistocles, "but hear me."

The defenders of Thermopylæ were warned that the Persian host was so vast that their arrows would hide the sun. "So much the better," cried the Spartan Dienekes; "we shall fight in the shade." This undaunted retort must have stiffened the resolution of the immortal three hundred.

In the religious wars preceding the

Massacre of St. Bartholomew, the ferocious Baron des Adrets, says the historian Henry White, "would sometimes amuse himself by making his prisoners leap from the top of a tower or from a high window on to the pikes of his soldiers stationed below." On one occasion—it was at Montbrison, in 1562—a prisoner hesitated, upon which Des Adrets reproached him with cowardice. The other retorted: "I dare you to do it in ten times!" The boldness of the utterance provoked the grim baron to a smile, and the life of the prisoner was spared.

During the late South African war a Canadian contingent had acquired too good a reputation as successful foragers. The battalion was paraded by order of the general (Sir Ian Hamilton, if I remember correctly), who was solemnly warning the men that the wholesale expropriation of chickens must cease, when one of the birds in question ran along the line. An Irish-Canadian soldier, carried away by his foraging instinct and oblivious to his surroundings, started from the ranks in pursuit. A thunderous "Halt!" from the general recalled his wandering wits. He pounced upon the chicken, wrung its neck in apparent anger and dashed it to the ground. "Take that!" he cried; "that'll larn you to stop runnin' when the general calls 'Halt!'" The general smiled, the battalion roared, and the delinquent was saved by his ready Irish wit.

For this quality the Irish have been famous ever since the days of Finn

McConmal. This famous giant could stand with his right foot on one mountain and his left foot on another. But a still bigger Scotch giant one day walked across the sea to fight him for the championship. Fion's wife happened to see the Scotch Colossus coming and hurried her husband to bed, bidding him keep his eyes and mouth shut.

"Where's Finn?" roared the strange giant, through the bedroom window, at the altitude of an ordinary mountain.

"Whisht!" said Mrs. McConmal, shaking a warning finger; "don't wake the baby!" The Scotchman hastened homewards, jumping several mountains at a time, for he had no desire to meet the father of such a babe. If he did not win the championship of the heavy-weights, he beat the record for long distances. He had probably reached his Highland fastnesses before it dawned upon his slow Scotch brain that the Irishwoman had been "pulling his leg."

Equally well known and perhaps equally mythical is the story of the American at Rome who was always vaunting the superiority of his country. To try whether any circumstances or surroundings, however, depressing, could damp his national conceit, some companions made him drunk and carried him down into the Catacombs. They placed by him a dim light, just enough to suggest the darkness; and they hid themselves close by. After a while he awakened and was perplexed. The silence was intense and he saw indistinctly some human bones.

"I must be dead," he muttered. "And this must be the resurrection!" he exclaimed, starting to his feet. "The first man up!" he cried exultingly. "Another record for the United States!"

This story was first told in other words some decades ago, in the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*, and *se non è vero è ben trovato*:

In the reign of George III. the

quick ingenuity of one of the royal chaplains is said to have temporarily saved a threatened perquisite of theirs. A daily dinner provided for them in one of the palaces was on the point of being discontinued as an unwarranted extravagance, when the King one day surprised his chaplains by unexpectedly appearing at their dinner. The usual form of grace was "God save the King and bless our dinner." This the chaplain who said grace, to the great amusement of his monarch, changed into "God bless the King and *save* our dinner!" It proved to be "a saving grace."

A somewhat distinguished general, whom we shall call Blank, in his youth won a sum of money at Simla from a young hussar officer who suspected him of unfair play and declared his intention of exposing him. Next day the hussar confronted Blank in the club card-room before an expectant audience.

"Blank," said the hussar, "what would you do if you found there was a man in the card-room who did not play honestly?"

"Does he win or lose?" asked Blank.

"Naturally," replied the hussar, "he wins."

"Then I should back him!" answered Blank promptly.

A roar of laughter greeted this unexpected sally, and Blank escaped exposure. It is hard to slaughter a man you are laughing with. Blank's answer, it is true, was not original with him, but it was repeated with remarkable alertness and effect.

Several witty rejoinders are credited to Bishop Wilberforce, nicknamed "Soapy Sam." He was once caught in a shower while walking to church. An inmate of the same country house (was it Lord Shaftesbury?) overtook him in a shut carriage and cried out of the window,

"How blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk!"

The bishop promptly completed the

quotation in an equally loud voice:

"Nor sits in sinners' seats nor stands
Where men profanely talk!"

Everybody has heard Disraeli's famous retort to an impertinent sneer at his Jewish origin. Less dignified but equally effective was Baron Rothschild's snub to an ill-bred hater of Israelites, which is told in "Piccadilly and Pall Mall," but which I quote from memory. Rothschild had asked a man who had lately been there what sort of place Tahiti was.

"Oh, splendid!" was the reply, "lots of pretty women, and not a pig or a Jew in the place."

"What an opening for you and me!" said Rothschild.

On another occasion the Jewish baron, by his over-familiarity drew upon himself a snub that was equally prompt and galling. Meeting Prince Paul of Wurtemberg, Rothschild said, "Good morning, Paul." Good morning, *M. le Baron*," returned the prince; "sorry I can't use *your* Christian name."

Persons who assume airs because of their position or wealth are sometimes, though too seldom, effectively called down by humble individuals. A poor but educated friend of mine was once rebuked by a purse-proud millionaire for calling the plutocrat by his surname on a somewhat slight acquaintance. "I see you are under a misapprehension," replied my friend, mortified but alert; "I called you Smith not, as you call your coachman Brown, with any sense of superiority. I meant the informality as an admission of our equality, but see I was mistaken."

The story is told that George IV., disgusted at an after-dinner remark, emptied his glass in the face of the speaker, who promptly emptied his own glass in the face of the gentleman next him, exclaiming, "The King's toast—pass it on!"

Sarcasm is an effective weapon of defence, but should never be used without provocation. But for the of-

fensive imputation of ignorance conveyed in Pope's question, it would have been simply brutal to answer the malformed poet that "a note of interrogation" was "a little crooked thing that asks questions."

A jolly Irish rector, of the old school, kept a pack of harriers in the diocese of Tuam more than half a century ago. His bishop, having heard of this scandal and resolving to stop it, paid a sudden visit to the rectory. He expressed a wish to see the grounds and the Rev. Mr. G. was reluctantly constrained to guide him. As they passed near the kennels, the harriers gave tongue.

"What's this noise?" asked the bishop.

"Sure, my lord, the hounds can't keep quiet when they smell an old sportsman."

And a keen sportsman his lordship once had been.

"And so you keep a pack of harriers?" asked the bishop.

"And why not, my lord; sure the Bible sanctions the hunting of the hare."

"I should like to know the text!" exclaimed the prelate.

"It is the heir; come let us kill him!" said Mr. G.

This audacious pun surprised the bishop into smiling, and the parson saved his benefice, though he had to part with his harriers.

The doctor of an asylum for the insane was surprised in an upper room by one of his patients, who approached him with a carving knife in his hand and a sly and cruel look in his eyes.

"I want to see you jump out of the window, doctor," said the lunatic.

"Anybody can do that," coolly replied the physician; "but you should see me jump up to the window from the ground."

It was an off chance, but it succeeded. The insane curiosity of the madman was aroused; he let the shifty doctor go down-stairs, and was captured by the keepers, while gazing

intently from the window, expecting to see the doctor jumping up.

In another asylum a madman informed his favourite keeper that they must both leave this unhappy world, and he produced a revolver from his pocket.

"The very best thing for us," assented the keeper; "but of course each of us must kill himself; if we killed each other it would be murder. I'll shoot myself first, for I couldn't bear to see you die," and he reached for the pistol, which the other yielded without opposition. Having thus secured the revolver, it is needless to say that the keeper postponed his avowed suicidal purpose to the thirtieth of February.

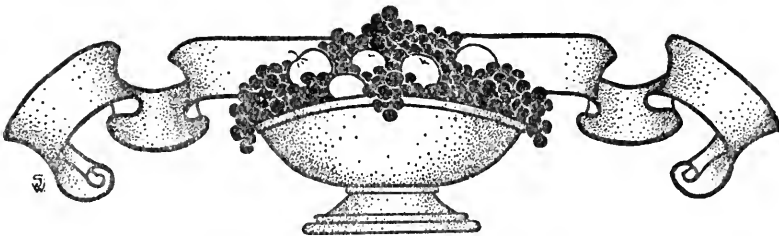
The cases are numerous in which lawyers have saved their clients from defeat or themselves from trouble by a smart retort. J. F. Oswald, K.C., of the London bar, had been more than once rebuked by the Court, perhaps for being too aggressive. At last the Court exclaimed: "I cannot teach you manners, Mr. Oswald!" "That's so, my lord," quickly retorted Oswald.

Everybody knows the story of the barrister who suddenly flounced around, irritated at some decision. "Did you mean that to show contempt of court?" angrily asked the judge. "No, my lord, I was trying to conceal it," answered the lawyer.

The late distinguished actor John Brougham was once playing with a poor company which drew hisses from the "gods," one of whom threw a head of cabbage on to the stage. Brougham promptly picked it up, held it aloft, and looked inquiringly at the upper gallery. "Which of you boys has lost his head?" he asked. The responsive laughter restored the good humour of the audience and the performance concluded without further interruption.

This recalls G. B. Shaw's treatment of a solitary hisser, when the author was called on the first night of "Arms and the Man." "I quite agree with you," said Shaw, looking towards his depreciator; "but what can two of us do against a houseful?"

Half a century ago a retired actor named Bateman was noted for his great head of highly anointed hair. Engrossed in conversation in the pit of a theatre, he neglected to take his hat off when the curtain rose. "Take off your hat!" gruffly demanded the man behind him. Resenting the tone but unable to disobey the rule, Bateman removed his hat but promptly replaced it by an obstacle quite as formidable. With a few strokes of his fingers he raised his long and sticky hair aloft. "Will you kindly put on your hat again?" asked the man behind.



THE PEARY BEAT

BY C. L. ARMSTRONG

DAWN was due in two hours, but we knew it could not come then, because the night was overcast, and a three-quarters gale was blowing from the east, kicking Cabot Strait into as dirty a sea as the stoutest sailor-heart could desire. The month was November, and the Cape Breton coast shivered beneath the lash of a raw, searching wind. As the long, powerful tug slid through the cold, black waters of the upper harbour, snow began to spit and whirl from the dark night ahead. The nearer lights of the North Sydney shore twinkled abeam; and, astern, the illumination of the larger town cast faint haloes in the murky atmosphere. The mate and I leaned up against the gale on the forward deck with the collars of our oil-skins pulled up around our chins, our sou'-westers tugged down so as to allow just squinting space, and our hands thrust deep into our pockets. He was there to share the responsibility of his captain in presiding over the destinies of that little craft. I was there because the state of my nerves was such that I needed a strong tonic, and the wild rush of the wind, the pounding of the in-set swell and the spitting of the snow were music to my ears. For three weeks I had waited feverishly in town, working silently, praying for success in the first really big newspaper assignment I had ever had. Competition was keen, other men were on the same quest, men of more experience, of vastly greater ability than I, and, yet, in my heart I hoped to win. I realised that the hour had

arrived to make or break. Peary was nearing home, was in the big storm-tossed strait somewhere, with a disabled ship, taking the shortest course to Sydney. He had not yet been boarded by any newspaper man. There was the one chance of finding him at sea.

In the cosy cabin aft, the photographer I had hired for the trip lay asleep, his head pillowed on his kodak. Hunched up beside him was a young man who had helped me get a grasp of local conditions necessary to plan intelligently. I wished I could sleep as they did, but I had stage fright in the most advanced form and only the freezing gale sweeping over the tug's bow gave me relief. Once I went down into the cabin and re-read a telegram received the day before from the managing editor of the Boston paper I was working for. It read: "You must follow up our first scoop. Push on to Labrador if necessary." Then I went out on the forward deck again and lined up beside the big silent figure of the mate.

The desire to talk overcame me at last, and I stumbled up to the mate's ear as the tug dipped to the first big seas of the open strait.

"Do you think we'll find him?" I roared.

"Hey?" he roared back.

"Do you think we can find him?"

"Thunder! I don't know."

An hour slipped by without a perceptible change in the black wall that surrounded us. The snow had increased and the wind had not moderated. We were well out in the strait

now, and the seas were piling their foam-crests high over the bows. The mate and I had separated and taken up positions at either side of the deck where we could grip the lantern sockets when the bow-wash rushed in half to the tops of our sea-boots. The fear that we had lost began to grow on me, for, little as I knew of the sea, I could realise that the chances of finding a ship steering an uncharted course in such a night were infinitesimal. I looked at the dim figure of the mate across from me and wished I knew what he really thought of it. I wished I could turn an immense lantern into the black surrounding wall and sweep away the shadows to disclose the wounded Arctic ship creeping inward, somewhere in that waste of seething sea. The thought came to me, that it would be better to turn back now, while it was not too late, to be among the first of those who had remained ashore to board the ship, than to press farther into that maze of waters. I felt panic coming over me and the need to do something, anything, save stand and strain into the black night.

Suddenly the silent mate roared something, and at the same moment sounded the faint clang of the bell in the engine room. The throbbing of the big cylinders grew slower, and I knew that we were at half speed. I pressed forward in my eagerness to see far ahead, and noticed for the first time that the wind had moderated considerably and that the snow had ceased. Yet I could see nothing. Hanging to the wheel-house rail, I swung across to the mate's side.

"What is it?"

For answer he shot one long arm out straight ahead. Following it with my eyes I saw, faintly, after a bit, a green light. Then the green light vanished and a red light took its place; then both showed together. Between them shone a white light.

"Ship, dead ahead!" screamed the mate and at the same time he half crouched and leapt, like a cat, to the

bow of the tug, where he remained like a statue.

In an ecstasy of anticipation, hardly daring to believe in our luck, I rushed, slipping and sliding, to the cabin hatch, where I almost launched headlong down the scuttle. Below I roared at the photographer, who jumped to his feet, half awake, not certain whether we were ship-wrecked or boarded by pirates, but minded to save his precious camera, while the young man who had helped me ashore rolled from the bunk and lit with his legs moving so as to lose no time getting on deck.

By the time I had found the ladder leading aloft and had reached the wheelhouse, the tug was making only enough headway to steer by, and the red and green lights ahead were much plainer.

"Is it he, Cap?" I asked the wiry, grizzled man at the wheel.

The captain didn't reply for a moment. He kept his eyes on the binnacle and whirled the wheel two spokes to port. Then he turned with a smile: "I'm not making any wagers, my boy," he said, "but it looks like you're in luck to-night." Then we shook hands.

It seemed a long time, to me, before we got any closer to the red and the green lights. After a bit, though, we lost sight of the red light by reason of the captain's manipulation of the tug's wheel. In five minutes we could make out the outlines of a peculiarly-built ship moving silently and slowly through the seas. A shout came from the mate at the tug's bow, and the captain raised a window and leaned out.

"It's him all right," the mate shouted. "His fo'-top-m'st's carried away. That's him."

In ten minutes we were ranging alongside the low, broad rail of the strange ship. Even in the range of the lanterns, objects showed merely as grotesque bulks, and there was no sign of life on board. A peculiar odour of disinfectants mingled with the stale

smell common to ships nearing the end of long voyages, came to us on the wind as we churned into the stranger's lee. There was something romantic, eerie, in the sight of that tar-black, queer-smelling monster moving steadily on, with never a sight or sound of human life aboard her and us snorting and clanging alongside like a terrier bullying a mastiff. We dropped astern a few fathoms while our captain put the tug about and headed up for another try, running close alongside this time. Out of the semi-darkness of the stranger's deck a skin-clad shape loomed and a hail rang out above the wind. Our captain answered:

"Tug ———, from Sydney. Who're you?"

We waited a moment, and then the response came through a megaphone, clear and joyous:

"Auxiliary ship *Roosevelt*, Commander Peary, bound in."

The tug's stokers, the captain, mate, the two deck hands, and our land-lubber crowd were lined along the rail, and the cheer of welcome that we sent up pierced the howl of the wind and brought a score of eager figures hurrying to the ship's side. They gazed at us in silence, the light from our wheel-house dimly limning their features. I shall never forget the hungry look in their faces, hungry for news of home, for sights long deferred, for word of the world they had been lost to for long, long months.

The tug captain shouted again: "I have some newspaper men here," he called, mentioning names and the name of the paper: "They want to go aboard."

In answer a new voice, deep and resonant and cultured, boomed from the blackness where the quarter-deck must have been: "Come aboard, sir, come aboard."

"Is that you, Commander?" yelled our captain, who knew Peary of old.

"What's left of me," came the return, with a deep laugh.

"Welcome back, welcome home;

God bless you," screamed our grizzled old skipper half beside himself with pleasure, and again we cheered.

There was no answer from the quarter-deck, but while the two officers were talking, their men were making the tug fast alongside and as they finished a rope ladder was let down from the *Roosevelt's* rail. We all stood back to let our captain ascend, but he took me by the arm and shoved me up before him. Grasping the limp, wet strands and being pounded against the ship's planks, I finally reached the rail. Strong, iron-like hands took hold of me and hauled me in-board, and in a moment I was in the middle of a band of be-whiskered, silent men who ate me with their eyes and handled me as if I were a messenger from Mars.

Following in the trail of one of these men, I found myself at the foot of the ladder leading to the ship's quarter-deck, and at the top of this a tall, commanding figure grasped my hand in a grip of steel and shook it. Two stern eyes with twinkles hidden in them searched my face and I recognised Lieutenant Peary.

I forgot the nice, modest word of welcome I had framed up so carefully. The explorer himself did not speak either. There seemed to be no need for words. Right behind me came the captain of the tug, who pumped Peary's hand with terrible thoroughness and gave him a sailor's welcome.

Behind Peary, his leather-like face just showing above the wheel, stood the helmsman, moving only when the binnacle called him to his course, steering the ship home. God knows what weary watches he had kept through the long hard months in the gloomy northland. I thought, as I watched him for a moment, how his heart must be pounding in his throat and how his anticipation must be at white heat, knowing that only a few paltry miles of all the hundreds he had traversed separated him from home and dear ones.

Peary introduced the captain and the rest of us, then, to a man of whose ability and courage too much cannot be said. This was Captain Robert Bartlett, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who, although he had barely passed his majority, had successfully captained the good ship *Roosevelt* throughout the record polar trip, whose good spirit had never quailed and whose wisdom had never faltered while he took his bark through seas that know no chart and brought her safe, through perils, home again.

I was all eagerness to get Peary to talking of his expedition, to get him started on the story that was to arouse the world within a day. He was most kind and courteous with all my impatience, leading our party below to his big, roomy cabin and telling us gaily, the while, that he had gained five pounds during his long trip.

With the Commander's permission, the photographer who accompanied us took a flash-light picture of the lot of us there in the cabin and then went his own way about the ship exploding his flash-cartridges to his heart's content and setting the Eskimo dogs in the main hold to howling dismally.

During the remainder of the trip in, Peary talked of his voyage in his own inimitable way, while my pencil raced over the note book and my blood ran warm as I realised what a story I had in my hand. It was a story of rare adventure, important discovery, and no little humour, and it will long remain clear in my memory.

Peary, in his turn, asked for news of home. It was an odd experience to recount for this big, cultured man news that had passed into history long since and to hear him comment on it with all the zest and interest due the latest of late happenings. For months, years, he had been cut off from the world, and he was keen for news of that world.

The explorer's first anxiety was for his wife. He had had short messages from her at Etah and Battle Har-

bour, but he wanted to know how she looked, acted. We told him all we could of the brave little woman who had been waiting for him for weeks in a Sydney hotel.

Daylight hung on the brim of the world as the *Roosevelt* came abreast of the main town and quietly and modestly shot her mud hook. The cable rattled through the hawse pipe, and the anchor settled with a jerk. The ship swung slowly about with the tide and hove to, and Peary was home again.

The knowledge that a swarm of rival correspondents would buzz about the Arctic ship's decks at any moment rendered me uneasy, and I was impatient to be off. The Commander accepted an invitation to go ashore on our tug and we quickly slipped our lines and headed for the wharf. Peary was standing on the forward deck conversing with some of us when the nose of the tug touched the quay. She bumped off and swung out to run alongside. As she did so Peary turned. On the height above, the big hotel stood, cold in the morning mists, but from one of the windows a woman leaned, feverishly excited, waving a handkerchief. Without a word Peary sprang to the rail, cleared in a flying leap, a good six feet of empty space and landed on the wharf. Without once turning round, he shot up the steps from the dock and disappeared in the hotel.

The rest was merely a matter of haste. We landed the photographer with instructions to pack his films without developing them. The last train that could get through to Boston and New York for two days, owing to the Sunday restrictions, was due to leave in two hours and the pictures must go with it. The photographer landed, the tug put about and made all speed for North Sydney. I landed there and made a bee line for the cable station, and inside half an hour the first sheets of my story were in the hands of the editors in the home office. I wrote all forenoon with-

out stopping and then I realised that I was almost dead with fatigue and want of sleep. I went back to the hotel and turned in, in a stupor. At dark a messenger came to my room with two messages. The first was

from the photographer to the effect that the pictures were aboard the train, all safe and sound. The second was from my city editor. It read:

"Clean scoop. Bully work. Staff sends congratulations."

GOD'S LEAVEN

BY ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

What do I see in the Spring?
In the fresh grasses growing,
The new leaves all budding,
The soft breezes blowing,
The brooklets all flooding?

It is God that I see in the Spring!
The bleached winter grasses
Turn green as He lingers
To touch, as He passes,
The trees with His fingers.
The gentle wind blending
The scents that are straying
Is a breath of His sending
For Earth's new arraying.
The prison-free leaping
Of brooks overflowing
Escapes not the keeping
Of God the all-knowing.
The flowers that tarry
In sunny-sweet places
Are Earth's—yet they carry
His smile on their faces!

So do I see in the Spring
All the love up in Heaven
Turned steadily earthward
Instilling the leaven
That raises us birthward!

THE ART OF W. E. ATKINSON

BY E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C.

IT is always a delicate if not a difficult matter to review the work of a living artist: delicate, because one has the personal presence of the artist in immediate relation; difficult, because, at the time of writing, the genius of the man may not have attained its full expression, and the exact place in art to which he is entitled may not have been ascertained. Then there is the tendency to say pleasant things about one's friends and acquaintances, the desire to lend a helping hand to the struggling, earnest worker, and the ever-present and charitable principle that where good cannot be truthfully spoken of a fellow-being one should hesitate to speak ill of him.

As regards the subject of this article, however, one is relieved from any of these embarrassing situations. Mr. Atkinson deserves the greatest credit. His work is undoubtedly excellent, and the progress he has already made speaks of a more brilliant future than usually comes to an artist whose surroundings and opportunities are limited, as they must necessarily be in a country without any of the historic traditions of art. But he requires no charitable treatment at the hands of the critic. There is no ill word to be said regarding the man or his methods. Kind, earnest and thoughtful, he has won for himself many admirers both as a man and as an artist, and the delightful simplicity and naturalness of his pictures

are but the reflex of his personality. He seeks no advertisement by individual aggressiveness or newspaper notoriety. He is content to let his work speak for itself, and is more apt to praise the productions of his fellow-craftsmen than he is to uplift his own.

The course of his art is pursued steadily and with fine feeling. He is intent only in presenting the best and highest ideals of his own mind and capability. A great artist was once asked what was the objective point of his art, and his reply was "simplicity." And in this word lies the secret of the men who have



MR. W. E. ATKINSON, A.R.C.A.



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

MOONLIGHT

attained the highest positions in the world of art. The idea of appealing to the taste of the buying public never occurred to them. Critics said, "You do not finish your pictures with sufficient minuteness" or "You do not select popular subjects." The advice came to deaf ears. The true workers cared not for popular admiration. They cared nothing for the censure or applause of the multitude, but continued on their way and worked out their problems according to their better instincts, adhering to what they honestly believed to be the truth as they felt it. Time brought its own reward, sometimes too late in life to be of any substantial value, but posterity became the richer by

reason of this rigid adherence to the individual conception of truth and beauty expressed by the men who thought only of their life-work.

The answer to the question, "What constitutes a good picture?" will answer the question, "What are the qualities in Mr. Atkinson's work." If by the term "good" is meant pleasing subjects, prettiness, or mere visual enjoyment of a superficial character, then his work is far from deserving that title. But if there is involved the expression of some new beauty not heretofore seen by the multitude, some artistic truth noticeable in line or colour, whether it be in the subtle record of moonlight, the weirdness of shadow-land, or the intimate relation-



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

THE WINDMILL, HOLLAND

ship of "gray days and gold," then one can see how aptly Mr. Atkinson's art can be said to be "good" in the best acceptance of the word as applied to pictures.

The casual observer coming to the work of this artist and looking for romantic, historic or sentimental stories should pass on to something more superficial, something which will leave no impression on the artistic or intellectual vision. Such an observer should go to the artist who writes penny novelettes with a brush. The man who looks only for decorative qualities, however beautiful the decoration may be, should close his eyes when he comes before a canvas by Mr. Atkinson, for such an attitude implies an utter want of intelligent

appreciation of the most elementary qualities in what he sees before him. Does such an observer, or rather non-observer, feel any sympathy with the painter's expression? Does he experience the fact that through this medium of inanimate paint, there are unseen spirits speaking to him in tongues heretofore unknown? Is there present to his eyes a new vision or phase of beauty whether it be of line or colour or arrangement? Can he read and feel the message now made clear, which he may have nebulously thought and dreamed of, but to which up till now he has been unable to give form or expression? And as he goes further and observes and reflects more carefully, does he see a new light breaking over that which was



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

AFTER THE RAIN

formerly obscure and hear voices which were up to this point entirely silent? If he does, he no longer looks at a picture which pleases by its decorative merit. His knowledge has become sufficient to enable him to understand and appreciate some of the beauties and something of the art which characterise the work of a painter exercising his true function.

There is a picture of moonlight by this artist, unimportant in size, but large when measured by the rule of genius, which appeals to me as strongly as any picture in my collection. Masses of gray cloud are driving across the sky; the moon, almost white by reason of atmospheric action, breaks through, casting a cold, silvery light on the landscape. Turning away

for a moment and looking again, one feels as if the clouds had changed their position, so sensitive is the apparent action of the masses drifting overhead and so sympathetically has the artist treated the moving elements of his subject. Beneath, there is an old cottage with a subdued suggestion of a light in the solitary window. A stream tumbles down to the foreground reflecting in vivid splashes of light the broken reflections of the moonlight. A leafless tree stands against the sky, and the banks of the small river are rich in deep browns and shadows.

But this is merely descriptive. Beyond all this, one feels the true spirit of night and realises the discovery of a new sentiment. There is something conveyed to the eye which reveals a



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

THE WILLOWS: EVENING

mood or beauty hitherto unknown, and the pleasure afforded is not that of a transient expression or casual appeal to a sense of movement or colour. It is the opening of a new and original vein, and once experienced, the intelligent mind has made a long stride on the path which leads to a full and proper understanding of art. The magic of the artist's touch is felt in the loneliness of the scene, and the mind returns again and again to the simple drawing, because the picture evokes infinitely more than the passing pleasure one experiences in looking at a merely beautiful or expressive landscape. It is indeed the spirit of night, clothed in its most fitting garment and speaking through the representation of a picture on which the artist has recorded an original thought, and by which he has con-

veyed a personal message to his fellow-beings.

Some good examples of Mr. Atkinson's art were seen at the Canadian Art Club's Exhibition at Toronto. "The Harvestfield" is an exquisite study in tonality. There is not a false note in the picture. The subject is dealt with on broad conceptions. Space predominates, and there is a freedom in the technical treatment which is refreshing. Full of colour and atmosphere, the picture is very typical of the soft hazy day in Canada. There is no striving after effect. Simple, broad, and conveying a sense of reserved power, it was one of the very best works at this exhibition.

The "Old Mill on the Humber" is dealt with in quite a new and successful method. Instead of making the mill the chief objective feature, as

most artists who have approached this picturesque subject have done. Mr. Atkinson has subordinated the building and yet preserved its feeling and characteristics to the fullest extent. There is a very subtle and fine bit of painting in the near side of the river, and the bridge is admirably rendered. One feels the charm and romantic beauty of the place, and is able to keep well in view the old ruin, which is now historic, without having thrust under one's vision a mere architectural display of stones and mortar and broken walls. The water may seem too highly coloured, but the condition of the stream is so variable, that a day changes its whole character. For a purely Canadian subject by a Canadian artist, it would be difficult to choose a finer example.

Mr. Atkinson's large canvas, "November," is also a fine type of purely Canadian scenery showing the feeling of the artist for that quiet, peaceful and harmonious subject which appeals to him so strongly. The colour is

more subdued than in the other two canvases mentioned above, but there is a big conception and a tender sympathy for the subject which cannot be got by colour alone.

Still another large canvas claims attention called "The Willows: Evening," which shows him at his more vigorous stage—strongly and firmly painted. One misses his delicious moonlight effects, but the pictures referred to evidence another phase of this artist's capability and give him a very high place amongst the art workers of this country. He is finding his way towards clearness and greater simplicity, and if he continues in the course he is now pursuing, his name will be known in the annals of Canadian painters as an earnest, conscientious and sympathetic artist, whose ideas were high and who strove to live up to his best ideals.

He is not a colorist in the ordinary meaning of that term. Avoiding strong contrasts, he works in a har-



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

OLD THATCH COTTAGE, DEVON



Painting by W. E. Atkinson

THE CASCADE

monious key and attains his object often in monochrome. There are no spectacular effects sought after. His treatment of light and shadow is frequently very subtle and reminds one of the simple and wonderful passages in some of the gray landscapes of the best known modern Dutch artists. His technique is entirely his own and differs materially from that of the landscape painters of Holland, but he seeks, like them, to get air and space by means of colour simplicity. And herein lies his success. It took many years for the public to appreciate the work of some of the great Dutchmen, because apparently there was no great variety of colour in their pictures. It was only after education that the subtlety of their colour was understood, and in a less degree this applies with equal force to Mr. Atkinson's work.

Mr. Atkinson is an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. He was

born in Toronto in 1862, and commenced his art career about 1881, studying under Robert Harris and the late J. A. Fraser, and later in the School, under the professorship of Mr. Eakins of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. During 1886, he decided to study landscape painting and went to Paris, where he entered the Julien Academy. He exhibited at the Paris Salon in 1890 and the following year. He found scope for his talents in painting scenes in Brittany and Holland. Later he devoted a considerable time to Devonshire landscapes and other English subjects. Returning to Canada in 1902, he competed for and won the artists' prize for that year by his large landscape, "Autumn in Devonshire." His work is always acceptable to the Royal Canadian Academy Exhibitions, and has been well placed at the galleries of Chicago, Buffalo and St. Louis.

PRIVATE DONALD McIVOR

A SINGLE MAN IN BARRACKS

BY W. E. ELLIOTT

PRIVATE DONALD McIVOR came to the Company from somewhere up on the shore of Lake Huron. He had been a sailor; so had his father, who was Donald Melvor; and his father's father, who was also Donald McIvor. But the other Donalds were sailors on the Atlantic, and their home was in the Orkneys. In Donald's speech was a little of the Gaelic still. "But it is fery little of it. I will be knowing," he sometimes said, regretfully. Briefly, Donald was a little black Highlander.

Of quite another breed was Private Jacques — "Jakes," the colour-sergeant pronounced it—and the men let it go at that, making it "Jakey," however, for barrack-room usage. As Melvor said in one of his rare jocular moods: "He iss twice my own size, my own heavy, and my own weight."

And it was even so as he had said.

Jakey came of a soldier race, and his forbears fought under the flag of France. Incidentally, Jakey was a singer, and this is where our story begins. Unbelted, his long boots cast under his iron cot, Jacques would pace up and down the long barrack-room, his brown chest partly bared, and sing, and sing. This was after supper, when the men had eaten and were filled, and were lolling in their cots in the dusk, smoking. Soon the canteen would open, and they would go down to visit the chevroned dispenser of ale and shandygaffs. But, just now—the old songs.

None of the men ever thought of complimenting Jakey on his voice. He never expected it. But they loved to hear him take the very low and very high notes of "Sailor, Beware" with his wonderful ease; and, according to tradition—only tradition, mind—one night when "The Holy City" followed "The Lost Chord," no one heard the "Orderly-Sergeants" call sound at seven o'clock, a sign that the canteen had opened.

On one of these evenings, as Jacques, wearied at last with song, came to one end of the barrack-room, he noticed Donald McIvor with a photograph. Softly he drew nearer, and looking over the little man's shoulder saw by the light of the lamp (this was in the days before gas was put in at the School) that it was a picture of a girl, of jet black hair and eyes, one could tell; straight of form and graceful in motion, one could easily imagine.

"Aha! I see what the little man is 'doing time' in barracks for," Jacques said to the listening men.

McIvor started, for he had not seen the other, replaced the photograph in his kit-box and said nothing. It looked like an insult swallowed in silence. Perhaps the little man was not sure.

There could be no doubt about the thing that Jacques said next.

Men caught their breath and sat up swiftly, but few were quick enough to see what happened. There was a

sharp "snick" as a small, iron-hard fist belonging to a furious little black Highlander landed square between the eyes of the big French-Canadian. Jacques toppled over, reached for the table, and brought it crashing down with him.

Jacques was as strong and active as he looked. Before one could have counted two, he was on his feet and reaching for McIvor. Lively and all as he was, the little man would have been a cripple for life in less time than it takes to tell it, but just then the door was jerked open. Jacques heard it and rushed in the midst of his wild rush.

What brought Lieutenant Fitzgerald into the men's quarters in the officers' dinner hour nobody ever knew. But he had heard the noise and rushed upstairs to investigate.

"Well, what's the trouble here?" asked Mr. Fitzgerald in his best barrack-square style.

It was Private Donald McIvor who answered, standing stiffly at attention.

"Nothing the matter, sir; we were having a bit of—fun, sir, and the table was knocked over."

Men gulped down their hearts from their throats and, still standing to attention, turned their eyes on Fitzgerald. The officer looked for the sergeant in charge of the room, found he was out, and turned away, relieved that it was not a case for "office."

"Try and get along with less noise, men," he said, returning the corporal's salute as he departed.

As the sound of his footsteps on the stair died away, the room heard the sharp crack of a Lee-Enfield bolt being shot into its place. Looking, they saw a levelled rifle in the hands of Private Jimmie Todd. It was pointed at Jacques, and meant that in any attempt to renew the attack on McIvor he would have to reckon with Donald's champion.

Where did he get the loaded cartridge? Oh, kit inspection in the Royal Canadian Regiment doesn't include kit-boxes.

No man is anxious to have an inch and a half of cold lead and nickel shot into his body, and Jacques halted. But even as he hesitated, still dizzy from Donald's blow, his eyes closed in pain and he staggered drunkenly. The man he would have killed caught him and with another carried him to his cot. The bugler ran across for the hospital sergeant.

When "Dress for Picquet" blew, half an hour later, Jacques groaned aloud.

"I'm f'r duty to-night," he muttered, and vainly tried to get up.

Then came forward Private Donald McIvor.

"I will do your guard, Jakey," he said. "And I am sorry I hit you so hard, but my anger will be fery often getting the better of me."

Without waiting for an answer, he turned to go. But Jacques' hand was outstretched, and the grip that followed was a treaty of peace between men. In ten minutes Donald McIvor paraded with the picquet, boots shining, belt-buckle almost white from the application of polish and "elbow-grease."

"To your dooty—MARCH!" the sergeant-major's command rang across the square, and the little ceremonial was over. Private Donald McIvor went his round cheerfully, and "leaning well on his chin-strap," as the sergeant-major observed to the mess when he dropped in for a half-hour before going back to the married quarters.

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Donald's second watch began at four o'clock in the morning. At the end of half an hour he roused the orderly in charge of the furnaces and went with him on his tour of the barracks. Under the officers' quarters the furnace was giving out a strange sound. The sheet metal creaked horribly and every few seconds from some pipe would come a loud "ping-g-g." Over all there was a harsh hiss of escaping steam. All this the two men heard dimly, as

they passed along the board sidewalk, its planks creaking under them with the frost. They glanced up at the stone walls, masses of black punctured only by the rays from a couple of lights in the officers' hall.

McIvor stopped in the middle of something he was saying to his companion and quickened his pace. As they reached the head of the stairs that led to the furnace-room, he turned.

"Gif me the light," he commanded, sharply. "Go you upstairs quickly and gif the officers a cry. Tell them they will be better out of here. That is not a goot noise; I heard it once pefere on the tug *Jones* when my brother Aleck was killed."

Then he ran down the steps and held his lantern up to discover the valve that had shut off the water.

The orderly was no coward. He hesitated a moment, not sure where his duty lay, and as he halted there came a deafening roar.

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The newspapers told the bald story of the explosion at the barracks: one private soldier blown to pieces, another injured, and two officers who were sleeping above badly shaken up. A third of a column on that, and, a

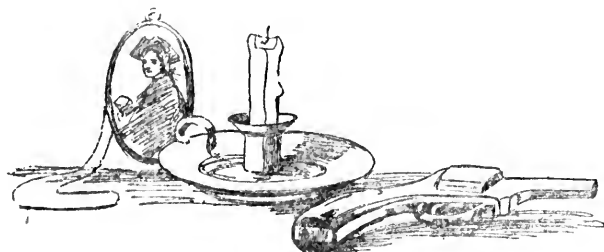
week later, a paragraph on the inquest, an open verdict. But few ever knew that the man whose body was borne between files of reversed rifles to the railway station a couple of days later was a hero.

The sergeant of Donald's room had a little exercise he sometimes used in the exuberance of his joy on those occasional stormy Sundays when the bugle sounded "No Parade." Prayer book in hand he would go over something like this:

"Stawf p'rade, 'shun. Those as can read will follow the regulations. Those as can't will go through the requisite motions, as follows: One! Extend left hand holdin' prayer book. Two! Raise right 'and to level of mouth. Three! Moisten thumb of right hand. Four! Turn over page."

But the next time he did it was the day after Donald's wooden kit-box, button-stick, razor and other equipment had been put up at auction by the quartermaster's sergeant, according to custom, and the incident was in his mind and that of the men. His eyes happened to fall on the page held open by his thumb. After a pause he read aloud very gently:

"In all time of our tribulation, in the hour of death: Good Lord deliver us."



ON THE PLAINS

BY DOLF WYLLARDE

THE new machinery had only arrived last week, and Chain, the manager, had got it put up by dint of that peculiar quality which makes the Anglo-Saxon race the master of the negro still, in spite of the emancipation. Chain was an Englishman, and the possessor of a white wife and child; but he was only the manager of the Sherwood sugar estate, which belonged to another of his countrymen—one of those "absent owners," whose tenure of inherited property makes the Island of Jamaica what it is. Major Carrington yachted in the Solent, and trusted to John Chain to assist him in the upkeep of the *Dinorah* by the manipulation of certain factors, human and mechanical, four thousand miles away. Sherwood was given every facility to produce sugar, and to compete with modern factories, and the latest improvements and inventions known to Europe and America had superseded the methods of the old cane days when sugar realised £75 per ton. Major Carrington had not grudged the outlay, but it was to the future he looked for profit, and to his manager to justify him.

Throughout all that curious piece of mechanism known as the British Empire the units that go to its upholding are but portions of the whole, and sink their individuality in their performance of its work. In England itself, perhaps, men lose the honour of their responsibility a little; but abroad, and particularly in the Colonies, it is their tyrant. The Viceroy to

his King—the Governor to the Colonial Office—the officer to his superior whatever the service—and among civilians the employé to his employer—all good men and true come to absorb themselves in the work they have undertaken, and square their shoulders to the burden. Sherwood and its machinery stood to John Chain for his atom of responsibility in the Empire, and Major Carrington for his chief. It is this spirit that has carried the Empire to success, but if the loss of the individual were counted the tithe would be heavy.

There was a line between John Chain's eyes as he entered the factory and saw the new machinery at work for the first time. It floated across his mind that the output from Sherwood ought to be larger to ensure the ten per cent. interest on the capital which should justify Major Carrington's outlay—five per cent. on the money invested on those sixteen-inch cylinders with their thirty-six-inch stroke—the compound gearing, twenty-five to one made of steel, and the whole grinding plant—and five per cent. for a sinking fund. His eyes took in the general scheme of the machinery inclusively, and he reminded himself that while it represented some thirty thousand pounds, it was wearing out from the first day it began to work. Very necessary, that sinking fund.

Apart from the burden of responsibility pressing on his shoulders with the whole process of the sugar mak-

ing, was a private and personal trouble which had no place in the factory, and which—theoretically—he should have left on the verandah of his house across the way, when he walked over to his work after his early coffee. Nevertheless it had its share in bringing the knit between his straight light brows, and making even the sugar outlook darker than it would have been. For Nellie was sick — baby Nellie, whose three years of life and laughter had been the joy-centre of her father's and mother's life. It had been an unusually hot, damp winter, and perhaps the moisture and heat of the plains had told on the child's constitution, though she had seemed well enough up to a week ago. Then there came a day when Nellie was ailing, and then the instinct of alarm in the mother's heart made her urge the necessity of a doctor. He came in a ramshackle buggy from ten miles off, and pronounced it a touch of malarial fever — nothing much, but children lacked stamina in this country—get her into the hills if possible. And he departed again, after testing Chain's eight-year-old rum, and pronouncing it excellent, while the mother's eyes glared at him like those of a desperate tigress.

"He wasn't sober when he came, Jack!" she burst out stormily, as the ramshackle buggy departed. "How could you give him more drink?"

"He wasn't far gone, little woman, and, well, he'd driven ten miles. A fellow must offer hospitality!"

"When Nellie's so ill? I don't believe he knew what he was saying when he prescribed for her!"

"Oh, well, he saw her before he had the toddy, didn't he? And he knows his business, wet or dry—at any rate, he's the only man round here." The lines round the English eyes deepened, and he looked out across the emphatic green of the sweep of cane which bounded the horizon of his life as if he would fain find a way out. The woman flounced into the house, and back to the child's bed, to watch

and minister with an instinct which she trusted better than the drunken doctor's prescription.

That was a week ago, and Nellie had not grown well enough to be taken up to the hills. She lay in her cot, the little bare legs and feet that pattered so bravely about the carpetless floors grown very white and wasted, the childish body tossing to and fro restlessly as she complained that the coverlet was so hot — so hot! Driven by desperation, Mrs. Chain had sent for the doctor again, but this time he had not come. When Chain left the house that morning the mother was still looking from the verandah along the level road between the cane fields, for the first glimpse of the ramshackle buggy, and in her eyes was hate.

"I shall never forgive him if he doesn't come, never!" she said monotonously. "It's that cursed drink—and poor Nellie—John, if she's worse, I'll send over and tell you at once."

Chain looked tenderly into the hollow eyes. She had not slept for nights, watching by the child's bed, and the thermometer in the verandah registered 89°. There was that strained look in her face that comes to the buckra whose will forces him to keep on doing, contrary to the law which the negro so well understands to mean slack off and sleep. It is the tropics which have produced the negro—the white man is only an importation.

"Pray God Nellie won't be worse!" said John Chain simply. "And—Kate—don't send unless you really must. The new machinery's at work, and I might find it difficult to leave if Curtiss isn't up to the mark——"

"John!—if the child were dying!"

Something of the expression she had in her eyes for the doctor was there for himself, he fancied, even for him. But she had turned the next instant, as at a feeble cry too faint for his ears, and had gone back to Nellie, leaving him to cross to the factory.

He looked absently at the shining brass fittings as he entered the building, and ran up the stairs to the upper platforms. The railing was as bright as on shipboard, and all the place was wonderfully clean and free from the mess and waste of the manufacture. Major Carrington insisted on that when he paid his brief periodical visits to Sherwood. He liked the factory to be as well kept, comparatively, as the *Dinorah*.

"So long as the brasses are clean, he doesn't care to inquire about the rest of the work!" John Chain said rather bitterly.

Outside in the sunshine the canes were coming in and being piled on to the cane-carrier which fed the first mill, and so on to the second. Sherwood was not a sufficiently large factory to warrant three mills; it had to be content with seventy per cent. of sugar from the cane, and leave the possible extra ten, which would have cost too much to extract. There is, however, no waste in a sugar factory. The refuse of the cane as it came out of the second mill was carried on to feed the furnaces, for if there were no refuse the factories could not exist.

Chain only glanced below him at the light shredded waste being tossed out of the mill; that was an old story, and the negroes knew the work. He had reached the higher platform and stood before the new triple-effect, the French invention for boiling the raw liquid, that had cost three thousand pounds, alone. The great vessels in their polished wood casings looked like monster beehives connected by large pipes. Only the first of these was supplied with steam, the vapour from the furious boiling being carried to the second to continue the heating process, and so on again to the third; but the temperature registered on the first was 210°, and on the third had dropped to 120°. Beyond this the vapour was useless, and was carried off by pipes, condensed with hot water, and allowed to run away outside the factory.

Chain put his hand half stealthily on the great wooden side of the first callandria. The mere mechanism of the thing had that fascination for him which machinery exerts for all men, but it represented more than this, it was his trust, the wonderful servant placed in his guardianship to work for their joint master. Even the engineer attached to Sherwood, who, with Chain, had directed its installation, was not more absorbed in the machinery than the manager. He had had most of the responsibility of its erection and starting, and now that it was really working he looked at it somewhat with the eye of a creator. Inside the little glass square which informed him of its inward apparatus he could see the sugar dancing and boiling, flinging up thick yellow spray and sometimes blinding and darkening the little window on each side of which were the indicators—the vacuum on the righthand and the temperature on the lefthand—25 inches and 29° respectively.

Chain's keen eyes read off the numbers before he walked on to the next vessel for a fresh examination, and he drew rather an anxious breath. He knew as much as could be known of the making of sugar, but rather less of the steam that was its motive power, and it was in this particular that help might fail him. The machinery itself was really Curtiss's affair, and Curtiss was responsible, unless—The curse of the white man in the tropics was not confined to the doctor who had failed to appear that morning; Chain knew that the Sherwood rum was Curtiss's enemy, and that the engineer might fail him just at the moment when his knowledge and judgment were indispensable. During the erection of the new machinery Curtiss had kept off drink, and had been heart and soul in his work; but the manager unconsciously feared a reaction, and redoubled his own study of the new methods. Suppose something went wrong, and he were left to bear the brunt of it? He

pulled himself together with a wrench, and steadied his nerve. The heat—and Nellie!—were playing the deuce with his self-reliance.

Every time that the measurer filled with juice, the whistle of the factory shrieked the register, for the workpeople were paid a penny for every four tons of cane crushed. John Chain heard it register sixteen difecators before he left the factory, which meant seven cars of massecuit to give five tons of sugar in crystals; but all the hot morning he had not caught a glimpse of Curtiss. His face relaxed, however, for Sherwood was doing well, and they would have to buy cane at this rate, their own crop being liable to fall short. He was standing near the boilers watching the men at work, as the whistle registered the last difecator, and he turned to one of them and asked quietly for the engineer. For, through the smell of the sugar in its various stages which filled the building, he fancied that there was something unusual about the steam—or was it merely his overwrought fancy, urged by the nervousness of inexperience?

"I saw Mars' Curtiss go over to the still-house early, sir. He not come back yet," said the man ominously.

Chain hesitated, looked round the factory again to see that all the units under him were doing their work, both human and iron, and started to walk through the still-house, where the great stills were full of fermenting rum. The smell of the dunder rose up under his feet as he entered the building, a stench to sicken the uninitiated, but John Chain had been born and bred amongst sugar cane, and it represented nothing to his palate but the smell and flavouring of the rum. He paused a moment in the department where the pure spirit was distilled, watching the white liquid as it flowed from the wood.

"I wonder why people at home insist on having it coloured!" he marvelled. "I don't believe even Major Marrington knew that rum was white

until he saw it here, with his own eyes—for that matter, it is only coloured with a little burnt sugar——"

He stopped abruptly, his heart turned sick within him, for in the dusk of the further corner of the place lay a heap of sacking or empty bags—he could not tell which—and on it was the supine figure of a man. There was no need to draw near and bend over Curtiss to discover his state. The temporary abstinence had broken down, and the man was in the clutch of his own weakness—dead drunk, and not to be roused when Chain took him by the shoulder and shook him roughly. He was still bending over the helpless figure that had betrayed him. Then the sound of hurrying feet and a breathless voice made him turn with rasped senses.

"Anything wrong?" he said desperately. It seemed as if he had known that disaster must follow, the minute his eyes fell on Curtiss, lost and incompetent.

"The boilers, Massa Chain——"

But he was out of the still-house and into the factory before the words were more than formed, his teeth set as if that would force his feet to go faster, his mind grappling with the machinery in Curtiss's stead. He seemed even to himself to make a flying rush for the boilers, and to be at the scene of the threatened disaster almost before he had left the outside air.

The boilers were priming. Even as he entered the building the rush and roar of the steam deafened him—that sound which once heard by an engineer is never forgotten. The water was bursting and pouring from the valves, and as a natural consequence every negro in the factory had left his work and fled from the explosion to follow, leaving the white man to face it alone.

John Chain did not know just what had happened, as Curtiss would have done. The condensed water from the steam coils of the eliminator ran to the hot well, and from there it was

pumped into the boilers by the feed pumps, but one small leak in the steam coil had been the cause of some of the cane-juice getting into the water. All that the manager knew and saw was the water foaming up and rushing out of the valves, and if this were not checked in time the boilers would be nearly empty and the tubes exposed to the flames would grow red hot. No wonder that the negroes had fled!

Before he paused to think he had drawn the furnaces, the heat of the flames nearly driving him backward as he raked them out, the water from the valves pouring over him as he stooped in his desperate effort to save the boilers. Drenched and scorched and blinded, he staggered back from the furnace doors, and a hand on his shoulder hardly made him start, or his wife's voice in his ear—his whole soul was in bondage to the machinery, his double trust now that Curtiss had failed; he was the slave of the absent owner cruising in the Solent who had bound this burden on his shoulders. It was only a mechanical impulse that made him warn her of danger.

"Back!" he shouted at her, as if she were a long way off. "Keep back! the boilers are priming!"

But her eyes were as fearless as his as she faced him, indifferent to the roaring steam in the stress of a greater disaster to herself.

"Jack!"—the mother's voice was choked with tears, desperate, wild—"Nellie is asking for you—you must come at once——"

"I can't!" he gasped, his eyes still on the dangerous machinery. "I can't leave the sugar!"

"Jack! She's dying——"

"I can't," he repeated, and his own voice seemed to have lost its meaning. He was only conscious of the suspense of waiting for that awful angry roar to cease, for the boilers to stop priming, and a strange sense that the machinery had taken on a personality and was a live and furious thing. Even when his wife spoke for the last

time he hardly heard her save as a secondary claim on his attention.

"Jack!—I can't stay—she's crying for you—but I shall go back!"

He heard the hatred in her voice distinctly now, that she had vowed to the doctor, but for him this time—for him! For an instant he half turned to follow her flying gown. The next he was by the boilers again, calculating the subsidence of the mischief. He judged that, as the boilers had only primed a little, and the water remained above the top row of tubes, it might be safe to start the feed pump and fill the boiler to its normal level. For this reason he shouted for the men, who were already beginning to creep back to their stations like beaten curs, and ordered them shortly to get to work at the pump. They looked askance at the late danger, and Chain's drenched and draggled figure, but the fear of the white man who had faced the terror from which they had fled was greater even than their fear of the boilers themselves. They came back sullenly, and obeyed the lash of the man's tongue, as, a century ago, their ancestors had obeyed the lash of the busher's whip.

Even when all danger was over, and the factory hummed again with its usual sound and stir, John Chain lingered a little longer for certainty, and then gave the men implicit orders how to act during his brief absence, before he started for his own house. They were so cowed that he had no fear but that they would do as he told them, and notify him the instant they suspected something wrong. And then he was free—free to run down the stairs headlong, and out into the heavy heat of noon, through the cane-feeders, on to his own house just across the way.

He hardly realised what had happened, even now. He felt half dazed, and pushed his hair away from his forehead, the beads of sweat trickling down his scorched face.

"If we have weathered this storm we shall weather others—the worst is

over now. I know the ropes. I'm not dependent on Curtiss. I can rely on myself, unless—Nellie!"

His heart gave one thud like the knell of a deep bell. In the doorway, beyond the verandah, stood his wife.

"Yes, she's dead," she said in a hard voice. "And I'll never forget this, Jack!"

"You don't understand," he said dully.

"Oh, yes, I do!" She flung the taunt at him in her intolerable pain. "It was the work—you couldn't leave the work for Nellie, because if this new machinery went wrong it might ruin you. In fact you put the child's bread before the child!"

"No, not even that." He rose and stood before her, a tired man in mind and body, and the lines between his young brows seemed to have settled there permanently since the morning. "The work wasn't only for you and the child, though, as you say, it meant your bread and—and hers. But it's my trust—I've undertaken to work this place for Carrington—I'm respon-

sible. Oh, can't you understand?"

He flung out his hands toward her with the appeal of man to woman to grasp the inexpressible. The factory was his piece of the Empire, and inherited, unspoken traditions made it sacred in a crisis such as he had passed through. The man's honour came in here; he looked to his wife for comprehension—and found her eyes blank.

His hands fell to his sides. He pushed her out of the way, not roughly, but with irresistible strength, and went into the house to the room where lay the dead child.

The woman stood as if dazed, staring down the road between the bright fields of sugar cane. But her eyes and ears were deadened, and she did not notice the rattle of wheels or the tiny speck between the canes resolving itself into the doctor's ramshackle buggy. She only saw in fancy the great boilers as monstrous material things she hated, and she heard above the din of the factory the register of the siren—another ton of sugar successfully carried through.



VILLAGE IMPROVEMENT

BY MAUD GOING

Little heaps of tin cans,
Rags and bones galore,
Left to mar the landscape
Just a few months more.

Gather them up, Slowgo,
Dump them in a hole,
You'll please all your neighbours
And satisfy your soul.

FIFTEEN years ago two travellers, belonging to two generations, were exploring the region of the Great Lakes together. The elder was English by birth and education and irretrievably English by conviction. The younger was American by the accident of birth, and her convictions were, as yet, in the making.

Both were being pained by the untidiness of the smaller lake towns in the great republic to the south of us: neither had seen Canada except as a blue coast-line glimpsed in calm weather from afar.

"When we get to Canada," said the British patriot to the woman of no convictions, "the towns will look so different. The streets will be well paved, the fences mended, the houses will be home-like and all the outbuildings neat. You will not see there these broken sidewalks and sagging fences, and all this scattering of rubbish and refuse."

Alas for the shattering of patriotic ideals! Alas for the stubborn rudeness of facts! The Canadian towns were not better than their American neighbours. They were distinctly worse. Their barns were more utterly estranged from paint. Their fences leaned more wearily, their scrap piles and garbage heaps were more utterly naked and unashamed.

To-day any one comparing the smaller towns under the two flags is forced to a decision still less to the credit of Canada. Are the majority of small Canadian towns trying hard to be pretty and neat? Like *Rosa Dartle*, we "ask for information".

Many Canadian and American towns are actively concerned about their state, sanitary and æsthetic. Some are merely conscience-stricken, many are tidying up, a few are clean as wax, and another few are beautiful to behold. Why? Because throughout the land village improvement societies have been organised and are earnestly at work.

The birthday of the first improvement society is lost in the haze of the past. Like most praiseworthy movements in the States, village improvement originated in New England. But where?

Beautiful Stockbridge, in the Berkshire Hills, has long been considered the pioneer town, because its Society was organised more than fifty years ago. But Northampton has a well-beloved grand old man, who, on his eightieth birthday, was banqueted by his fellow-townsmen grateful for his life-long services as a village improver! And now Framingham claims that a society there gave attention to the trees shading the streets and the common, as long as ninety years ago. So the birthplace of village improvement is, like its age, a disputed subject, for many communities would feel pride therein.

No one can fix its present abiding place, because it is everywhere. The impulse has gone south and awakened



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT HERE

the drowsy. It has gone west and grown up with the country. The effort to make the villages tidy, beautiful, healthful and cheerful has now become national. Massachusetts alone has two hundred village improvement societies, to say nothing of many women's clubs which are doing more or less village or town improvement work.

Most of the improvement societies throughout the States have been inaugurated by women, and the membership of all is composed largely of the gentler sex.

Their work, after all, is mostly feminine; it is extended housekeeping. The house-mother is desirous that her home shall be clean and sweet both within and without. She wants her lawn to be neatly raked, her porch and sidewalk to be well swept. It is but an extension of this

effort to extend the cleanliness all up and down the street.

She wants the yard or garden where her children play, to be clean, well-drained, and as pretty as may be. Will she not also desire pleasant small parks and free playgrounds for the children of the town poor who have neither garden nor yard?

She takes pride in the neatness and beauty of the entrance hall and reception-room of her home. Will she then feel no mortification if visitors to her town arrive at a dirty, ill-smelling station, if the first buildings they see are ugly and broken down, if close by the station there is a rough bar-room, or a crooked board fencing plastered over with unsightly advertisements?

Let her then start an improvement society to work for the cleanliness and beauty of the village.

If, after awhile, the society grows strong and financially prosperous, it may go on to work for the pleasure and enlightenment of the village. Its efforts may provide a library, a park, a public playground, swimming baths, public lectures, open air concerts, or a house beautiful, where visitors to the village can rest and read while they await the few-and-far-apart trains of a minor branch road.

Bethany, Missouri, with a population of three thousand people, has opened such a public waiting-room—light, airy, and provided with all necessary toilet conveniences. The tables display plenty of good reading matter which, with the plants and pictures, makes the place most restful and homelike.

Whether an improvement society undertakes an enterprise so æsthetic and hospitable as the Bethany waiting-room or merely cleans the back lanes, it binds a community together as few organisations do or can. Men and women, rich and poor, learned and unlettered, gentle and simple, work together for the common weal. In concerted friendly effort for the village, which is home, people of all creeds and of both political parties are united.

Conditions differ in each community. Needs vary with location, industry, distance from a large city, and the character of population. There is scarcely a village anywhere where an improvement society could not make itself both useful and pleasant, and the community least conscious of the wish for such an organisation may be the very one most in need of its benefits.

Because villages differ, suggestions as to methods of beginning improvement work must be tentative.

If there is any sort of library, the librarian can do much. He, or—more probably—she, may have a bulletin board that can be used for posting up pictures and reading matter relating to the subject. School-teachers could help by causing the children to write essays on such topics as these: "How can we make our town more beautiful?" "Do we need an improvement society?" If there is a local paper, the subject can be broached and expanded in its columns. One improvement association which has been singularly successful began its endeavours with an illustrated lecture free to all, telling what had been done in other towns. An essay in the Woman's Club might prove a beginning of better things for the town.

A young league, in drafting its by-laws, might gather many helpful suggestions from some improvement societies of New England, notably from those of Stockbridge, Framingham, and Tynsboro'.

Initial efforts of young so-



ONE KIND OF OBSTRUCTION THAT MIGHT WELL BE REMOVED



A SCHOOL-GARDEN IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

cieties are generally turned perforce towards the negative side of their work, the removal of things untidy, objectionable, or dangerous, for street rubbish full of poisonous germs, may be as deadly as a lyddite shell.

Nothing so mars lawns and streets as a litter of blowing papers, and the insidious banana peel is a menace to life and limb. No other inexpensive deed of an improvement society produces such good and quick results as the providing of receptacles for refuse. One society made its modest beginning by supplying its home-town with six big empty barrels, painted green and placed where they were easily found, yet unobtrusive. The Thomasville (Georgia) association recommends a basket of galvanised wire, because its contents can be burned within it.

Bill-boards are often not only hideous, but demoralising. It would prove

a question too subtle for present discussion to ascertain why the manufacturers of certain commodities have recourse to bill-boards, or why fences are used mainly to advertise whisky, tobacco and the theatres.

Worse even than the bill-boards and the placards pasted on fences are the signs painted upon rocks marring landscapes which should be lovely.

In England there is a society called "Scraps" whose object is to "check the abuses of public advertising". The society numbers more than a thousand members, and among them have been enrolled the names of James Bryce, Sir Charles Dilke, and the artist Millais. A strong contingent are members of parliament.

The German *attaché* in London drew the attention of his home government to the good work of "Scraps", and the result was a law regulating the size of German sign-boards and the localities where they



THE FIRST LESSON IN BOTANY

might be placed. A license for the privilege must also be paid. France is taxing the sign-boards out of existence.

When will Canada join the procession and abolish the signs which mar two of the most famous beauty spots in the world: those which rear their unashamed ugliness on the Canadian side of Niagara, and those which stare up at the tourist as he looks down on the lovely panorama spread below the citadel of Quebec?

A new village improvement association should begin its work by putting in order the most unsightly place or places in town. Concentrate the inexperienced effort and the little cash available upon that one spot — the public square, the school-grounds, or the cemetery. Make it clean and pretty.

After unsightly bill-boards are removed, after aggressive and pestilent rubbish is banished, after mud holes

are filled, and streets made clean, then come the pleasant things.

One league worthy of imitation has, through the generosity of a member, distributed packets of flower seeds to the school children. Another member has offered fifty dollars in prizes to boys and girls under fifteen for the best kept lawn and the prettiest flower-bed. The seeds and the prizes have aroused lively interest among the children, and this cannot fail to help the appearance of the whole town.

Many village associations have found that the offer of such prizes produced excellent results.

Why do not the managers of the county fairs take the hint? Why, we wonder, is philanthropic enterprise so blind to the opportunities afforded by the county fair? Here is a gathering of people, collected from a wide area, starving for interest, for amusement, for something to think and talk about in the long monotonous days which



WATERING TIME IN A GARDEN SCHOOL

are to follow the homeward journey. And they find only ten-cent shows of the meanest description offering "attractions" that are generally silly, vulgar, or actually fraudulent. When will some beneficent body consider the feasibility of sending to county fairs some really good cheap shows? There might be a series of recitations stirringly given, and made up of selections sparkling with innocent fun or teaching the love of country and the beauty of goodness.

Cleanliness is next to Godliness, and sometimes is a step towards it. Village improvement may begin by picking up old papers and empty cans, but it does not end there: it has its moral uses also. The desertion of the village and the consequent overcrowding of the city is a vexing problem of our time. On the one hand, we see the farm forsaken, the fields left idle, the labour spent in wresting them from the wilderness wasted, it may

be, and the wilderness taking possession again. We see the parents, too old to be transplanted, left to a lonely age.

On the other hand, we see the young breaking home ties, casting off sacred duties, and becoming involved in the struggle for material wealth and in the temptations arising therefrom — to sharp practice, covetousness, materialism.

The problem of the day is to keep the likely boys and girls in the village home. Anything which makes country life more attractive to young people helps towards the solution of this problem.

John Comenius, a distinguished educational reformer of the seventeenth century, said that every school should have a garden where the children can at times, gaze upon trees, flowers and herbs and be taught to enjoy them.

Comenius was more than two cen-



BOYS AT WORK IN A GARDEN SCHOOL

turies in advance of his time. Not till 1869 did his native country, Austria, prescribe by law that, whenever practicable, a garden and a place for agricultural experiments should be established at every rural school.

The following year Austria, the pioneer country in nature study as well as in gardening for children, provided that instruction in natural history should be given by means of these gardens.

Belgium followed in 1873, making the study of horticulture compulsory and requiring that every public elementary school should have its garden.

Then France fell into line, decreeing that no plan of a rural school building to which the State contributes money should be accepted unless a garden were provided.

One European government after another has followed the example of Austria. Even unprogressive Russia

ten years ago could boast of seventy-five hundred school-gardens, with grain, flowers, fruits and vegetables; 532 apiaries, and 372 silk-worm hatcheries.

In the United States the enthusiasm for school-gardens is so great that means have been found to make and maintain them even in cities so congested as Boston and New York.

Canada first realised the educative value of gardening twenty years ago.

At first the enterprise owed its life in great measure to the zeal of Dr. Alexander N. Mackay, Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia. He advocated nature study and garden work so ably and effectively that there were fifty-two school-gardens in his own province before 1904. In that year the Sir William Macdonald school-gardens were established in all the Eastern Provinces, so that Canada can now boast of hundreds of gardens.



FAIRVIEW GARDEN SCHOOL, YONKERS, N.Y.

The first school-gardens were mainly volunteer institutions due to the enthusiasm of the teacher more than to the initiative of the school trustees. But since 1904 there has been a grant coming from the Macdonald Rural Schools Fund, giving an addition of thirty dollars to the yearly salary of the teacher who will qualify for nature work and maintain a garden—and twenty dollars for labour, seeds, plants and tools. Prizes have been offered for the most successful gardens in the Province, and in 1904 the first prize was awarded to Knowlton school.

Now it is hoped that the Provinces will carry on the work which the munificence of Sir William Macdonald has started and vote out of the public funds an annual grant to encourage the making of gardens around rural and village schools. This has been already done by Ontario and by New Brunswick. In Ontario the Department of Education have issued a most practical and helpful circular, beautifully illustrated, dealing with the improvement of school-grounds.

Many towns in the States are mak-

ing organised efforts to awaken in the boys and girls a love for outdoor sports, for natural science, or for gardening. Instead of loafing about the bar-end of the hotel, the boys are incited to geologise, to hunt butterflies, or to gather field notes about native birds. In this line the town of Ashfield, in Western Massachusetts, has done work which might well prove an inspiration to other communities.

The situations and surroundings of Ashfield are analogous to those of many places in the Eastern Townships, in the Province of Quebec. Ashfield lies high among the hills, its chief village being about ten miles from a railway station. Its inhabitants, about a thousand in number, are mainly of English stock. Most of them are engaged in farming. They are intelligent, and in moderately comfortable circumstances. Hardly any suffer from extreme poverty. The town library is excellent and well administered, and much used by the young people as well as by the old. The boys and girls alike enjoy the usual sports both in summer and win-

ter; but the life of the town lacks that varied activity which is fitted to afford interest to children, and to stimulate their intelligence.

In view of this lack a plan was devised some years ago to widen the range of interest and occupations for the children by offering small prizes for work of various descriptions. A circular with a long list of different objects for which prizes would be awarded was distributed throughout the town. Fifty dollars for these prizes was secured by entertainments given during the winter, and more money for special prizes was contributed by friends.

Charles Eliot Norton, who writes concerning them, says:

"The exhibits have rarely, if ever, fallen below one hundred. The majority of them, as might be expected, are of slight worth, and bear no evidence of continuous effort. Most of them, indeed, as might also naturally be expected, indicate that the interest of the children is intermittent, and often only felt as Prize Day draws near; but in each year there has been a considerable number of exhibits manifesting persistent and intelligent industry, good handiwork and careful observation, and of these the number seems to be increasing.

"From year to year the interest of the townspeople has increased in the exhibits, and there is now hardly a more pleasant festival than Labour Day, on which the prizes are distributed. The town hall is well filled with the children and grown people, and the exhibits form not only an interesting, but a very pretty display."

Some prizes encourage the old housewifely arts — cooking, sewing, knitting, washing, and ironing — but most of them foster love for country occupations and for country joys. Most novel are those to encourage in-

timacy with the little brothers in fur and feathers—prizes for photographs of wild animals and birds, and for the successful taming of a wild animal.

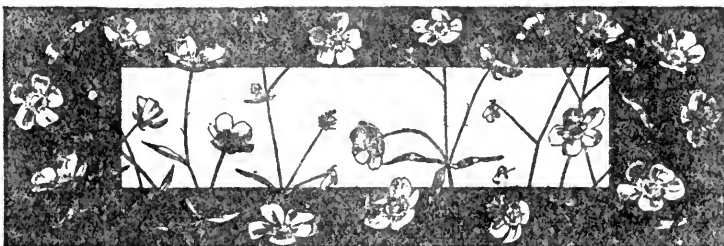
Some awards are so well calculated to teach the lore and love of nature and to attach the affections of the children to the soil that we cannot refrain from quoting them. There are prizes for the best lists in the following branches: Plants observed during the year on any single half acre; forest trees native to Ashfield, with a statement of the special locality of the town where rare or remarkably fine trees are to be found, with measurements of the largest trees, and with account of the uses to which the different kinds are put; wild flowering plants, with the dates of their coming into flower; birds seen in Ashfield, with dates of arrival and notes of their habits. There is a prize also for the best garden of wild flowers.

So the child is led, it may be, to find the Creator where our forefathers found him, out of doors; in the sweet dim woods, on the hills which look eternal, or in the garden in the cool of the day.

It is not an impossible achievement for the association which begins by picking up rubbish and goes on to better things.

At all events, thanks to the association, the boys and girls are less desirous to leave the farm, the village is cleaner, prettier, more healthful, and a common effort interests and unites its people.

Now, is this village improvement not well worthy of further propagation in Canada?



THE LIFE OF TRADE

BY MABEL BURKHOLDER

"WHAT luck to-day?"

"The best in the world, my dear Harry, thanks to you."

"That's right! Cheer up. This bit of rivalry won't hurt your business. I bet your things looked nicer to-day and sold faster than ever before. I'm sure we took pains to make them appear well."

"As you are always saying, Harry, competition is the life of trade. Perhaps I was getting careless. I have had the same customers for so many years."

"We'll show the upstarts who have just found out that this is good soil for raising vegetables that they don't come in ahead of Mrs. Lacey of Rose Cottage. Come, where is the spade? I may as well dig up the whole patch for cucumbers, eh?"

Peter Cox, working on the lawns of the *Hotel Bellevue*, dropped his tools to listen to the two voices separated from him merely by a hedge. Presently the owners of the voices came along the path from the wharf where they had tied their little boat, and entered the next yard. First came Mrs. Lacey, the widow who lived in the rose-covered cottage next door, then Annette, the little "home" girl whom she had taken to raise, then—yes, truly, that conceited young dog, Harry Carscallen, who since his arrival at the *Bellevue* a few days ago had struck up an amazing intimacy with Widow Lacey. He was carrying the empty baskets he had helped her to fill with vegetables and load on

her little punt early in the morning, ready to sell to the city people in the summer cottages all along the lake shore. Although a larger load than usual, it had all been disposed of, and free indeed was the widow with her thanks, for it was due to the young man's energy that she had secured some new orders right in the face of several competitors who were beginning to find out the profits of her trade.

Mr. Cox took it as a personal grievance, this familiarity of young Carscallen with the Widow Lacey. Interference, he called it. Who had looked after the Widow Lacey all these years when the youth, Carscallen, was a child in arms? Hadn't *he* spaded her garden? Hadn't *he* tied up her grapes, and pruned her young trees in the intervals between his duties as chief gardener of the *Bellevue*? Hadn't *he* recommended her to get little Annette to stay with her when her own daughter, Madeline, had taken a position in the city? It was insufferable to see this young prig strut about the place as if he owned the widow and her whole establishment.

Carscallen had thrown off his coat and was putting all his strength on the cucumber bed.

"Let him sweat," thought Peter Cox. "Let him do the work. But he can't plant the cucumbers. They'll have to call me for that."

How young the widow looked in her blue galatea house-dress and check

apron? He could see through the hedge that she and Annette were trimming the rose bushes. The conversation seemed to be one constant round of jest.

How *very* pretty she looked!

But she was twice the youth's age. It couldn't be that he was thinking of—yes, some of those city rogues would do anything for a home and a bit of property.

There was a past tradition which most people around Bellevue knew and respected. Twenty years ago Peter Cox had been thwarted in his wooing of this same lady, then Kitty Cook, the handsome dark-eyed belle of the village. He was gardener at the *Bellevue* then as now, but young, sentimental, and woefully sensitive. No one guessed how it hurt him to see young Lacey carry her off, because, forsooth, he had a horse and rig and wore fine clothes cut by a city tailor.

Peter Cox had made a pretty good show of not caring. After Lacey had been dead ten years he was still pretending he didn't care. He had made up his mind to tell her sometime, all the same; just any time now since he had been installed head gardener, with an income in salary to correspond with his titular honours. But the current of his blood ran slow with middle age, and his timidity had increased. If he had half the brass of Harry Carscallen, he told himself, it would have put him through that trying interview long ago.

Peter sauntered up to the low hedge separating the *Bellevue* lawn from the widow's garden.

"Want your cucumbers planted?" he asked, leaning on his spade.

The young man, having just finished, had gone to wash his hands in the kitchen.

"It will not be necessary to trouble you, Mr. Cox," said the widow with one of her rare upward glances; "Harry has just been doing it for me."

"Not deep enough, not deep

enough. A wretched bungle he has made of it."

"What's the matter, Mr. Cox?" asked Carscallen, coming around the corner.

"A fine evening, sir," returned Peter, and retreated ignominiously toward the hotel.

The widow smiled and then sighed as she glanced after the stalwart figure, but both were lost in the shadows.

It was something of a fight before Mrs. Lacey was placed in the foremost position among the gardeners who had sprung up in Bellevue, but, thanks to Harry Carscallen's energy, she suffered nothing from her competitors, even gained something from a study of their methods. Having settled her business position once and for all, Harry became her right-hand man, undertaking to straighten her fences, nail down the loose boards in the front walk, and trim her side of the hedge.

One day, before Peter had well finished his noon-day meal in the hotel kitchen, he was roused by the clatter of a lawn-mower near at hand. He went to the window and discovered Carscallen shoving the machine assiduously over Mrs. Lacey's grass.

And he had taken the hotel lawn mower to do it!

Peter's exasperation lent wings to his feet. He was out and across the yard in an instant.

"The mower, please!" he said peremptorily.

"I am nearly done," replied Carscallen pleasantly.

"See here, young man" (Cox always put emphasis on the "young"), "what business have you interfering with hotel property?"

"Well, if you must have it," said Harry, handing it over with the utmost good nature, "be good enough to finish this corner before you go."

Peter took it with a jerk, running it carefully over the very part Harry had finished, pushing it well around

the flower beds with the air of a master-gardener.

The young man had thrown himself down at the feet of Mrs. Lacey, who was sewing on the porch, and began to play with her spools of thread.

"Well, it's much pleasanter to watch you do it than to be doing it myself," he called.

Peter finished his task in dignified silence. Then he came up to the porch and addressed Mrs. Lacey, apparently as oblivious of her companion as of the door mat.

"There," he said, "that cut ought to do you for awhile. The next time you want the lawn trimmed, Mrs. Lacey, have the goodness to come to me. The hotel cannot lend its machines to any kid who may take a notion to cut grass."

"That choke," said Mr. Peter Cox to himself as he moved away, "would be enough to convince most people that they're not wanted. But there's some can't take a hint. And he's one," he added, looking back through the hedge.

The young man had taken a seat opposite the widow and with chin in hands was gazing up eagerly into her face. He seemed to be asking some question about the place with his monstrous authoritativeness. The widow's answer came quite distinctly.

"Do just as you like, dear Harry. You will soon be a part of the household, and I desire that you shall make yourself quite at home."

Cox reeled. Part of the household! Was he too late again? Must he stand by a second time and watch the enactment of the little drama? How old was the fellow, anyway, to display such serpent-like wisdom? Since the fashion for clean shaving came in one could not tell a man's age within ten years. Even he might look quite youthful with his beard off.

What if he did it? He was a dolt to let himself be so easily displaced after well-nigh thirty years of devoted service. The widow thought well of him, respected his judgment,

deferred to his opinion. He might yet persuade her from her folly of taking a boy to raise.

Down came his razor and began to ply vigorously on the full beard. He almost shouted with delight when he saw the result. He was a new man. He looked as young as Carscallen.

Where was his Sunday suit? Did that stupid maid think he would never wear it again? Would the widow think it ridiculous at that time of day, during work hours and all? No. Lacey had won his way by appearances; Carscallen was about to do the same. Away with timidity: it had been the curse of his existence.

Carscallen had been seen to take his hat and swing down the street at a tremendous pace, as if on some important errand. Peter had visions of interviews with the village parson, or the issuer of marriage licenses.

But the widow still sat placidly sewing on the porch, the roses clustering around her head, and Annette at work in the flower-beds in the distance.

Peter screwed his courage to the sticking point and stepped out on the other side of the hedge.

Though she seemed to sew busily, the widow saw him out of the corners of her eyes.

"Competition," she murmured, thinking of Harry's favourite maxim, "is the life of more trades than gardening."

Peter came up to the verandah and took the seat Carscallen had vacated. He fell into exactly the same position, for he had admired it in spite of himself, as he watched his rival with jealous eyes.

The widow stopped sewing to inspect him.

"I hardly knew you, Mr. Cox," she cried admiringly.

"I have just come to the conclusion, Mrs. Lacey," said Peter, inflating his chest, "that I am as good as anybody else."

"Indeed, I have always thought that, Mr. Cox," she replied earnestly.

"Where's Carscallen?" he asked casually.

"He went into the village," she responded non-committally.

"So I observed," said Peter drily. She stitched away with closed lips.

"Annette," she called after awhile, "come and tie up this vine. It catches my hair."

"I will do it," said Peter, preferring Annette at a little distance.

"I've been thinking," he began awkwardly while his back was turned and his hands busy with the vine, "that some one ought to warn you about—about that fellow."

"Harry?" she ejaculated in surprise. "And I have learned to think so much of him."

"He may be all right," said Peter; "but he's a city dandy, remember. You don't know his family. Be careful. If anything happens, remember I warned you that I don't like his looks."

"You astonish me," cried the widow. "What reason——"

"It had seemed to me," interrupted Peter with dignity, "more suitable like, more proper, if it was you and me buckling up."

"Oh! That would be lovely," cried the lady, clasping her hands. "But it could never be, Peter. Don't you remember you told me twenty years ago that you—that you hated me, that I was false, that I ruined your life?"

"Kitty"—it was the dear, familiar name of long ago—"for heaven's sake,

Kitty, don't bring that up. The anger of a man who knew he was beaten, forgive it—forget."

He took her hand and was trying to look into her dear eyes, lowered and averted now in real nervousness, when the gate clicked and the familiar tread of Carscallen was heard on the walk.

Peter Cox stiffened into iron.

But who was this tripping behind the young man, with a face like an opening rose and all the frills and flutterings of charming girlhood? Whose was the suit-case which the young gentleman carried?

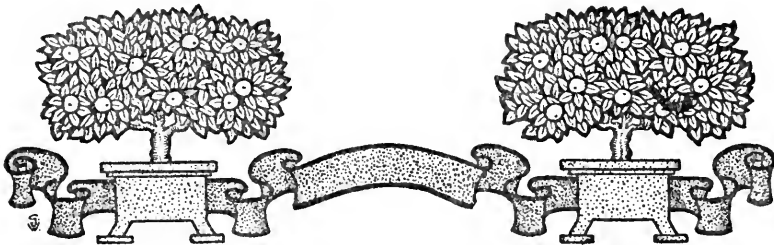
"Why, why, Madeline! Bless me, it's little Madge!" cried Peter, as the girl sprang into her mother's arms. Harry stood back with folded arms, looking on with an air of proud possessorship.

"Is your daughter home to stay?" ventured Peter, as the young people passed, laughing and chatting, into the house.

"You see, she and Harry are to be married a week from Wednesday," said the widow demurely. "Harry got down here some days before her, so he filled in the time by getting into my good graces. Not that he needed to blister his hands with work, silly boy. I took him to my heart from the first."

"Well, well, well," ejaculated Peter, "I didn't know—"

In fact no one knew all the fine points in the game but the widow, and—she didn't tell.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE British parliamentary election at the historic town of Stratford-on-Avon, England, appealed with a very special degree of interest to Canadians, because of the candidacy of Mr. Joseph Martin, the well-known Canadian lawyer and politician. Mr. Martin is always a great fighting man and possessed of an extraordinary degree of personal force. Within a year or two after he had moved from Winnipeg to British Columbia in 1896 he had become the stormy petrel of the politics of the latter province, as he had formerly been of those of Manitoba, and apparently he had hardly reached the shores of Britain before he had plunged into the turmoil of an election campaign. The result, which was determined on May 4, was almost sure, as it did, to favour Mr. Martin's opponent, who is an ardent militarist.

*

The campaign was, however, a curiously complicated one. Captain Kincaid-Smith, the late member, captured the seat for the Liberals at the general elections of 1906, after a long era of Conservative representation. However, Captain Kincaid-Smith resigned to test the feeling of the constituency on the defence question—that is, more particularly, military defence, he being an ardent advocate of national military training. It was his vote against the Liberal Government, however, on the vote of censure on the naval question that aroused the ire of his constituents and

caused them to censure him in form, whereupon he resigned his seat and sought reelection. He remains an ardent freetrader, which probably prevented the Unionists from endorsing him. So the contest became three-cornered. The Unionist may perhaps be described as militarist and protectionist, the independent Liberal, the late member, as free-trade and militarist, and the straight Liberal, Mr. Joseph Martin, as free-trader and antimilitarist. Aside from the local constituency there will be a wide sympathy with the man who takes so straightforward a plan of testing public sympathy, though his plan may prove to have been anything but good electioneering.

*

Extraordinary interest attaches also to the budget which Mr. Lloyd-George must now shortly introduce into the Imperial Parliament. Instead of being able to curtail his expenditure, as was the case with Mr. Fielding in the Canadian budget, because of any lack of buoyancy in the revenue, Mr. Lloyd-George must find extra revenue equalling almost the whole of Canada's income—over \$70,000,000. Of course the money will be raised, and the question of ways and means has caused encouraging presentations of Britain's wealth, and this particularly by comparison with Germany, the country with which, for well defined reasons, Britain's resources are just now being chiefly matched. Mr. Chiozza-Money,

M.P., a distinguished financial authority, has decided that it requires but a very slight effort on England's part to put German rivalry quite out of the question and contrasts the two following statements: (1) "Britain—The five million richest British people have an annual income of not less than £900,000,000;" (2) "Prussia—The seventeen million richest Prussian people have an annual income of only £600,000,000." And again, says Mr. Money, "In the last ten years, in spite of the great increase in expenditure, the incomes (gross—the net is not much less) of the income tax paying classes (over £160 a year), who number about a million families only, have risen from £763,000,000 to £1,025,000,000 (the latter figure my own estimate, but a conservative one). Increase in expenditure, 32.2 per cent.; increase in taxed income, 34.4 per cent. On the whole, it certainly looks as if Great Britain can stand a severe financial strain far better than Germany."

*

How the additional burden will be distributed is the question. An ingenious argument advanced in favour of letting the new taxation descend to those who are now exempt is that such a procedure may tend to render them unwarlike, the fear of taxation serving to counteract jingoism; this is a somewhat specious appeal to a peace-loving government to get money out of tea and sugar, the duties on which, restored to their figures of a few years ago would, it is pointed out, secure between six and seven million pounds, nearly half the sum required. A tax on motor cars, and a partial suspension of the sinking fund, it is urged, with the inevitable contribution from liquor, would do the rest. It is likely that the last part of the programme will be acceptable enough to a radical government, but for the former we may see substituted a graduated income tax which will rest lightly enough, after all, on those five

millions of wealthy ones to whom Mr. Chiozza-Money draws attention. And the sinking fund will not be tapped without reluctance, for the present British Government has prided itself, and not without reason, on the remarkable record it has made in reducing the national debt.

*

The strongest men become curiously childlike when they step obviously outside the regions where their experiences have qualified them to act as advisers. Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose commercial instincts enabled him to amass a prodigious fortune, regards affairs of state and great currents of national emotion as matters not more difficult of adjustment and regulation than the capitalisation of financial concerns, or the blowing in or out of blast furnaces. It is probably true, too, that if Mr. Carnegie had been President of the United States or Premier of Great Britain, he would not have left things any worse than they are now in each of these countries. But Mr. Carnegie supposes, or speaks as if he supposes, that government is possible on ideal lines — on lines such as he never dreamed of pursuing, needless to say, when in the steel business; then he did as others did, but more skilfully, and as a statesman we may be sure also that he would have found it impossible to depart from the tracks beaten by all the world. There is a temptation to smile therefore, if one may be allowed to smile at so great a man, when we find Mr. Carnegie gravely advising the Peace Society of New York to organise a League of Peace that shall be strong enough to put down its foot and prevent war.

*

This highly practical suggestion is the outcome of the multi-millionaire's thoughts on the foolishness of the rivalry in Dreadnoughts between Britain and Germany and the calamitousness of a war between these great nations,

which we all freely admit. Mr. Carnegie would have the building of Dreadnoughts stopped; but we may ask how would his League of Peace deal with an obstreperous Britain or an obstreperous Germany, unless the League is stronger in Dreadnoughts than the obstreperous party, and how in any case could the Peace League be a thing of force, with its ships and guns and trained men and what not ready for emergencies, without the maintenance of that militant spirit which Mr. Carnegie and the Peace Society deplore, and, which it must be conceded, cannot be schooled and graduated at will?

*

Let the Peace Society and all else work night and day for peace, not only as between nations, but as between the various classes of society and as among men themselves, but do not let us suppose human nature is to be revolutionised by a few bland words and by the framing of a few regulations. We need but look at the Armenian massacres in Syria, at the impending revolution at Constantinople, at the atrocities daily perpetrated in Persia, at the political chaos in the Balkans, at the endless chapter of horrors, in fact, which the world presents to-day, to realise that it is facts and not theories that we have to face. "We have got in future to face the world," says the *Spectator*, still one of the first of English journals in moderation of tone, liberality of sentiment, and measured weight of words, "not as we should like it to be, but as it is,—the world of blood and iron, controlled by men who are not humanitarians and philanthropists, but persons intensely human on the other side of man's nature, persons who do not take what they would call a Sunday-school view of the world, but rather the view that man is still a wild beast, that the race is to the strong and not to the well-intentioned, that victory belongs to the big battalions, not to those who say that

they envy no man anything, and who cannot understand why nations should hate or be jealous of each other." The average man feels and knows, no matter how reluctant he may be to admit it, that this is a true picture in rough outline of the world in which we live, and in which, if we would continue to live, we must become a part of the mass.

*

There is endless loose talk concerning the inefficiency of British diplomacy in its relation to Canada and the United States, and it is assumed by the hasty newspaper reader that there must be much truth in the broad statement so freely made that Canada has been invariably worsted in all such cases. The effect, and less frequently, the intention, of such charges is to create bad blood between Britain and Canada, to give Canadians the impression that England has always sacrificed their interests and that they are entitled to hold a grudge against her. Dr. MacPhail has, in the last two issues of the *University Magazine*, done something to correct this untenable theory of Britain's systematic sacrifice of Canada, but it is hardly to be hoped that his effort, able as it is, will overtake the countless loose and inaccurate statements on the subject which have been current so long, or will counteract those that are still circulated by careless or prejudiced writers and thinkers. Doubtless there have been cases where Canada was unfairly worsted, and some of the protests of Canadian speakers and writers have been honest and sincere. But it is nothing short of outrageous to preach the doctrine so freely circulated in some quarters that Britain has consistently and callously, if not deliberately, sacrificed Canadian interests.

*

The blood spilling in the Turkish revolution was late in coming but it had to come, apparently. Presumably it was the last desperate effort

of old Abdul, whose vices and whose cunning have so long combined to baffle and mystify the nations of Europe. How it will end is not clear at the moment of writing, but it may surely be taken for granted that the Young Turk movement for the general emancipation of Turkey from worse than mediæval barbarity and ignorance will ultimately triumph in some form, and that the triumph will not be long delayed. Undoubtedly Austria is largely responsible for the reaction against the Young Turks, her ruthless

and successful snatch at two provinces that were still at least nominally within the Turkish Empire, having gravely discredited the powers of the Reform leaders to protect the Sultan's territory; and such an incident might well have wrecked the best of all possible organisations. Part of the trouble that has faced the Reform leaders has been the difficulty of finding men in sympathy with their views and of training and experience such as would qualify them to fill the official places throughout the Empire, which consequently have remained in the hands of the Sultan's faithful attachés, and have been centres of disloyalty to the new régime. The parliament at Constantinople is but the first step after all in a long and difficult road, and before the second step can be taken it may be that the parliament will have, at least temporarily, ceased to be. Success to the Young Turks in any event seems to be the unanimous sentiment of the western world, which has long revolted at the horrors of the Sultan's dark régime.

*

The visit of Mr. Roosevelt to British South Africa will be the occasion of attracting particular attention to that part of the British Empire during the next few months and may be the



The Peace Statue is certainly lovely

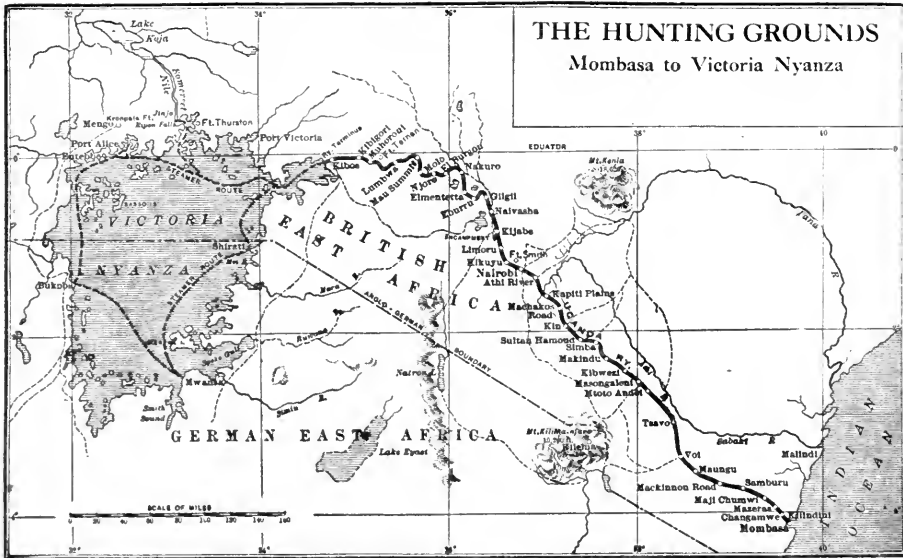


—But what if it thaws?

IN THE BALKANS

—Pasquino (Turin)

means of causing many to realise the remarkable development that has taken place during the last few years in a country that to us seems exceedingly remote. Nowhere has there been a more striking example of the civilising influences of the British system and of the peaceful progress that is possible and almost invariable within its borders. From Mombasa on the Indian Ocean to the Lake Victoria Nyanza British capitalists have constructed a railway which enables the traveller now to perform in two days with the ordinary comforts of life a journey which a few years ago could not be accomplished under four months, required an armed escort, and was a task of the greatest danger. Passengers on the train may look from the windows and see occasionally a roving giraffe or lion, or even a herd of elephants; herds of antelope, too, are a common sight, but this, of course, is a spectacle frequently encountered on our own western plains, and sounds less strange to Canadian ears. The whole country is now policed by "soldiers of the King" who were a few years ago marauding barbarians, and at Nairobi, half way to Nyanza, there are engine works and forges, at which other natives who a few years ago smeared their faces with ochre and robbed and killed indis-



Map showing the location of Mau Summit (near the upper end of the railway), in the vicinity of which Roosevelt bagged his first lions

criminally, are wielding hammers and working delicate machinery. Southwest of British East Africa lies German East Africa. Here there is no railway and there has been no striking change from former conditions, offering a suggestive contrast with the British colony alongside. Even to British settlers this newly opened region is successfully appealing, and over a million acres have been taken up by white settlers and farmers, with this result, among others, that the great game is retreating into the remoter districts. One interesting colonist in the district, who is to be the host of Mr. Roosevelt for a while, is an American gentleman, W. N.

McMillan by name, a big game hunter who has built himself a house from the verandahs of which hundreds of wild animals are nearly always in sight. The first message received by Mr. Roosevelt on landing at Mombasa was a telegram of welcome from King Edward, and the ex-President will hardly escape or perhaps desire to escape the ægis of the British Empire during his journey across Nyanza and one at Wadi-Halfā by way of Khar-toum. Mr. Roosevelt's travels, and the stories he will have to tell concerning them on his return, will have a valuable educational effect on his countrymen, and possibly on others than his countrymen.





THE MAID.

By Theodore Roberts.

Thunder of riotous hoofs over the quaking sod;
Clash of reeking squadrons, steel-capped, iron-shod;
The White Maid and the white horse and the flapping banner of God.

Black hearts riding for money; red hearts riding for fame;
The Maid who rides for France, and the King who rides for shame—
Gentlemen, fools and a saint riding in Christ's high name!

"Dust to dust!" it is written. Wind-scattered are lance and bow.
Dust, the Cross of Saint George; dust, the banner of snow.
The bones of the King are crumbled, and rotted the shafts of the foe.

Forgotten, the young knight's valour; forgotten, the captain's skill;
Forgotten, the fear and the hate and the mailed hands raised to kill;
Forgotten, the shields that clashed and the arrows that cried so shrill.

Like a story from some old book, that battle of long ago:
Shadows, the poor French king and the might of his English foe;
Shadows, the charging nobles and the archers kneeling a-row.—
But a flame in my heart and my eyes, the Maid with her banner of snow!
—*Pall Mall Magazine.*

✱

THE MARTYRED MAID.

THE French have the poetic facility for commemoration and romantic ceremonial. They have shown this

especially in the case of Joan of Arc, the peasant girl of Domrémy whose visions were an inspiration which finally restored Charles to the French throne. In any case, England would have been forced to abandon her costly campaign in France, but to the people of that pleasant land, Joan has always appealed as a saviour, although the immediate result of her efforts was failure, even unto martyrdom. Her story is never old to the novelist, her figure never becomes prosaic to the artist. During this year, the canonisation of Joan of Arc by the authorities of the Church of Rome has led to renewed interest in the warrior-maid. That such a theme should attract the Canadian poet, Theodore Roberts, is not surprising, for Eastern Canada should be readier than any land outside France to understand the poetic appeal of the peasant girl in mystic white armour, led by the voices which came to her in the forest, to rescue the king of her realm.

✱

THE NORTHERN TRAIL.

IS it a far cry from Joan of the Fifteenth Century to a Canadian woman explorer of the Twentieth? Perhaps, it may seem a return to the prosaic. Yet the adventures of the modern journalist are not without touches of that "True Romance" which the poet Kipling has sung. Miss

Agnes Deans Cameron has gone to the rescue of no distressed monarch, has ridden at the head of no victorious forces; yet she comes unto her own people with tales of a wonderful land in our great unspoiled places, which stir us as the travellers' stories have ever moved our wandering race. Miss Cameron, as was observed in the May issue of this magazine, is now a "resident" of Chicago, so far as that term may be used of one who finds herself at home by a camp fire, in a boat on a northern river or in a fort somewhere on the verge of the Arctic Circle. Miss Cameron, however, as becomes her Kipling-love, belongs to her own Dominion yet and has a realisation of what this country means such as is given to few of its daughters.

* Miss Cameron has recently been lecturing in the City of Toronto and has captured the Ontario capital as surely as even her ardent Canadianism might desire. She is a native of Vancouver Island, and that delectable spot on our Pacific Coast may well be proud of its exploring child, for Miss Cameron makes one realise all the buoyant hopefulness of a land "where West is East, beside our landlocked blue."

The most delightful feature in this Scottish-Canadian explorer is her absolute enjoyment of all her wanderings. Do not mention the word, "hardship," in her hearing, if you do not wish to arouse the humorous scorn of this dauntless traveller, who has made friends with sun and wind and rain, until such a term as hardship has no significance. Her story is one of surpassing interest, told as only its native *Tusitala* could relate its strange delights; and, withal, the woman is as magnetic as the unworn way she has taken, for her hearers feel throughout the spoken narrative the charm of a frank, wholesome personality. She is as freshly stimulating as a September day on one of our northern lakes, when the breeze comes from the West and brings dreams of the pineland — and what

more can a Canadian say in tribute to a daughter of the Dominion?

*

TORONTO UNIVERSITY AND CO-EDUCATION.

THE enthusiastic advocates of co-education may be given pause by the recent report adopted by the University Senate in Toronto, when by a vote of twenty-eight to eight, that body appeared to favour "a possible college for women." The report declares:

"Experience has made quite indisputable the general law that in the occupations where women predominate men tend to disappear, and where men predominate women tend to disappear. Neither sex likes the predominance of the other in their chosen field of labour. What is happening in the University of Toronto is already greatly in evidence elsewhere, that men abandon the courses specially favoured by women, such as modern languages, while women do not select courses specially favoured by men, such as political science. The most natural solution of the difficult problem would be to organise women into a separate college."

For some time, a growing discontent with co-education in the universities has been quite apparent; but the difficulty in Canada regarding a university for women is largely financial. In Ontario, the average citizen is so absolutely convinced that he has the best of everything in the form of education, that it is somewhat amusing to hear his expressions of incredulity over the statement that Smith College, to say nothing of Bryn Mawr, may be regarded as the equal if not the superior of the august University of Toronto. There are Toronto citizens quite capable of believing that the public schools in their city are as good as those of Boston or Washington, while to insinuate that a Canadian woman would find a "higher" course at Bryn Mawr than at the University in Queen's Park, Toronto, is

almost high treason. As has been said before in these columns, there is better instruction and there is more freedom for a girl in a university for women than in a co-educational institution. Some day Canada will have enough money to build a university which may approach the great United States universities for women. Then we shall see how poor a system was the much-lauded co-education.

*

WOMEN WORKERS.

OF the making of societies there is no end, but the International Council includes them all—or nearly all. The great gathering in Toronto during the month of June will represent twenty-three countries in so far as the activities of feminine organisations are concerned. Most of the speakers will address the audiences in English, for, unlike Canadian delegates, the majority of those who are coming from other than Anglo-Saxon countries have a speaking acquaintance with more than one language. The women of the International Council are of the most broadminded and capable type—neither faddists nor gaddists—and the recital of their varied experiences in philanthropy, literature, education or art cannot fail to result in a wider grasp of the questions with which women's organisations must deal. The day has gone when the woman interested in matters of social or national interest is to be ridiculed or misrepresented. The deepest work for any woman to accomplish is that which lies within her own home. But, while that is true, it is also an obvious fact that there are certain public duties or activities which can be carried on effectively, only through womanly agencies. Charities need both masculine and feminine management if the greatest good is to be accomplished, and the whole fabric of our modern philanthropy would fall to shreds if women were to withdraw their influence and activity.

Perhaps I take an optimistic view



A TYPE OF CANADIAN BEAUTY

of the sex, but it has always seemed to me that the vast majority of women are doing their duty to their homes, are looking well to the ways of their households and are in no danger of eating the bread of idleness. It always gives me a sensation of wearied amusement when a clergyman or an editor takes sermon or pen in hand, with the object of enlightening woman as to her duty in the home. There are few bridge fiends in the land and they are, what dear, crusty old Carlyle would call "mostly fools," who would be quite incapable of doing any effective work if they *did* stay home. Let a woman do her domestic duty by all means, but she does not need to forget the needs of the world outside and she may sometimes stretch



MISS AGNES DEANS CAMERON

Ringing the bell of the Roman Catholic Mission at Fort Rae, on the north shore of Great Slave Lake

a hand of comradeship or help beyond the hedge of her own domain.

*

BRIC-A-BRAC.

DURING the last ten years there has been a distinct improvement in the appearance of the Canadian parlour or drawing-room — marked by the disappearance of many of those small articles, supposed to be for adornment, but acting chiefly as a trap for unwary masculine feet. In an article on "The Sins of Bric-à-Brac" in a recent number of *The Designer*, Sophie K. Underwood says:

"Come out from under the weight of your trashy treasures, oh, bric-à-brac sinners! Behold—a rack to hold the books you love best and read most often, a lamp to give you a kindly light at eventide, a vase to hold the beauty and grace of fresh-gathered flowers, a clock that

shall count your precious minutes truly, a bag for your sewing and a copper jug for your pencils—these are all you need. When you realise this, the reign of terror of the dustcloth will be ended, and even the heaviest-handed housemaid can not create very great devastation in your home. The rest is exceeding peace."

Truly, these are the words of wisdom and it is to be hoped they will be taken to heart by the feminine reader. The dusting of the bric-à-brac parlour was a burden and a snare. One was in terror of knocking over vases or treading under foot some richly-embroidered piece of fancy-work, on which marguerites or roses were fearfully and wonderfully wrought. But the mission furniture has done much to banish the trivial adornments and the masculine members of the household may well rejoice in the change.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

*"There's a star above the canyon and the
early wind is sweet,
And all the peaks o' Paradise are laid
before my feet,
But O, I'm weary, weary, and they will
not let me be, -
The misty hills o' Kerry runnin' outwards
to the sea.*

Marjorie L. Pickthall

An autograph verse from a poem by Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

COLONEL GEORGE T. DENISON, of Toronto, has written a history of most of his own life under the title "The Struggle for Imperial Unity." Without reflecting on the Colonel's good intention or on the value of the book as a reminiscence, it can be said that the title might quite as appropriately have been "How We Saved Canada for the Empire." No one would care to say that since about the time of Confederation Colonel Denison has not taken a very keen interest in all movements affecting the national spirit of Canada and the imperial spirit of the Empire. First it

was Canada—how could Canada be saved from secession, disintegration or annexation to the United States? This was a very grave question that confronted the Colonel and his seven or eight patriotic associates in the days when the East knew not the West, when the binding influence of steel rails and increasing population was not felt as it is felt now; but the Colonel and the other founders of the Canada First party faced it, and it is gratifying to know that the author of this book has lived to witness the fruition of the hopes and desires of those and later uncertain times—the Red River Rebellion, the Independence

agitation, the Commercial Union period, the formation of the Imperial Federation League, the "contest with Goldwin Smith," etc. But in time the Canadian Ship of State was piloted into pretty safe waters. Then the problem of cementing the Empire together loomed up, and the Colonel immediately took a hand in it. He went on several missions to England, he became President of the British Empire League in Canada, he corresponded with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, and he made numerous Imperialistic speeches. These things are set forth in detail in the book. To be sure, the destiny of the Empire is not concluded, but advice is given as to what should be done here in Canada:

"We must not forget that with a powerful neighbour alongside of Canada, speaking the same language, and with necessarily intimate commercial intercourse, an agitation for closer relations, leading to ultimate absorption, is easy to kindle, and, being so plausible, might spread with dangerous rapidity. This is a danger that those both in Canada and Great Britain who are concerned in the future of the British Empire would do well to take to heart, and by strengthening the bonds of Empire avert such dangers for the future."

The book is well set up, with a photogravure portrait of the author for frontispiece. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth. \$2).

*

A NOVEL OF REALNESS.

John Galsworthy, the author of "The Country House," has prepared us to expect realism from his pen and in "Fraternity" our expectations are satisfied—almost to satiety. It is all terribly, baldly, depressingly real; so real that even at the end of things, when the hero might with propriety relax and do something a little bit improbable without harm to himself and with satisfaction to his readers, he refuses to do it. It seems almost impossible that, in a book, a hero should hesitate to run away with a heroine simply because at the last

moment he doesn't like her and thinks that they would both be miserable. The realness of such a thing makes one gasp! But then, the titles of hero and heroine are out of place as applied to any of Mr. Galsworthy's people; perhaps Mr. Galsworthy thinks heroism of any kind unreal—if so we are much the poorer. One likes to conjecture what talent such as his could do if used to illumine those small finer things which may perhaps still be hidden under the débris of our very modern human nature!

"Fraternity" is written with consummate skill. It is so much more than clever that one finds it hard to choose a word if wishing to stop short of saying that it is a work of genius. All of its people are convincing, all its deductions are faithfully and logically drawn. Whether the characters make their own beds or have their beds made for them the author insists that they shall lie upon them to the bitter end (the end is nearly always bitter, too). As a study in sociology, the trouble is that while we obtain a vivid picture of pressing need, a great cry for "something to be done," we gain not the slightest idea of how to do it. This is done with intention, of course, as being necessary to the proper balance of the book and is in keeping with its atmosphere of the desperately real but—it leaves us with a disquieted heart. Somehow we do not look for as much reality in our literature as in our lives. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

A SOULLESS WOMAN

"The Lure of Eve," by Edith May Moor, is a study of a woman by a woman and therefore has a very apparent element of truth. Undoubtedly *Annabel Laine* was a soulless woman with a beautiful face, doomed to bring misery to the man she married and incidentally to some other men also. The trouble is that we do not care very much what she is or what

she does, and our sympathy for her unfortunate husband is tempered with wrath at his blindness in marrying her. There is one situation in the story which may have some claim to novelty of treatment. When *Laine* finds his wife prepared to elope with a wealthy friend of his and she gives as her reason her dislike of their present poverty he actually treats her complaint as worthy of consideration, a remarkable thing for a hero of a work of fiction to do! He promises to make more money, the elopement is abandoned, the promised money is made and if they are not happy at least they are as happy as they can be. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

*

FISHING IN MANY WATERS.

After reading a recent publication entitled "Sunset Playgrounds," by Mr. F. G. Aflalo, one begins to think that here in Canada we have very few genuine sports—not of the race-track, prize-ring, pool-room, football-field type but rather the sport whose specialty is, for instance, fishing. Mr. Aflalo is an enthusiastic fisherman, and he has travelled around the world in gratification of his favourite pastime, fishing betimes in many and strange waters. His book is a most interesting and chatty volume of travel sketches, with fishing as the chief objective. He starts on the Caribbean, and the main points of contact thereafter are New Orleans, San Francisco, near which deep-sea fishing was obtained; Catalina Island, the Yosemite Valley, with three concluding chapters on Canada, starting at Victoria. While Mr. Aflalo's praise of fishing in Canada is unstinted, it is evident that his experiences were far from comprehensive, because he had practically no salmon, maskinonge or bass fishing, but was more than enthusiastic over our trout. With him and Canada, it was a case of love at first sight. "How much of its irresistible appeal may have been due to leaving Seattle, with the reek of patriotic powder still in

the air, I cannot say, but I bent the knee to Canada and shall ever number her among my loves," he writes. For anglers and tourists this is a captivating book, well illustrated. (London: Witherby and Company; New York: Scribner's Sons. Cloth, 7/6 net).

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A CANADIAN WRITER ON AMERICAN EXPANSION.

Mr. H. Addington Bruce, a Canadian who has achieved distinction in the United States, mostly as an opportunist writer, is the author of a splendid historical review of the chief events in the territorial expansion of the United States. The title of the volume is "The Romance of American Expansion," a title that is eminently justified, not only by the facts related but also by the high literary quality that pervades the narration. In a concise and illuminating manner Mr. Bruce presents the outstanding incidents to the growth of the United States, and with each particular movement or territorial acquisition he sketches the work and characteristics of the person connected most prominently therewith. He therefore connects Daniel Boone with the opening up of the West, Thomas Jefferson with the Louisiana purchase, Andrew Jackson with the acquisition of Florida, Sam Houston with the annexation of Texas, Thomas Hart Benson with the occupation of Oregon, John Charles Fremont with the conquest of California, William Henry Seward with the Alaskan cession, and William McKinley with the transmarine possessions. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. Cloth, with sixteen illustrations, \$1.75 net).

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SLANG BY AN EXPERT.

Is there such a thing as professional slang? Perhaps that is not a precise way of presenting the question, but at any rate it looks as if the American people are so apt at the creation and

use of slang that many callings have especial kinds of slang of their own. Mr. Edward W. Townsend, author of "Chimmie Fadden," is somewhat of an expert in slang. His latest venture in this line is an entertaining novel entitled "The Climbing Courvatels," in which he employs to good advantage the vernacular of the vaudeville stage. The story is that of two sleight-of-hand performers who have been reduced from good social standing but who have by *legerdemain* acquired a sufficient fortune to enable them to court once again the favour of fashionable society. They succeed, notwithstanding the difficulty they experience in trying to avoid the use of the slang they became familiar with while going about as professional entertainers and notwithstanding also the efforts of a scoundrel to keep them down. After they have climbed to the top, they, of their own free-will, disclose their past associations and are admired by friends and acquaintances for their courage and honesty. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

WITH THE MASTERS OF FINANCE.

An insight into the life of a clique of multi-millionaire speculators in New York is presented by Phillips Oppenheim in his latest novel, entitled "The Governors." The principal character study is *Phineas Duge*, a master of finance, who could wield a mighty power over the money markets of the world. The narrator treats the delineation of *Duge* in an attractive and masterly way. Enough of the make-up of this important financier is embodied in the story to cause a person to feel that he understands him fairly well, nevertheless there is considerable left to the imagination. Even after the temperament is thought to be understood, there exists with the reader a tendency to keep harping on the analysis of his personality. This man of wealth, owing to deception on the part of his daughter, regarding his secrets, banishes her from his home.

She is replaced by a young niece, who turns out to be the heroine of the story. Unavoidably the latter allows an important document to be stolen, and thereby loses for a time the favour of her uncle. To restore this document and regain her former prestige, she follows the possessor of it to London, England, and there participates in some stirring scenes. The incidents of the entire story cover only a few months' time. Interest is well sustained throughout. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

DEAN HARRIS' NEW BOOK

Dean Harris of St. Catharines, Ontario, is not only an ecclesiastic of distinction, but a writer of considerable merit. "Days and Nights in the Tropics" was a volume which described vividly scenes in Central and South America that are too little known by Canadian readers and travellers. His latest book, "By Camp and Trail", deals chiefly with districts in Lower California and Mexico and is characterised by the same penetration and discernment of unfamiliar types which made his earlier work attractive. (Toronto: Murray and Company).

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NOTES.

—First place in *The Studio* for April is given to an appreciation of the work of René Ménard by Achille Segard. The author regards Ménard as a painter of classical landscapes, and there are a number of illustrations which show that at least in subject and composition that opinion is not far wrong. There is also an article entitled "Portraits in Enamel," by Alexander Fisher. Further leaves from the sketch-book of W. H. Charlton are presented, most of them of full-page size. An article of uncommon interest, with splendid reproductions of pictures, is "The Paintings of Italoico Brass," a young Italian painter of note, by L. Brosch. (London: The Studio, 1s. net).



Within The Sanctum

THE greatest and most appalling paradox that the world has ever witnessed, a paradox that for centuries has been regarded as a maxim, flourishes forth to-day in a manner that far exceeds its mightiest achievements during the most warring times of paganism. That paradox is the preservation of peace by preparation for war. The ancients held firmly to it, and the nations of to-day have as yet failed to appreciate its fallacy. As well might we say that our houses could be kept clean by dumping all the refuse in the streets. It is the same as the old-fashioned method of encouraging righteousness by parading the devil and depicting all the torments of the damned. It is, in short, homeopathy outdone, and yet we see it now in the very hey-day of its adoption.

Would it not be ridiculous for anyone to think that in order to cultivate good neighbourhood every man should practise on a punch-bag in the back-yard, and then walk up and down in skin-tights on the front walk, with much raising of muscles and chesty protuberances? But that is almost what the nations are doing. They are all at least practising on dummies in their back-yards, and some of them are coming around to display their capabilities in front of the plate-glass windows. And it is all a result of the mistaken adage that if we wish for peace we must prepare for war.

There is also just now another universal paradox, the paradox that while this is an age of peace conferences it is also the age of greatest military and naval activity and expenditure. According to report, Germany, owing largely to her aggressive militarism, has in one generation increased her national debt from eighteen million dollars to more than a billion dollars, and the naval experts in Great Britain are calling for immense increases in the appropriations for the navy, while the Government seeks new devices for relieving the unemployed and assisting the aged poor. The finances of Russia and Japan have been woefully wrecked, and the United States, with a deficit of more than a hundred million dollars in a twelve-month, is spending this year one hundred and thirty millions on its navy.

The principle is lamentably at fault, and it must end some time. We can only wonder how and when.

The American Association of International Conciliation published recently a pamphlet containing an article entitled "The Delusion of Militarism," by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson. In this article Dr. Jefferson says in part:

"A droll man indeed is the militarist. What matters it what honeyed words the King of England and the German Kaiser interchange, so long as each nation hears constantly the launching by the other of

a larger battleship? And even though Prince Bülow may say to Mr. Asquith a hundred times a week, "We mean no harm," and Mr. Asquith may shout back, "We are your friends," so long as London and Berlin are never beyond earshot of soldiers who are practising how to shoot to kill just so long will England and Germany be flooded with the gossip of hatred, and thrown into hysteria by rumours of invasion and carnage.

"Like many other diseases, militarism is contagious. One nation can be infected by another until there is an epidemic round the world, a parade of battleships can kindle fires in the blood of even peaceful peoples, and increase naval appropriations in a dozen lands. Is it possible, some one asks, for a world to become insane? That a community can become crazy was proved by Salem, in the days of the witchcraft delusion; that a city can lose its head was demonstrated by London, at the time of the Gunpowder Plot; that a continent can become the victim of hallucination was shown when Europe lost its desire to live, and waited for the end of the world in the year 1000. Why should it be counted incredible that many nations, bound together by steam and electricity, should fall under the spell of a delusion, and should act for a season like a man who has gone mad? But is it not true that the world has gone mad? The masses of men are sensible; but at present the nations are in the clutches of the militarists, and no way of escape has yet been discovered. The deliverance will come as soon as men begin to think and examine the sophistries with which militarism has flooded the world.

"Certain facts will surely, some day, burn themselves into the consciousness of all thinking men. The expensiveness of the armed peace is just beginning to catch the eye of legislators. The extravagance of the militarists will bring about their ruin. They cry for battleships at ten million dollars each, and Parliament or Congress votes them. But later on it is explained that battleships are worthless without cruisers, cruisers are worthless without torpedo-boats; torpedo-boats are worthless without torpedo-

boat destroyers, all these are worthless without colliers, ammunition boats, hospital boats, repair boats; and these altogether are worthless without deeper harbours, longer docks, more spacious navy yards. And what are all these worth without officers and men, upon whose education millions of dollars have been lavished? When at last the navy has been fairly launched, the officials of the army come forward and demonstrate that a navy, after all, is worthless unless it is supported by a colossal land force. Thus are the governments led on, step by step into a treacherous morass, in which they are at first entangled, and finally overwhelmed.

"Militarism has foisted upon the world a policy which handicaps the work of the church, cripples the hand of philanthropy, blocks the wheels of constructive legislation, cuts the nerve of reform, blinds statesmen to dangers which are imminent and portentous, such as poverty and all the horde of evils which come from insufficient nutrition, and fixes the eyes upon perils which are fanciful and far away. It multiplies the seeds of discord, debilitates the mind by filling it with vain imaginations, corrodes the heart by feelings of suspicion and ill-will. It is starving and stunting the lives of millions, and subjecting the very frame of society to a strain which it cannot indefinitely endure. A nation which buys guns at seventy thousand dollars each, when the slums of great cities are rotting, and millions of human beings struggle for bread, will, unless it repents, be overtaken soon or late by the same divine wrath which shattered Babylon to pieces, and hurled Rome from a throne which was supposed to be eternal.

"The world is bewildered and plagued, harassed and tormented, by an awful delusion. Who will break the spell? America can do it. Will she? To ape the customs of European monarchies is weakness. Why not do a fine and original thing? Our fathers had an intuition that the New World should be different from the Old, that it had a unique destiny, and that it must pursue an original course. That is the spiritual mean-

ing of the Monroe doctrine,—that no foreign influence shall be permitted to thwart the development of America along original lines. Alas, the Old World has broken into our Paradise, and we are dethroning ideals for which our fathers were willing to die.

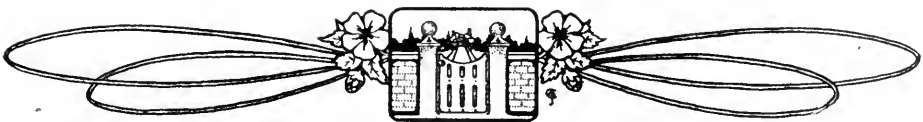
“Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war,”

said Milton to Cromwell long ago, and humanity is waiting for a nation which will win the victories that Milton saw. Will America devote herself to the work of winning these victories of peace? Will she spend half as much the next ten years in preparing for peace as she has spent the last ten years in preparing for war? Experience has demonstrated that swollen navies multiply the points of friction, foster distrust, foment suspicion, fan the fires of hatred, become a defiance and a menace, and lie like a towering obstacle across the path of nations toilsomely struggling along the upward way. The old policy is wrong. The old leaders are discredited. The old programme is obsolete. Those who wish for peace must prepare for it. Our supreme business is not the scaring of rivals, but the making of friends.

“Will America become a leader? At present we are an imitator. How humiliating to tag at the heels of Great Britain in the naval procession, haunted always by the fear that we may fall behind Germany! Why not choose a road on which it will be possible to be first? Why not head the procession of nations whose faces are toward the light? This is America’s opportunity. Will she, by setting a daring example, arrest the growth of armaments through the world? The nation which does this is certain of an imperishable renown.”

Dr. Jefferson certainly makes a pertinent suggestion. It is a suggestion that should appeal to the people of Canada even more than to the people of the United States, for, while Americans would have to retrace their steps along a course that they have pursued so very far, Canadians would have to merely stand pat. But in Canada we have militarists whose mouths are not always shut, and a certain section of the most influential press is regrettably militant. With such influences as these at work, it is rather difficult for a group of administrators to do the right thing and still remain in power.

The Editor





A SPORTING EVENT.

"My husband doesn't mind walking the floor with the baby at night any more," said Mrs. Binks.

"Why is that?" asked Mrs. Jinks.

"He makes believe it's a Marathon," said Mrs. Binks. "He covered the twenty-six miles before ten o'clock last night."—*Brooklyn Life*.

*

HIS HINT FAILED.

Curate (who struggles to exist on £120 a year with wife and six children)—"We are giving up meat as a little experiment, Mrs. Dasher."

Wealthy Parishioner.—"Oh, yes! One can so well live on fish, poultry, game, and plenty of nourishing wines, can't one?"—*Punch*.

*

HIS MOTIVE.

A.—"That old villain has gone and married his cook. I wonder at it, for her cooking is miserable."

B.—"That's all right. He has now got her out of the kitchen, and hopes she will hire a cook that will suit him."—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

UNEXPECTED CONDOLENCE.

A correspondent sends to a Paris contemporary an amusing contest of wit which he recently heard in a railway carriage on a journey between Compiègne and Rove. There were several passengers. One believed himself to possess a fund of humour which he intended to expend on a priest who got in at one of the intermediate stations. Bestowing a patronising look on the clergyman, he said:

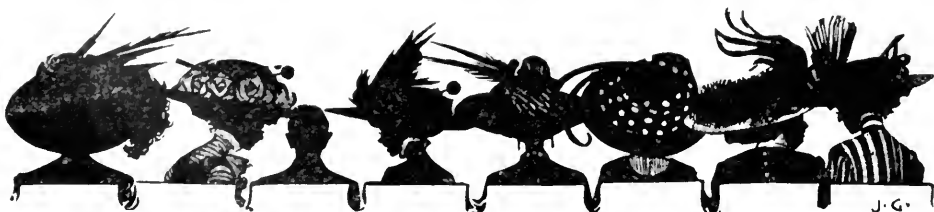
"Have you heard the news, Monsieur le curé?"

"No, my friend, I have not," was the reply; "I have been out all day, and have not had time to glance at the papers."

Then said the traveller: "It is something dreadful; the devil is dead."

"Indeed," replied the ecclesiastic, without the smallest surprise or displeasure. Then, seeming deeply touched, he added: "Monsieur, I have always taken the greatest interest in orphans. Will you accept these two sous?"

The wit, we are told, retired as gracefully and as quickly as he was able.—*London Globe*.



AT ANY MATINEE



TOURIST (who during a steady tramp has enquired, once every hour, how far is it to Ballymaloney, and has now for the third time received the same answer—namely, "About four-and-a half or five miles").
 "Thank heaven we're keeping pace with it, anyway"
 —*Punch*

THE RESULT.

"I thought you were working on Smith's new house," said the house-painter's friend.

"I was going to," replied the house-painter, "but I had a quarrel with him, and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"And did he do it?"

"Yes, that is where he put most of it."—*Christian Advocate*.

*

ELIZABETH AGAIN.

Local Elks are having a lot of fun with a member of their lodge, a Fifteenth street jeweller. The other day his wife was in the jewellery store when the 'phone rang. She answered it.

"I want to speak to Mr. H——," said a woman's voice.

"Who is this?" demanded the jeweller's wife.

"Elizabeth."

"Well, Elizabeth, this is his wife. Now, madam, what do you want?"

"I want to speak to Mr. H——."

"You'll talk to me."

"Please let me speak to Mr. H——."

The jeweller's wife grew angry. "Look here, young lady," she said, "who are you that calls my husband and insists on talking to him?"

"I'm the telephone operator at Elizabeth," came the reply.

And now the Elks take turns calling the jeweller up and telling him it's Elizabeth.—*The Denver Post*.

*

FOR A HARD MAN.

An American guest for the night at an inn in Stirling, Scotland, descended to the office at break of day and complained to the person in charge that the bed was hard.

"It was like sleeping on a board," he said.

The person in charge replied with cold austerity:

"The great Duke of Wellington once slept in that bed."

"No wonder they called him the 'Iron Duke,'" remarked the guest, ruefully rubbing his person as he turned away.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Merry Muse

STELLA AT THE SEASHORE

Giggle, giggle, little Stella,
 Underneath my big umbrella!
 If I'm still, let it amuse you;
 If I sigh, exclaim: "You goose, you!"
Howe'er my heart may writhe or
 wriggle,
 Sweet Stella, never cease to giggle!
 Your eyes are beauteous and rare,
 A golden glory is your hair,
 Your teeth a row of shining pearls,—
 You are the queen of summer girls;
 I should have mentioned, too, your
 arms;
 Yet, chief of all your varied charms,
 Come, first and last, before and after,
 Your ripples of elusive laughter,—
 Now maddening and now entreating,
 Now sounding out a music-greeting,
 Or now anon a note of warning,
 Inviting, chiding, coaxing, scorning;
 No other speech you need, fair
 maiden,—
 Each laughlet is with meaning laden;
 The more I study it, dear creature,
 The less I know.—but oh, the teacher!
 Her summer-school's beside the ocean,
 And *all* her courses spell—Emotion!

I wrote thus far, then read my ditty;
 She said it sounded "rather pretty,"
 And then she yawned—I dropped the
 MS.,
 She dropped her eyes—I caught the
 premise:
 "I am, you say, the queen of Circes;
 Well, I'm aweary of your verses;
 One's mouth should have a smile upon
 it:
 A kiss is better than a sonnet!"

Such criticism—here I swear it—
 For me has most decided merit,—
 So . . . giggle, giggle, little Stella,
 Underneath my big umbrella!

George Herbert Clarke

L'ENVOI OF THE BANTERS

When earth's last hip has been banish-
 ed, and the seams are all taken in,
 When the stoutest lady is slender and
 the fattest lady is thin,
 We shall rest—and faith, we shall
 need it—let up for a minute or two,
 Till the Master of all the Fashions
 shall set us to work anew.

Then those that are slim shall be
 happy, they shall sit in complacent
 ease;

And eat whatever they want to, and
 drink whatever they please,
 They shall have real candies to munch
 on till sweetness shall fairly pall,
 They shall doze for an hour at a sit-
 ting, and never get fat at all.

And not a *modiste* shall blame us, and
 not a *masseuse* revile;

And no one shall bant for fashion, and
 no one shall starve for style.

But each, in a calm contentment,
 with treatment to undergo,
 Shall eat and sleep as she wants to, for
 the Goddess of Shapes as they grow.

—Carolyn Wells, in *Saturday Evening
 Post*.

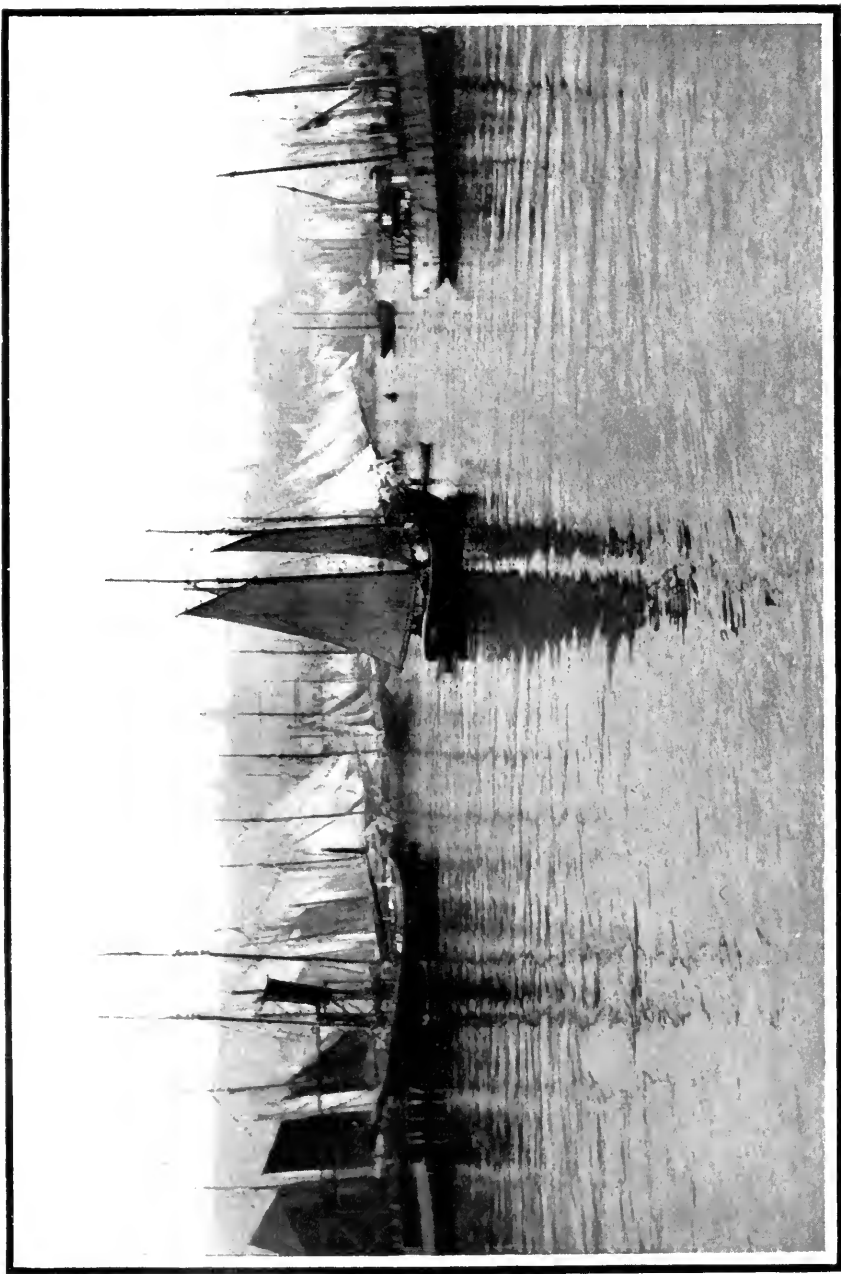
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PROSPERITY

When you've a dollar in your clothes
 The winter shows a patch of green;
 You reck not of misfortune's snows
 When you've a dollar in your clothes.
 Somewhere springs up a red, red rose,
 The cold, cold world and you
 between.

When you've a dollar in your clothes
 The winter shows a patch of green.
 —New York *Sun*.





ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND
A GRAY MORNING IN THE HARBOUR, SHOWING THE FISHING FLEET MOVING OUT

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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TORONTO, JULY, 1909

No. 3

THE LAND OF BACCALHAOS*

BY EDWIN SMITH

THE recent deadlock in the Newfoundland Legislature, and the widespread depression consequent upon the low price of fish, intensified more recently by the failure of the winter herring fishery at Bay of Islands, is bringing the "Ancient Colony" into the public eye more than at any time since the famous Bank crash of 1894 threw it on its beam ends. Newfoundland, as is well known, depends almost wholly upon its fisheries, and chiefly upon its codfishery, for the maintenance of its solvency and prosperity.

The fisheries represent fully eighty per cent. of the exports, and in order to understand the financial stringency which has now fairly settled down upon "Our Cousin to the East" it must be borne in mind that while the catch of fish remains about the same from year to year, the price has been steadily increasing for the past ten years, until last year it was double what it was a decade ago. But this year the price has suddenly fallen to what it was at the beginning of the decade. In other words, the value of last season's catch will be just

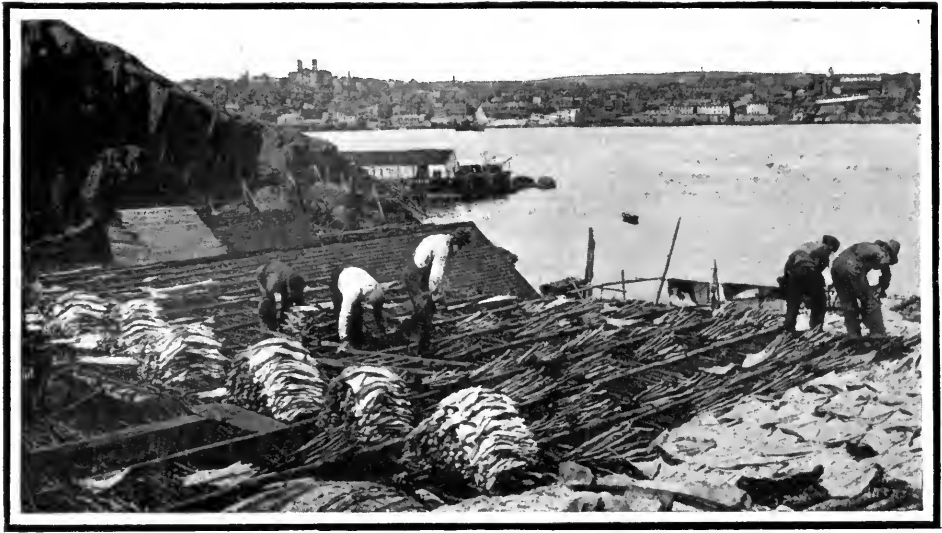
about half what it was the season before; and, instead of the merchants receiving \$7,800,000 for their fish, they will receive considerably less than \$4,000,000; and the individual fisherman who at the former price was barely able to earn \$350 will receive this year probably less than \$175 on which to support himself and family for the year, and to provide himself with an outfit for next season's work. Many, of course, will not receive that much.

To illustrate more clearly what has been brought about, a study of the



"THE NARROWS," ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

*"Baccalhaos" was the term applied to Newfoundland by the Portuguese. It means "Dried Salt Fish."



CURING CODFISH, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

exports of codfish for the last ten years will be of value.

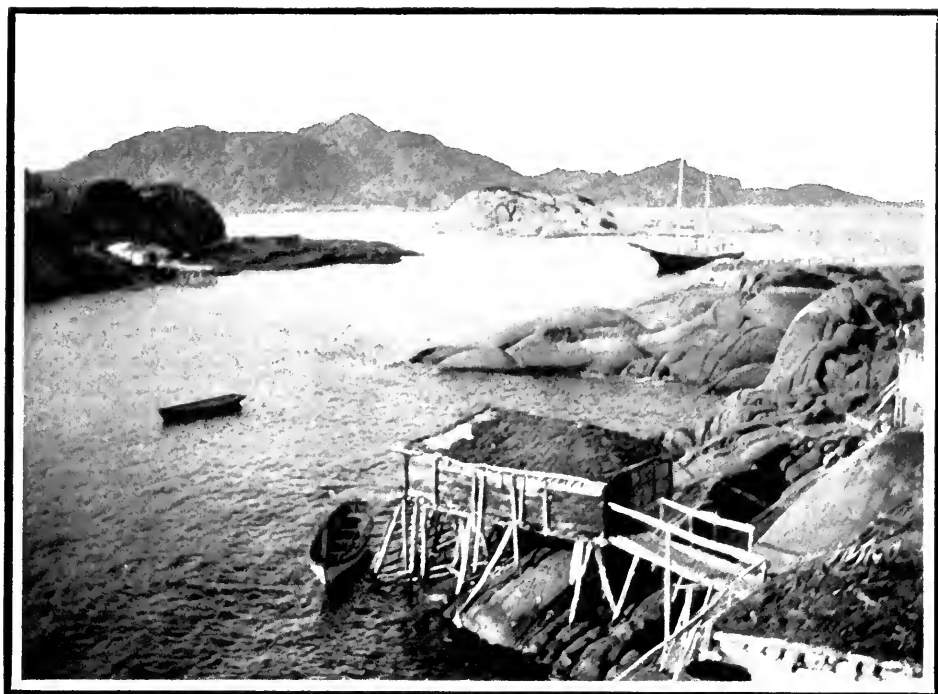
Year	Export Codfish.	Customs Revenue.
1896-7.....	\$3,685,792	\$1,438,684
1897-8.....	3,997,835	1,497,382
1898-9.....	4,445,031	1,567,085
1899-0.....	5,455,538	1,906,891
1900-1.....	5,171,910	1,897,952
1901-2.....	5,505,728	2,008,195
1902-3.....	6,333,072	2,100,993
1903-4.....	5,943,663	2,258,059
1904-5.....	6,198,618	2,295,960
1905-6.....	7,864,719	2,235,960
1906-7.....	7,766,549	2,352,056
1907-8.....	7,818,013	2,464,606

From these figures it will readily be seen how serious a matter for "The Ancient Colony" is here represented by this sudden drop in the price of fish; for, although other industries are springing up in Newfoundland, the codfishery remains the great staple and dependence of the population—the vast majority of which are fishermen, born and bred, who do not readily adapt themselves to other methods of earning a living.

The present depression is widespread and far-reaching, and every form of industry and trade, business

and commerce in the Colony is suffering seriously thereby. The latest ill report comes from Bay of Islands, to the effect that the winter herring-fishery on the west coast—the scene of the present controversy with the United States—is a failure. Last spring's seal fishery was not up to the average, and owing to many accidents to the fleet, necessitating heavy outlay for repairs, the promoters have realised much less than they otherwise would have secured. The whale fishery, also, which a few years ago had assumed enormous proportions, and was yielding handsome returns, has now almost reached the vanishing point. To complete the sum of the Colony's misfortunes comes the partial suspension of mining operations at Bell Island, during the winter months, at the very time when the men need employment most, and when, as a result of the lack of it, they will probably emigrate to other countries.

This combination of misfortune is not only causing distress among all classes of citizens, but the government will also keenly feel the loss of revenue: for a conservative estimate



A BIT OF RUGGED NEWFOUNDLAND SCENERY



A NEWFOUNDLAND COVE



PICKING UP "A PAN" OF SEALS

of the reduction in the customs revenue for the current fiscal year puts the figures at \$450,000; in other words, that the revenue will not exceed \$2,000,000.

The great drawback in Newfoundland institutions is the disproportion between the big machinery of government and the small population to be governed. A local politician has aptly described it as "the trappings of an elephant on the back of a rat."

When one considers that out of a total of twelve million dollars' worth of exports in 1906-7, the product of the fisheries accounted for more than ten millions, it is easy to see under such circumstances what a bad year in the fisheries means to "the land of historic misfortune," to use the words of Lord Salisbury. It is comparable to a failure of the potato crop in Ireland or of the wheat crop in Western Canada.

Judge Prowse of Newfoundland, while referring to the calamities and struggles of the Colony in the early

days of its unfortunate history, says:

The most wonderful feature in our Colonial history is the marvellous recuperative power of the Island population under the direct calamities. Fire and sword, storm and tempest, have devastated the land. Three times has our Capital been captured and plundered by the enemy; three times utterly consumed by fire, and again half destroyed in 1892. Wrecked by commercial disaster and financially ruined by the Bank failures of 1894, the Colony has risen like the Phoenix from its ashes, and was never so progressive, so commercially sound, and so prosperous as it is to-day (1905).

Newfoundland shall rise again. The spirit of the people of the Island is as indomitable as her natural resources are illimitable. Besides the codfishery, Newfoundland is the special home of another great industry, the pursuit of the hair seal; but, unlike the codfishery, which for four centuries shows a wonderfully steady catch, the hair seal fishery is subject to tremendous fluctuations. To quote from Sir William MacGregor's valuable report (1905): "To prove this, it



THE "GRAND LAKE" PICKING UP "A PAN" OF SEALS

is only necessary to mention here that in 1897-98 the value of the seal-skins exported was only \$129,204, against 528,150 skins, valued at \$420,869 in 1901-2. In other words, the value of seal-skins in 1901-2 was, in round figures, more than three and a half times as great as was the value exported in 1896-97."

Formerly the seal fishery was carried on in sailing vessels, and over 600 vessels were engaged in the business. They were mostly brigantines, and somewhat wedge-shaped in the floors, so that when nipped in the ice they were raised up instead of being crushed, slipping back into the water when the ice parted. Nevertheless serious mishaps not rarely occurred; but for the past half-century strong wooden steamers of special design and construction have been employed. The present fleet consists of twenty-two steamers and a few small schooners.

Early in March the seal-hunters, as the sealing vessels are called, put to sea, cutting a way out through the

ice if necessary and strike directly for the ice-fields, where the seals congregate in great numbers. The gathering together of the two great herds of seals, the harps and the hoods, at the same spot and precisely at the same time every year is one of the most interesting facts in natural history. Up to the middle of February, the seals have been wandering all over the ocean, but just at this time they settle down on the ice floe or anchor ice—a great plain, generally frozen in solid with the land and surrounding islands—for the purpose of breeding. Their whelping-place never varies more than a few miles; it lies north-east of the fiftieth parallel of north latitude, between Cape John and Belle Isle in the Straits, about fifty to a hundred miles off the land. The two herds always occupy the same relative positions, the harps being inside next the land, and the hoods a few miles outside, towards the ocean. The mother seal brings forth her young about the end of



THE IRON MINES AT BELL ISLAND, NEWFOUNDLAND

February, and they grow with astonishing rapidity in fourteen and fifteen days. The skin alone, with its inside lining of fat, attains the weight of over forty pounds. These young seals make prime oil.

The best seals are called whitecaps, harps and hoods; the last are so named because the males when attacked protect their faces with a cartilaginous visor, hard as India-rubber and impenetrable to the spear. Two men are needed to kill these—one to divert the attention of the seal while the other thrusts the lance through the throat.

Seal hunting is at best no sinecure, and the hardy, daring fishermen of Newfoundland are the only people in the world suited for carrying on this most difficult and dangerous enterprise. The men employed in this business wear snow-spectacles, but even thus do not escape a touch of snow-blindness, which is very common and painfully acute.

During the season of 1898 forty-eight sealers were frozen to death on the ice pans, and almost every season some fatalities occur. During last season, 1908, nearly all the sealing vessels were more or less damaged by

the ice, and three of them—the *Grand Lake*, *Panther*, and *Walrus*—were crushed by the ice and went down. The *Grand Lake* alone had 23,000 seals on board when an accident occurred which caused her to sink almost immediately. The crew of 200 men were left on the ice pans seventy-five miles out in the Atlantic. Fortunately they were rescued by another steamer and a terrible calamity averted. The crews of the other vessels were all taken off sometime before they went down.

The men in these sealing steamers fish on shares; one-third of the receipts goes to the crew, and the remainder to the owners of the vessel. One hundred and fifty dollars is a fair average for each man, two hundred being occasionally made in one trip, and two trips are sometimes taken in the season, which lasts until May.

Both the cod and seal fisheries have to do with the sea, and consequently the towns and villages in Newfoundland are all, or nearly all, on the coast, at the head of the many spacious bays and fjords which indent the coast-line on all sides of the Island. St. John's, the capital, has a popu-

lation of about 35,000 and occupies a commanding position on the north side of the harbour, from which it presents a very picturesque appearance climbing up the slope of the hill. The entrance to the harbour is narrow—not over 600 feet at the narrowest part—and guarded on either side by vast perpendicular cliffs five hundred feet high. Though small, it is a perfectly safe port, being sheltered from all winds, and presents in summer time a bustling appearance, being crowded with vessels of all nations.

On entering the passage to the harbour, a pungent "ancient fishy smell" informs the stranger that he has arrived at the land of the Baccalhaos; and all along the shores of the harbour on either side, the "flakes" for drying the fish may be seen. It is an interesting sight when walking in the suburbs of St. John's, to see the women and boys who cure the fish, while the men are gone to sea, driving carts drawn by diminutive ponies, and laden with salt fish, ready to be shipped to distant lands.

In other countries, the peasantry flock to the shire-town with vegetables and fruits, the product of the gardens and vineyards. In Newfoundland it is codfish that the peasantry carry to the market town.

Apart altogether from the fisheries and natural resources of the Colony, Newfoundland is famous as a sporting country; and in recent years hundreds of sportsmen from England and Canada, as well as from all parts of the United States, visit Newfoundland to fish trout and salmon or to hunt the lordly caribou, thousands of which roam over the great central plateaux, and may easily be found in herds of ten or a dozen, within easy distance of any one of several stations along the line of railway.

The most famous salmon rivers are on the west coast, and the best months for fishing are June and July. In some of the brooks of this region, where the water is not six inches deep, one can easily catch any quan-

tity of sea-trout from a half to three pounds in weight; and, some of the pools of the rivers have salmon in such abundance, and are so easily taken, that fishing ceases to become sport and degenerates into slaughter. Yet so abundant are the fish that no amount of killing seems to diminish the number that yearly return to these rivers.

"There is no handsomer fish to be seen than the West Newfoundland salmon glistening in silver and amethyst fresh run from the deep with the sea parasites still clinging to its plump gleaming sides; and certainly no salmon on all the earth has flesh of a more glowing pink, or eats with a more epicurean flavour."

Leaving the coast, and striking inland, one comes to the primeval forests of spruce and pine, which are about as destitute of traces of the supreme Caucasian race as if Columbus had never been born; and the deer still migrate unmolested from north to south and vice versa with the change of the seasons.

Newfoundland is justly famous for its fishing and sealing industries, but it also is the home of the finest race of woodland caribou in Eastern North America. "Far surpassing the European reindeer, of which it is now considered to be a sub-species, it is equal in size to the caribou of Eastern Canada, but distinctly finer in the matter of horn growth. In fact, in this respect, as well as in size of body, it has no superior except the great dark-necked caribou of the Rockies. For its size, Newfoundland contains to-day more caribou than any other part of the world, and, owing to the nutritive qualities of its super-excellent mosses and lichens, the deer grow to great excellence." Unlike Eastern Canada, caribou will be abundant in Newfoundland for many years to come, as the whole interior of the island lying between the railway and the south coast, as well as the whole of the great northern peninsula, with the exception of the

coast-line, is wholly uninhabited — I might almost say unexplored — and must form safe breeding grounds for the great herds of deer that wander at will over the vast wastes and forests and lake-strewn barrens. Despite the prodigious slaughter of these animals in past years, Newfoundland is to-day as good a hunting country as it was fifty years ago; and of how many places in America or even in the world can we say that?

Every spring and autumn caribou migrate. They go north in March and return south again between September and November. For the most part they keep to the open plateaux in large herds and follow pretty much the same line of march from year to year. The "so-called" hunters who camp for days or even weeks by the side of some well-known deer run waiting for "muckle harts" to come within range, generally succeed in obtaining a plentiful supply of deer-meat, but they seldom secure any fine "heads" which is quite right and just, for they have neither toiled nor spun.

Men like Sélous, Pritchard, Millais, and others who have been successful in securing exceptionally fine heads, have gone far afield and worked hard for days and weeks before they were able to exclaim, "Rejoice with me, for I have secured a head of forty or fifty points!"

Mr. Madison Grant, in his excellent monograph on the North American reindeer, says that "Forty points are rare, and the day of the fifty-pointers appears to have passed, even if they ever existed." Mr. Grant should visit Newfoundland, where he will still find caribou carrying more than fifty points; and almost every genuine hunter gets at least one fifty-pointer in a season. During the season of 1903 Mr. J. G. Millais, the distinguished artist and naturalist, shot stags of thirty-five, forty-five and forty-nine points, the last two being splendid specimens.

On the plateaux around the five or

six remarkable round hills that rise from the main levels, like beehives and are called Topsails, the caribou pass by thousands. In this vicinity last autumn the writer came upon a herd of caribou feeding, and was surprised to find that we were well within the hundred yard range before they took any notice of us. But we were armed with *cameras* only. I have seen single stags in their native wilds, in British Columbia and Eastern Canada, and thought them the grandest thing in creation; but fancy coming unexpectedly upon ten or a dozen caribou feeding in the open and see them dash madly past you and disappear in the bush! Such a sight fills the mind of the onlooker with that curious admiration for the grand and inexpressible that comes to all who love nature in its noblest forms.

Great numbers of the deer make their annual appearance in the plateaux just north of Placentia, Fortune and Hermitage Bay, on the south side of the Island, about the end of November, and as many as three thousand have been killed in a few days by one party of villagers. Now that the law has intervened, residents are not allowed to shoot more than two stags and one doe in a season; and strangers and aliens are given the same privilege upon payment of a license fee of fifty dollars.

It is customary for people who have never visited the "Ancient Colony" to speak of Newfoundland as a *poor barren country always enshrouded in fogs*. The meteorological records show that it contains twice as much sunshine as Great Britain; and the statement of so great an authority as that of Sir William MacGregor, the present scholarly and much-travelled Governor of the Colony, may be taken to prove conclusively that it is anything but barren. During his address at the opening of the Newfoundland Agricultural Exhibition at St. John's in October, 1906, after outlining a method for improving the agricultural conditions, he predicted a great future for

the Colony in grazing and general agriculture. His suggestions were those of a man who gets much of his information by personal inquiry. Speaking of the climatic conditions he said:

"I must frankly confess that I did not in the least understand the Newfoundland summer climate the first year I was here, owing to the fact that I spent the most interesting part of the season in Labrador. The summer just past was both a surprise and a lesson to me. At the end of June and quite up to the middle of July, it seemed to me that every crop in the country was to be a total failure. The growth that suddenly set in then was comparable only to what one sees in a well-conducted forcing bed. The whole country seemed to be transformed in a few days into an enormous greenhouse. The contrast between the beginning and the end of July was such that I doubted I had ever seen greater vegetable growth in the same time in the tropics."

Newfoundland is a big country, a third larger than Ireland and twenty-one times the size of Prince Edward Island, and when one considers the smallness of the population — only about 225,000, and nearly all fishermen—the returns from agriculture are considerable. Over a million-and-a-half dollars' worth of farm produce is raised annually on a fraction of cultivated land, which bears no appreciable relation whatever to its tributary soil uncultivated as yet, but which can and will be cultivated in the years to come. Instead of importing \$600,000 worth of farm produce each year from Canada, Newfoundland ought to aim at raising it at home, and the present depression will not be without some benefit if it helps the people to see more clearly the logic and the wisdom of the Governor's motto "back to the land."

During an extended visit to the Colony last summer, the writer saw enough to convince him that, although Newfoundland does not compare with England or Manitoba as an agricultural country, it has nevertheless large tracts of the very finest farming lands, in its many river valleys and by the margins of its in-

numerable lakes. In the Humber Valley there is an interval twelve miles long and six miles wide, with a deep fertile soil, capable of raising large crops of hay, vegetables and grain, and which is still waiting the hand of the husbandman. It is the Annapolis Valley over again, only in scenery richer and more luxuriant. And what is true of the Humber is true to a greater extent of the Codroy, Exploits, Terra Nova, Gander, and many smaller rivers.

It is hardly just to speak of a country as barren, simply because its natural resources have not been developed. In addition to its agricultural resources, Newfoundland, as is well known, is rich in minerals; and what has been looked upon as an indication of utter barrenness turns out in the light of the scientific research to really indicate one of nature's treasure houses. Almost every metallic substance of value is now found to exist in the country, and some of them in unlimited quantities.

Half a million dollars' worth of copper is mined annually at Tilt Cove; and an eminent authority assures us that there are a dozen Tilt Coves in the Colony. At Bell Island, Conception Bay, there is one of the most valuable iron mines in the world, owned and operated by the Nova Scotia Steel Company, and the Dominion Iron and Steel Company. A recent estimate of the ore in sight is twenty-five hundred million tons, and it can be loaded on the company's steamers at the island for thirty to forty cents a ton.

The forests of Newfoundland are very extensive; and it is a most significant fact that when Sir Alfred Harmsworth began to look the world over for timber areas to purchase he had no difficulty in finding what he wanted in Newfoundland, where he purchased six hundred square miles of timber-land, and established a pulp mill and a town at Grand Falls, which in a few years will be the seat of one of the greatest pulp and paper making

projects to be found in the world.

This is only one of many similar industries that Newfoundland is capable of supporting; and despite the untoward condition of affairs just now, it is the writer's opinion that the next quarter of a century will see such a development in the great natural resources of the country as has not been equalled by any other part of America in the last fifty years.

Newfoundland is easily reached *via* North Sydney by the swift and comfortable S.S. *Bruce*, which connects

at Port-aux-Basques with the Reid-Newfoundland Railway. An hour's railway ride brings you to the vicinity of "The Rivers," if you are bent on a fishing excursion; ten hours will carry you to the very centre of the caribou country, if you are after big game; thirty hours will suffice to transport you across the Colony to St. John's, where you will find an up-to-date modern city, with fine streets and public buildings, many handsome private residences, and a warm-hearted and hospitable people.

THE OUTLANDER

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

Oh! the ocean's ceaseless heaving,
From the turning of the world.
Oh! the silence of vast waters
Where the white-mouthed waves are curled,
And the placid heavens curving
To the wide slope of the world.

I was practised to these spaces.
Must I lie ashore and dream,
With the narrow skies above me,
By the petty rippling stream;
In a little world shut in
By two mountains and a stream?

Swinging outland on the ebb-tide,
To the world that's over there;
To the surging sough of waters
And the piping of thin air:
While a fleet-foot trail pursues us
To the strange world over there.

Down the highways of the ocean,
I will run my little craft:
Slender masts across the dawning
As the paling stars slip aft;
Bellying sail and creaking wheel,
As the smoking seas swing aft.

This is freedom, full-lived freedom.
Let me live it, ranging wide,
Underneath the hollow heavens,
On a nowhere-drifting tide,
Till my inland dreams have faded,
Till my memory has died.

PRO-CONFEDERATION SENTIMENT IN NEWFOUNDLAND

BY FRANCIS ASBURY CARMAN

THE political leader who should to-day appeal to the Newfoundland electorate on the question of Confederation would be disastrously defeated. But on the day when the leader of a party in the Island Colony makes up his mind to risk temporary defeat for the purpose of accomplishing Confederation, that day brings union between Newfoundland and Canada within the horizon of the proximate future. That leader must—unless the financial exigencies of the Island bring him extraneous aid—face an arduous campaign of education, but it will be a campaign crowned with victory.

These are the impressions left on my mind by a visit to St. John's made with the object of studying the political deadlock and the causes which led up to it. I went to the Island with the idea—which, I believe is prevalent in the Dominion—that the question of union with Canada was a dead issue in the politics of the Ancient Colony. That idea was changed into the impression just stated by what I saw and heard while talking with the leading politicians and with some of the business men of the Colony.

A Canadian observer in Newfoundland finds that the question of Confederation occupies a dual position. In the primary sense of the word, there is no such issue in politics; that is, there is no party which would dare to make it one of the planks in

its platform. In a secondary sense, Confederation is one of the issues which has brought about the deadlock; that is, the charge that the Morris party was in favour of Confederation—despite the positive denial of Sir Edward Morris—was one of the strongest cards played by the party of Sir Robert Bond in the election of November last.

The origin of the present touchiness of politicians on the subject of union with Canada is traceable to the unpleasant experience of Sir Frederick Carter and Sir Ambrose Shea, the Newfoundland delegates to the Quebec Conference in 1864. Five years later, they appealed to the people on that issue, and their opponents came back with twenty-three seats out of an Assembly of thirty-one. Though there have been negotiations with Ottawa since, no other politicians have repeated the experiment of an appeal to the country.

It is the attitude of the politicians which is responsible for the general impression which prevails in Canada as to the feeling of the Newfoundland people on this question. This impression was confirmed the day after I reached St. John's by an interview with Dr. Lloyd, Sir Robert Bond's chief journalistic associate, who stated that ninety per cent. of the people of the Island were anti-Confederates. It was admitted that a few prominent men were in favour of union. Arch-

bishop Howley, ex-Premier Bond's chief political bulwark, and Hon. Donald Morrison, one of the leaders of the People's Party, are both avowed advocates of entrance into the Dominion, and some other men, mostly clergymen, have announced themselves of the same opinion when on visit to Canada, these expressions of opinion being promptly copied into the Newfoundland press. But such opinions were said to be confined to a small section of the population, while the great body of the inhabitants were strong Antis.

I was inclined to accept this estimate of the situation until I discovered that staying at the same hotel with me were three merchants from the outports—men of influence in their districts — all three of whom were strong advocates of Confederation. These men came each from a different section of the Island. They were men who acted as intermediaries between the fishermen and the fish exporters of St. John's; which gave them at once an excellent opportunity of knowing the feeling of the fishermen and of exerting a real influence over them. With two of these men I talked personally; the views of the third I obtained from another Canadian staying in the hotel.

Their views may be summarised in this way. The residents of the outports — all settlements except St. John's are known as outports — are opposed to Confederation because they have been told that it would mean a heavy increase in their taxes; that their windows, all their domestic animals and all their personal property would be taxed. If this wrong impression were dispelled by a campaign of education, and they understood that instead of higher taxation Confederation would mean the opening up of the country, bonuses for the fishermen and new markets for the fish in Canada and abroad through the services of Canadian commercial agents, instead of opponents of union they would become its advocates.

It is difficult for Canadians—in the face of the report of our agent in Newfoundland that one-fifth of the average Newfoundland income goes in taxes—to believe that such fears of heavier taxes as those just quoted could have any general influence, but the fact is indubitable. In the historic election of 1869—which seems even more incredible—the people were gravely assured that if Newfoundland went into the Dominion, their children would be taken away to be used as gun-wads for Canadian cannon and that their young men would be drafted off to perish on the “desert sands” (*sic*) of Canada. In a more recent election a Canadian fisheries cruiser on her way from Great Britain to Canada and delayed off the coast waiting for the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, was metamorphosed into a Canadian warship patrolling the shores of Newfoundland for the purpose of taking possession of the Island. The soberer argument of heavier taxation was used in the election of 1869 and it was still to the front in the campaign of last autumn.

But probably the most striking statement made to me on this subject was the utterance of Hon. George Shea, a nephew of Sir Ambrose Shea (one of Newfoundland's representatives at Quebec in 1864), and a member of the late Newfoundland Cabinet. “I do not think,” said he, “that union with the Dominion would help Newfoundland much, as we are too far from the centre of government. It would hurt St. John's and the merchants strongly oppose it; they are certain of trade now, but would lose their assured position under Confederation as have the merchants of Halifax. The merchants defeated it in 1869, when my uncle, Sir Ambrose Shea, was one of the leaders of the Confederate party, and my father, Sir Edward Shea, was also an advocate of it, but both were driven out of their constituencies. The people are still strongly opposed to it, and if put to the country it would be overwhelm-

ingly defeated. I believe, however, that it will come some time. The Colony can hardly go ahead at its present rate of expenditure without outside help. The people, though, will have to be educated before that date. They fear heavier taxation under Confederation, which I admit is a mistaken fear. It is easier, nevertheless, to show people the disadvantages of union rather than its advantages. The advantages can only be realised when they have come into actual existence."

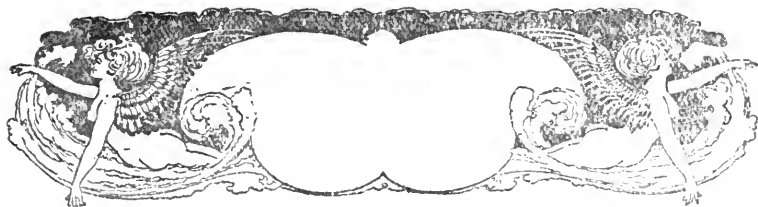
The most striking element in this statement is the expression of Mr. Shea's opinion that Confederation is inevitable. He bases his opinion on financial grounds. It was just on these grounds that the last negotiations were based, but Sir Mackenzie Bowell declined to assume responsibility for the whole of the debt of the Ancient Colony and the burden of operating the railway through its largely unsettled territory.

Mr. Shea, it will be noticed, emphasised the necessity of the education of the people. But that that would not be a very serious difficulty was indicated to me not only by the opinions of the fish merchants already referred to, but by the witness of Hon. Donald Morrison, who stated that his avowed advocacy of Confederation had never injured him in his constituency.

There seem to be two main forces working against Confederation at

present. The Islanders — whether of British or of Irish stock, the two main sources of the population—are fond of their independence. That is the first. The second is that the merchants of St. John's would undoubtedly lose their present solid grip on the trade of the Island and with their grip on the trade their enormous influence over the fishermen. This prospect they naturally do not like, though they admit that they might under Confederation reap absolutely larger profits. These merchants and their political friends—present and past—are, I am afraid, responsible for a good deal of the misinformation among the people as to the probable effects of annexation to the Dominion of Canada.

The two main influences, on the other hand, which are working for union, are, I take it, the growing financial needs of the government of the Colony and the knowledge which is gradually spreading among the people of the advantages which would accrue from the opening up of the country by Canadian capital. The probability of a reduced cost of living through the abolition of the tariff wall between the two Colonies is working in the same direction; but, on the contrary, the breaking down of the tariff wall is greatly feared by the merchants and manufacturers of St. John's and stimulates their efforts to combat the movement.



A FEW DAYS IN THE "MISTY ISLE"

BY IAN S. ESMOND

IT would not be difficult to cite numerous instances in the scientific, artistic, or political history of the world where it has been a case of very small means coupled with high endeavour and earnestness of purpose being productive of the biggest results, but perhaps nowhere are more powerful illustrations of this to be found than in the broad field of geographical discovery. In these days when the long list of Atlantic liners comprises vessels running up to a tonnage of over thirty thousand there is something pathetic in the thought of the diminutiveness of the crafts which in bygone centuries bore the heavy brunt of early pioneering and prepared the way for these ocean grayhounds.

The air of England was sweet with the scent of many blossoms, fields and hedges vying with one another in showing to the world nature's joy and pride in bringing forth such a wealth of loveliness, when the gallant John Cabot turned his back upon it all, holding deep within his heart the same living hope, silently expressed in each floweret, of more life and fuller, and of fruit to be gathered in—and dared to set sail on the little ship of but two hundred tons called the *Matthew*.

Small, one might say pitifully so, and yet the only means at the disposal of the "Mad Dreamer" whom time has justified and by whom the first seed for Empire in "Dominions across the Seas" was sown. A dream-

er, yes, but a determined and courageous one.

Turning the vessel's prow to the west, to plough her way through an unknown waste of waters to an unknown land how little did he realise what he was doing or whither he was leading the old world! How could it be foreseen that this voyage of Cabot's would be fraught with consequences reaching far beyond the grasp of the most imaginative minds? To this noble venture of his, resulting in the discovery of the east coast of Newfoundland, England owes her first claim to sovereignty of a large part of North America, and his discovery it was that inspired her first impulse to colonisation. In this she stands, after the lapse of four centuries, unrivalled amongst the nations of the world.

But towards what are we moving at the head of so much power, widely scattered though it is? Visions are no longer entertained of further boundless territory to be explored and taken possession of, behind the great question of the opening up of the vast tracts of land already lying within the bounds of Empire, and of the development of their manifold resources, there lies the still greater question, In doing these things what will the peoples make of themselves? The truth of Carlyle's statement that the English are a dumb people who can do great acts but not describe them is borne out as regards the discovery of Newfoundland. Neither of

the enterprise, undertaken with so little pomp, and so modestly equipped to do its giant work, nor of the men who stood at the helm, has there been anything but the most meagre record found. The name of Cabot appears and disappears again so suddenly that it is scarcely more than a shadow flitting across a page of history. No written word is there to recount in detail his life's work. He was evidently more interested in carrying his dreams through stormy seas into realisation than in leaving the story of them and their fulfilment to posterity.

Of one point we are certain, and that is that the great mariner was given the material recompense of ten pounds, presented to him by Henry VII, who caused the following entry to be made in the Privy Purse accounts: "To Hym that found the New Isle, £10." It must be allowed that for a continent the price was not exorbitant. But no King's gold, however large may be the amount, can constitute payment for the deeds of great explorers.

Cabot's work and what he had won had scarcely been recognised before it seemed to sink into oblivion. Close upon one hundred years elapsed with practically no hand of man being again laid upon the Island, when suddenly, with the characteristic British energy which takes so long in the breeding but, once full fledged, no obstacle can deter from action, a distinguished mariner was sent with the royal patent of Elizabeth to take, with all due flourish of trumpets, formal possession of the territory.

From that time on up to within recent years we all know the long and rather dreary tale of ceaseless conflict which existed between the resident and floating populations of Newfoundland, of treaties made, altered and cancelled. The wealth of its finny treasures attracted then, as now, foreigners who cared nothing for laws with no force behind them. We must wonder and admire the tenacity of the Islanders in clinging to every

shred of right they could wring from ill-informed and incredulous home governments, till at length they succeeded in frustrating the scheme of the monopolists and won their freedom.

But the struggle has left its mark both on the Island and its inhabitants, and still many years of the new era of quicker development and greater prosperity must pass before the portion of the land so long closed to settlement or industrial enterprise can give of its best to its people or before that look of dull hopeless doggedness will be replaced in them by one of confidence and hopeful happiness.

In the meantime, while Newfoundlanders were fighting for stakes which meant life or death to their very existence, Canada was too much engrossed in her own rapid growth to do more than cast a hasty glance towards the outlying island. True, the Fathers of Confederation invited her to join the Dominion, with a voice at her councils, but she preferred to remain outside the binding circle. The position of aloofness then assumed, and never since relinquished, does not tend to encourage much interest from Canada, and the attitude of distrustful insularity, and unambitious provincialism, has become inbred in the inhabitants and difficult to conquer.

On the other hand there has ever been evinced a tactful disposition to overcome that difficulty or to woo sympathetically the Island people into linking their destinies with those of the Dominion. Newfoundland has suffered by refusing to enter into Canadian Confederation. It has not, and never can have, the material basis of an independent national existence, for it is not endowed with either the climatic or physical conditions necessary to support a population on a national scale, and so poor an agricultural country must needs become merged in a more happily-situated one, if it aspires to obtain a home market and the advantage of industrial development.

It is obvious that its position at the mouth of the great Canadian waterway, the main artery of the country's trade, is of the utmost strategic importance. It surely, then, behooves Canada to walk warily, to neglect no opportunity, and certainly never to be indifferent. A policy of *laissez-faire* has too often been a heavy loser and but seldom a gainer.

There is a strangely widespread inclination to regard Newfoundland as an Island reeking with odours of herring and cod in all stages of preservation and decay, whence at inopportune moments are wafted rumours of discontent and grumblings against alleged or real encroachments of rights by our neighbours to the south. It is quite overlooked that there is the other and the true picture of the "Misty Isle," with its deep bays, its mountains, and its running, rapid rivers. What country can possess them in abundance and not be clothed with more than a shimmer of romance? It was this aspect of it which drew me irresistibly towards the shores of the *Terra Nova*.

Landing one morning towards the end of June at Port-aux-Basques, we were rather dismayed to find a greeting of fog and drizzle awaiting us, but it only made the delights of the contrast the greater when in half an hour's railway journey we arrived at Cape Ray, and there emerged out of grayness into skies of clearest blue and brilliant sunshine. The patches of snow still to be seen here and there on the highest peaks glistened above the dark green slopes, lending a peculiar vividness to the colouring, which withal was soft.

Our destination for that day was South Branch, a place consisting of two railway sectionmen's houses, and the two hours it took us to reach it passed all too quickly.

The railway for the most part follows the course of the winding Codroy, and the glimpses one gets from the car windows fill one with delight. The train drew up, but with no station in

sight. With bag and baggage we were deposited on the track, and with camping outfit largely done up in bags, and of these no scarcity, we must have looked the part of the immigrant well nigh to perfection. The bell rang, the engine puffed out her grunts, and moved away slowly, toiling towards a heavy upgrade, and we were left wondering — whither and what next?

In a few moments we perceived two coatless, lean, and dejected-looking individuals coming in our direction. They proved to be the guides who had been engaged to meet us there, the men on whom we would be obliged to rely for contributing a large share of the pleasure we had in anticipation.

Every camper knows the truth of this. Our spirits were certainly momentarily depressed at the sight of these two sad-faced men, and, although opportunities were not lacking during the time they were with us to relax such an expression, I never saw it quite disappear from either of them. A smile would occasionally play about the mouth, but then with it the eyes had no connection, and it was truly but the ghost of one.

Shouldering what we could of our belongings, we set out for our camping-ground. A twenty minutes' walk along the track, which affords the one and only thoroughfare for all the small settlements in Newfoundland, and a turn down through a few acres of cleared ground, brought us to it. There on the bank of the Codroy or Grand River, as it is frequently called, at the bend where it forks into the north and south branches, with a view of quiet beauty down the river, fine mountains rising up all about us and a rushing stream beside us, we pitched our tents and made our fire. Many happy hours of seven delightful days were spent there.

There is a feeling of reposeful security which only comes to the mind and soul when one is living right down close to nature. Wrapped in her arms,

sleeping and waking, miles away from any laid down schedule of conventions so irksome to the spirit, nipping inspiration and crippling action, one is conscious of living, as it were, in a well-sustained pause. There is space everywhere and time—time to have one's whole being invaded by all the changing beauties of the vast panorama before one, from the hour of those tender blue-gray lights of the first early dawn to the wondrous gorgeousness of a departing sun and his glory of afterglow. They can all enter in and quicken any tiny seed for something higher and better than we have yet taken the measure of ourselves. Has not that seed often been found lying hidden, smothered behind the mass of detail which is a painful necessity of the average commonplace life of a work-a-day world? Nor is this all. At the moment when the evening passes and shuts out another day we see "blossom, one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels," and they too twinkle down their message to us in hushed silences and call forth "all instincts immature," and remind us that

"All I could never be
All men ignored in me.
This, I was worth to God,
Whose wheel the pitcher shaped."

In the sporting world a considerable amount is known and written about the salmon-fishing and caribou hunting in Newfoundland. As far as the former is concerned there is sometimes disappointment experienced owing to the rivers all being free, not so much as a rod tax being exacted, with the result that many disciples, worthy and unworthy, of Izaak Walton, wend their way thither. The waters, if preserved, or even if rules were made and enforced for the protection of the pools and a fishing etiquette observed, would give excellent sport for light grilse rods, whereas at present they are abused by selfish fishermen who slash away at them without mercy at all hours and in all weathers. It gives

but little pleasure to cast a fly over waters sandwiched between two other fishermen casting as near one as they dare. Those accustomed to the exciting music of the reel, with a tempo of *presto con fuco* as it whizzes out to the tune of a thirty-pounder, will find the *moderato* put up by an eight-pound salmon, which is the usual weight of the Newfoundland fish, rather quiet sport, unless, as already said, a very light grilse or indeed a trout rod is used.

Canoes, too, which contribute to my mind so largely to the enjoyment of salmon fishing are almost unknown on the Codroy, and are never used for fishing. The casting is done wading, which sometimes presents no mean difficulties to be overcome. To follow a fish if he takes fast runs out of the pool and keep a good line on him with nothing but the slipperiest of round rocks for a footing under three feet or more of water, often brings one into sorry plights which one thoroughly enjoys in retrospect but at the time of occurrence cause one's pleasure to be earned by the "sweat of the brow."

To put up the rod and make charming little expeditions up the branches of the river or to climb to the highest points of some of the mountains, there was always a reward to be found. The unproductiveness of the land hereabouts was, to be sure, apparent, but it was never barren to the eye, with high hills, thickly wooded, or valleys of bog wherein grow to perfection the most lovely, many-hued wild orchids and large sweet scented violets. When one considers such conditions of country and soil one wonders less at the natives who have long since ceased to combat against unalterable facts, and have accepted the inevitable. One finds them on this west coast with will and mind inert from disuse, and with an absolute lack of initiative even in the smallest matters pertaining to their own comfort or progress. A simple, untaught, unspoiled folk, God-fearing as were their

fathers before them, but with little hope and less ambition for their own or their children's betterment. They are left much to themselves, for the season is short when strangers go amongst them, and but few ever go to remain. The Gaelic tongue is still preserved and spoken.

At the end of a week, regretfully, camp was struck with the object of seeing one or two other of the Island streams. Spruce Brook, a great starting point for caribou hunters, was our next destination. From there, Harry's Brook, a narrow picturesque and rapid little river, thirty-two miles long, with several good salmon pools, can be run by canoe to Stephenville on Bay St. George; and to do this I set out at an early hour of a lovely July morning, full of joyful expectancy of a day of pure delight. To my astonishment the canoe provided was an extremely light sixteen-footer, and the guides were no less of a surprise, for one was a half-breed and the other a full-blooded negro, a strange mixture in a crew of two; and at first glance they were desperate looking characters, both of them.

The first hour we glided swiftly over Lake St. George, and then on into the river. For another hour things went well, and then only fairly well. The river proved rough and difficult for so light a canoe, and the bowman was uncriticized in the art of canoe-manship. Another grave handicap was that neither men had iron spikes on his pole, which are absolutely essential to the checking and guiding of a canoe in such rapid water.

The negro would deliver instructions to the half-breed in spasmodic, excited shrieks.

"William, b'y," he would shriek, "'yo' see dat biling? Drap her dere, juss beside dem biling rock. Kip her clear, dat all yo' got to do—I do de ress. Hard to norard; now shove, shove harder, b'y, by gally quick to sudard. Dere, she drapped, see now how she go."

Trouble under such circumstances

was a foregone conclusion, and I soon saw that the very good luck which might have saved us from it was not to be ours. We were swamped at the head of a strong rapid. The water was not very deep but its swiftness gave us all we could do to get ashore. The men clung to the canoe, but everything else, including the food for the day, was lost sight of in a few minutes. The disgrace of upsetting weighed heavily upon the men; and the "bacey" was gone, so there was no hope for a revival of spirits. Fortunately, the canoe was but slightly damaged, so in we got again. The extra weight of our soaking clothing was now a further difficulty to be dealt with, for, in consequence of it, the canoe was deeper than ever in the water, and we were constantly obliged to stop to bale. It was nine o'clock before we came within sight of the lights of Stephenville, and it was a shivering bedraggled-looking spectacle I presented when I arrived at what is called a log cabin, but it is in reality a most comfortable inn, with about twenty bedrooms. Food and hot drinks beside a huge fire soon brought on that delicious feeling of physical well-being creeping gradually over one.

The next morning I could have imagined myself back in Surrey with a lovely blue-bell copse in front of me, for there beneath my window, and stretching away beyond was a carpet of wild blue iris that rivalled any blue-bell copse.

Another short railway journey had to be taken that afternoon to go to the lovely Bay of Islands, one of the most beautiful places it has yet been my privilege to see. The Bay is long and narrow, thirty miles in length, and the numerous small islands whence it derives its name, are at the entrance, and the first few miles up. The little town is situated just at the end of what is called the Humber Arm of the Bay, where it narrows into the mouth of that river of magnificent scenery bearing the same name.

Mountains extend along either side of the Bay. They are of exquisite proportions and forms, and fold one across the other in that wonderful mysterious way, luring one on into a land of happy conjecturing and day-dreams. Each aspect of them varies with the changing lights descending from the high heavens and seems to tell us something different. They more than anything else teach us to feel intensely. Is it not in the solitude of the hills that Wordsworth's *Wanderer* feels his faith, and is ready to receive his "lesson deep of love"? There, between them and with them, nothing seems to jar, and there is an all-pervading peacefulness which makes for truth, justice and love in the human heart. If only the tired and worn, noise and nerve-racked people of large cities would remember the invitation, "Come ye yourselves apart into a lonely place and rest awhile," and would allow themselves to be taken possession of by the simple charms of the beautiful uninhabited spots of the earth, the hue of life would vastly change for many, and the ways of the busy world would seem less twisted and crooked than

they sometimes do, for the power of straightening them would lie within themselves. They would unconsciously borrow from that unfathomable force that lies at the root of all nature.

Three days were spent at Bay of Islands, walking, sailing, and canoeing; looking at her in all her different garbs. Best of all did she appear in that quiet hour when even the gentle breezes are stilled and the sun, just about to drop behind the purple range away to the westward, sends a last look back at us, full of silent promise of the unspeakable.

One more paddle in Newfoundland water was down fifteen miles of the Humber, and that part of it alone is worth going many miles to see. Some day I am promising myself to see the larger and, it is said, the still more beautiful part, but with this promise I was in the meantime obliged to retrace my steps. It was done with reluctance, but yet not with any feeling of incompleteness, for the much that I had found so beautiful and satisfying to look upon and enjoy had rounded off to the full my days in this the oldest of our mother country's colonies.

MISTRESS CHARITY

BY MINNIE EVELYN HENDERSON

God's blessing, Mistress Charity!
 Pray, whither dost thou roam?
 So far as dwelleth Everyman,
 Whose heart doth give me home.

But Everyman, O Charity,
 Doeth deeds sinfully.
 Yes; all the greater and the more
 Everyman needeth me.

Why hasten, Mistress Charity?
 Hast thou a tryst to keep?
 Yes; 'round the bend lieth the spot
 Where Everyman doth weep.

THE UNDOING OF BIGHORN

BY J. H. TENNEY

THE rock-ribbed rim of Ka-ke-ki-wa-gan-da Lake was bathed in the glory of a November morning, when Bighorn strode proudly out of his jack-pine covert to quench his thirst in the limpid waters bathing the granite shore. For hours in the silence and security of the darkness he had fed on the nutritious grasses that grew with sweet luxuriance in the black-alder swales. He was about to descend a familiar seam in the rock to a sandy reach below, when his keen eye detected a strange white object near the south end of the lake. Tossing his great antlered head into the crisp and frosty air, his quivering muzzle vainly sought some taint to warn him of danger. For several minutes, statue-like and immobile, save for the nervous movement of his keen and pointed ears, he stood contemplating the unfamiliar object on the farther shore, from which a thin wreath of white smoke began to curl and lose itself in the crispy dryness of the air.

Bighorn became ill at ease. All through the summer the stillness of the Nipissing forest had been disturbed by the shrill voice of a great smoking spectre that hurtled among the hills, yet ever keeping to one familiar trail, along which creatures he had greatly learned to fear had laid a double line that Bighorn often crossed when darkness fell. As yet no harm had come to him as he watched the strange apparition from the shelter of some friendly boulder or the security of the great beaver-meadow lying west of the lake.

But here was something new — something that aroused all the timorous curiosity of his kind. He nervously flecked his short banner of a tail, as several moving forms emerged from the object of his gaze and were lost in the great woods beyond.

Bighorn must investigate.

Midway between the place where he stood and the strange object on the farther shore, but a little to the right, a cone-shaped island pierced the bosom of the lake. Curiosity getting the better of discretion, Bighorn plunged boldly into the icy waters, and with powerful strokes of his great muscular limbs, made his way to this point of reconnaissance.

A few moments of inspection satisfied him. Scent and hearing aided his acute vision in estimating aright this new menace to his tribe. Over on the opposite shore lay a long stretch of undulating landscape—rolling masses of scrub-covered granite enmeshed in a labyrinth of deep ravines that lost themselves in the barren foot-hills to the north. Here the evening before he had left his beautiful mate, the most beautiful and graceful of the whole range: his by right of superior prowess and superb antlers. Wheeling to the right, with one mighty leap, he again sought the waters and a succession of powerful strokes brought him to the sanctuary of his mate.

But the man smell had so irritated his sensitive nostrils that all the fury of his untamed nature was awakened. Lowering his massive head, he tore

a path through the tender saplings, anon stripping the moss from its moorings by angry thrusts of his sharp and horny hoofs. He would seek his queenly *inamorata* and together they would re-cross the lake where the veiling frondage of pulpwood promised security and peace.

*

Seven summers had come and gone since Bighorn, then a graceful spotted fawn had gambolled by his mother's side. And each year he had grown in size and beauty. Each year had crowned his head with antlers ever increasing in massiveness and points. And each year, too, he had grown more kingly and authoritative, until now his many triumphs in hard-contested battles left him master of the range.

Nor was he sovereign lord alone of his herd. He was their protector too. The great gray haunters of the trail had learned to respect the swift stroke of his sinewy foot and the angry charge of his bristling head. And once, when one bolder than the rest had ventured too near, one sabre-like stroke from this great buck had cloven his head in twain. But the coming of the "steel" had filled him with a nameless fear, and, but for the abundance of food on the range, Bighorn would long ere this have gathered his herd together and abandoned it forever. And now the white tent and the moving objects awakened his dread afresh.

For an hour or more Bighorn haunted the familiar trails with nose to the ground. Suddenly he proudly flung his head into the air, his arched neck and rounded body rigid and motionless, save for the nervous play of the bunching muscles, which stood out like great ropes beneath his silky hide, and the free motion of the sensitive nostrils that proclaimed the success of his search.

A few rods to the front his mate lay peacefully ruminating in the friendly shelter of a hemlock grove. In

a moment he was at her side, gently nosing the graceful neck and licking the slender muzzle uplifted to his own. Then he took his place by her side, the white tent, the moving figures and the man-smell of his morning discovery forgotten for the moment in his new-found joy.

For some hours the pair lay side by side, peacefully oblivious of danger. A covey of partridges feeding amidst the ferns, craned their necks and peered and perked at the familiar forms in blissful forgetfulness of their surroundings. A red fox, with lithe body trailing the ground, flushed the birds, securing one for his dinner, but the pair heeded not. Far off somewhere among the northern foothills the quivering cry of the stealthy lynx came faintly through the winding ravines and died away on the expanse of the restful lake. Otherwise a strange stillness soothed the great deer and his mate into forgetfulness of fear.

Then, from somewhere near the shore line, came fearsome baying sounds that echoed and re-echoed among the rocks and swiftly stole in trembling cadences along the ridges where that very morning Bighorn had trailed his mate. Nearer and nearer they came, some deep and sonorous, others sharp and piercing. A great fear stole into the heart of Bighorn's mate, who, swift as lightning, sprang to her feet and vanished into the familiar forest.

Not so Bighorn. Though the sounds were strangely unfamiliar, and not at all like the sobbing wail of the great gray dogs of the spruce ranges. Bighorn, confident of his prowess, would await their coming until sight would assure him of the character of his pursuers and until he was certain of the safety of his mate.

Suddenly the pack, four in number, with white fangs gleaming under the lolling red of their dripping lips, appeared on the crest of the ridge where Bighorn had stood the moment he discovered his mate. For one moment

the hair on the great deer's back bristled menacingly; then with a mighty bound he cleared a chaos of fallen timber and leaped swiftly and proudly to a vantage point some furlongs to the west.

Still the deep-throated hounds followed, and again and again Bighorn led them over the most difficult trails, waiting ever and anon to catch a glimpse of his unerring and ruthless sleuths. Every art learned through strenuous and vigilant years in throwing a pursuer off his track he now practised in vain. Once, after he had waded a small stream some distance up its bed, the discordant baying changed into a disappointed whine, which Bighorn's acute ear could but faintly discern above the whispering wind that stirred faintly the withered leaves still clinging to the scattered maples.

His hated pursuers were at fault at last!

Bighorn stopped and listened. For a few minutes no sound fell upon his sharp ear. He was about to retire quietly to a secure covert he knew near the northern end of the lake, a favourite trysting place to which he felt sure his mate had fled on the approach of danger, when once again the clamorous cry of the tireless pack proclaimed the discovery of his wake.

Then the great deer circled once more to catch a familiar run, on which he would no longer pause until his pursuers would irrecoverably lose his scent in the traceless waters of the lake. With great strides he covered the almost impossible trail, leaving his pursuers far in the rear, their tongues but faintly audible as he pressed swiftly to windward. Suddenly from beside the charred stub of an ancient pine, not thirty yards from the trail, four spurts of flame issued in lightning-like succession. Bighorn

stumbled as a mighty shudder convulsed his frame, but he did not go down, though crimson spots on the snow now marked his trail from all others on the ridge.

On and ever on came the persistent dogs. Stung to madness, Bighorn paused in his flight to meet and, if strength held out, crush his bitter foes. On they came headed by a black-and-tan, voiceless, but full of the lust of the chase.

Bighorn awaited them in a grove of small pines, goaded to fury by the stinging wound in his side, through which his life was slowly ebbing. For a few moments he stood at bay, a bristling terror, no dog courageous enough to venture within range of his swift forefeet or the deadly lunge of his bayonet-armed head. But four to one made the contest unequal; and, beset from front and rear, the noble animal once more took refuge in flight, shaking off at the first bound the black-and-tan that had fastened fangs in his quivering flank. Though bleeding from two gaping wounds, one on either side, the entrance and exit of the 220-grain .44, he circled to the opposite ridge, his wounds (or was it the thought of his frightened mate?) affording for the time stimulus to his swift career.

A second time he ran the gauntlet of the merciless repeater. Two further spurts of flame, but Bighorn halted not. On, on he sped till nature but not courage began to fail, and down in the birch flats near the trysting-place where his mate awaited the coming of her lord, Bighorn, with bloody foam flecking his heaving flanks, once more turned staggeringly to face his foes. Then a great darkness came over him and he fell. The dogs surrounded him, still wary, voicing their rapture. But Bighorn neither heard nor heeded.



THE INQUISITION IN CANADA

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

We'll bury old Guibord in consecrated
ground,
Though his coffin weighs a cool forty ton.
—Old Topical Song.

IT has often been said—and there are those who believe it to this day—that in a certain grave in *Cote des Neiges*, the Roman Catholic cemetery at Montreal, there is a bomb attached to an infernal machine, and so arranged that whoever attempts to open the grave will be blown to atoms.

The grave itself is distinguished by a remarkable-looking tombstone — an enormous, rough-hewn block of granite, shaped like a coffin. In the top of this singular tombstone is sunk a marble slab, now much chipped by souvenir hunters. It bears a simple inscription, announcing that underneath is the body of Joseph Guibord, and giving the date of his death and interment.

The only hint of the extraordinary story attaching to the grave is to be found in these dates, for a comparison of them shows that although Joseph Guibord died on November 18, 1869, it was not until the month of November six years later that his body was interred.

In those six years between death and the grave, Guibord, who was a printer, and who died humble and unknown, became famous on two continents. Over his body there arose a riot that threatened to plunge Canada into civil war. Over the selection of his last resting-place was fought the most bitter and most sanguine legal battle in the history of the country—a battle that raged year in, year

out, that went from court to court, and that was finally settled in the highest tribunal of the Empire. And when, after two unsuccessful attempts, the interment was accomplished, it was only upon a peremptory mandate of the Privy Council, signed by Queen Victoria herself—a mandate backed by the whole might of the British Empire and carried out under the protection of militia, armed not only with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets, but with artillery as well.

The trouble lay in the fact that up till the time of his death Guibord had been a member of the *Institut Canadien*.

Now, there was nothing very terrible in being a member of the *Institut Canadien*—much, indeed, that was commendable, so Guibord thought, and many others with him. For the motto of the *Institut Canadien* was enlightenment and progress. Founded in 1844, the *Institut* established a library and reading-room, of which up to that time there had not been a single one in Montreal for the French people. It organised lectures and discussions on literary and scientific subjects; it started branches all over the province; and so powerful did it become that at a meeting in 1854 addresses of congratulation were presented to fourteen of its members upon their election to seats in Parliament.

Then there fell upon the society the ban of the Roman Catholic church, pronounced in a pastoral letter issued by the Bishop of Montreal, the late Monseigneur Bourget. The grounds

of condemnation were two-fold: First, the members had decided that their own committee of management should select the books in the library, "whereas", said the Bishop, "the Council of Trent has declared that this duty belongs to the office of Bishop"; secondly, the library contained books which were on the *Index Expurgatorius* at Rome.

In vain did the members appeal to the Bishop and to Rome against this condemnation; in vain did they declare, and offer to demonstrate, that they had in the library no immoral books or books containing pernicious doctrines; in vain did they offer to make any reasonable concessions. The only answer was another pastoral from the Bishop prohibiting all Catholics from belonging to the *Institut* and threatening a refusal of the sacraments — and consequently refusal to bury in a Catholic cemetery—to anyone dying a member of the *Institut Canadien*.

It was Rome that had spoken, and for the faithful nothing remained but to obey and not to question. A large proportion of the members at once withdrew from the society. A number remained, Joseph Guibord among

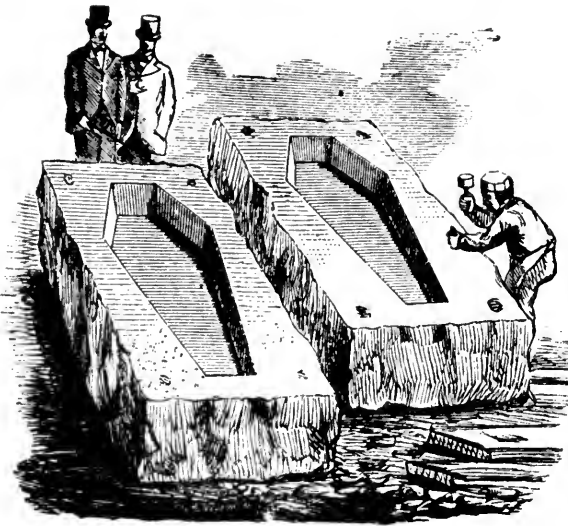
them, good Catholic though he professed himself to be.

On November 18, 1869, Guibord died suddenly of paralysis, and true to the threat that had been made, the clergy refused to bury him in consecrated ground. They offered, instead, to inter him without religious rites, in the portion of the cemetery allotted to criminals. This his relatives refused to allow, and, the cemetery gates being locked against them when they went there with the body, they had the remains temporarily deposited in a vault in the Protestant cemetery. His widow—a Catholic woman named Henrietta Brown, of Canadian birth and Irish parentage—applied to the courts for a writ of mandamus to compel the church authorities to bury the body in consecrated ground, the contention being that, as Guibord had not been excommunicated, they could not refuse such burial. The widow's suit was backed by the members of the *Institut Canadien*.

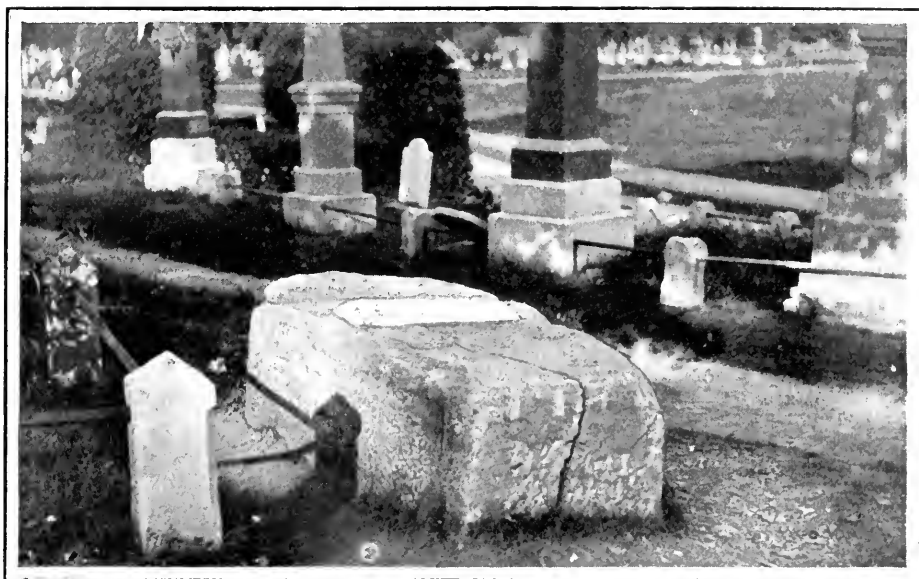
The six years' fight was on.

A bitter fight it was. Not a fight, be it remembered, between Roman Catholicism and any other sect, but a fight within the Church itself, in which civil law was evoked against ecclesiastical domination for the purpose of wringing from the Church the blessings which she withheld. One can imagine how all this preyed upon the mind of the widow. A simple, deeply-religious woman, she was torn with the conflicting emotions of loyalty to her Church and loyalty to the memory of her husband. She championed her husband to the end, but the fact that she did so in defiance of the Church so harassed her that she almost lost her reason, and entirely lost her health.

She died in the midst of the fight, and her body was buried without question in a



CEMENT CASING, MADE TO CONTAIN THE COFFIN OF
JOSEPH GUIBORD



THE GRAVE OF JOSEPH GUIBORD

Monseigneur Bourget declared it to be unholy and apart from the rest of the cemetery

lot purchased in the Catholic cemetery for the Guibord family.

Thus a new complication was added to the case, for if she could be buried in ground which was the freehold of the family, why could not the body of her husband, still unburied, be laid in the grave beside hers?

But what the Church had said it had said, and Guibord's body remained in the Protestant vault

Fiercer than ever waxed the fight. Madame Guibord had devised her property to the *Institut Canadien*, and had appointed that body her universal legatee. Fortified by this trust, the *Institut* resolved to move heaven and earth, as the saying is, to compel the Church authorities to bury the body in the same grave as that of the wife. The Church authorities were equally determined that this should not be done. Some of the most eminent counsel of the day were engaged on either side, and finally the case was carried beyond the jurisdiction of the Canadian Courts, to the supreme tribunal of the Empire, the Privy Council of the House of Lords.

Here grave questions of public and constitutional law were introduced into the pleadings. For instance, the status of the Roman Catholic Church in Lower Canada, both before and after the Conquest, had to be considered in its bearing on the case. But the most important question brought into the arguments was whether or not the authority of the Inquisition could be recognised in Canada. Guibord was under no such ecclesiastical sentence, according to the Quebec Ritual, as would justify the denial of ecclesiastical sepulture to his remains. The Privy Council held, therefore, that the only ground on which such sepulture could be denied was the recognition of the *ipso facto* excommunication inflicted by the Council of Trent as the punishment for reading or possessing prohibited books.

"To be bound by such a rule," said their Lordships, "would involve the recognition of the authority of the Inquisition, an authority never admitted but always repudiated by the old law of France. And no evidence has been produced," continued their

Lordships, "to establish the very grave proposition that Her Majesty's Roman Catholic subjects in Lower Canada have consented, since the cession, to be bound by such authority."

Under these circumstances, the Privy Council recommended the issuing of a peremptory writ of mandamus, commanding the *Fabrique* of Montreal (the body administering the temporal affairs of the Roman Catholic Church) to permit the body of Guibord to be buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery, upon payment of the usual fees, and also ordering the *Fabrique* to pay the whole of the enormous costs of the suit in the lower courts and of the appeal to the Privy Council. A writ to this effect was signed by the late Queen Victoria, at Her Majesty's Court at Windsor, on November 28, 1874.

The immediate effect of this judgment was to renew the controversy with redoubled bitterness. The papers were filled with it. Sermons were preached upon it. Public meetings were held to discuss it. Songs were sung in the streets about it. It was the talk not only of all Canada, but of all the American Continent and of England as well.

The public excitement was fanned by the utterances of the Roman Catholic dignitaries upon the matter. For instance, as soon as the writ arrived in Canada, Bishop Bourget issued a pastoral letter in which he declared that if Guibord were buried in the Catholic cemetery, then,

"In virtue of the Divine power which we exercise in the name of the Pastor of pastors, the place where the body of this rebellious child of the Church may be deposited shall be made separate from the rest of the consecrated cemetery, so that it will only be a profane place. For we do not here need to prove to you that in the solemn act of our consecration to God, full power was given us to bind and to loose, to bless and to curse, to consecrate persons, places, and temples, and to interdict them, to separate from the body of the Church the members who dishonour and outrage her, to hand over to Satan those who hear not the Church, in order that they may henceforth be con-

sidered as pagans and publicans, so long as they return not to God by sincere penitence. It is upon these incontestable and uncontested principles of this Divine authority that we declare that the part of the cemetery where the body of the late Joseph Guibord may be interred, if ever after this it is buried there in any manner whatever, will be undone, and will *ipso facto* remain interdicted and separated from the rest of the cemetery."

The humorous side of the controversy was emphasised on the day succeeding the issuing of this pastoral by a letter published in one of the local papers and afterwards reprinted in papers all over the world. This letter, which has always been attributed to a certain witty Irish clergyman long eminent in the counsels of the Anglican Church of the Diocese of Montreal, asked how the ecclesiastical curse which was going to be let loose on the spot where Guibord was to be buried was going to work. The writer of it pointed out that some consideration ought surely to be shown poor Mrs. Guibord, whose coffin would rest immediately under that of her husband, and who had been buried with the blessings of the Church in consecrated ground:—

"How is this curse going to work? Will it be a perpendicular curse, working down, or a lateral curse working sideways? If lateral, well and good; if perpendicular, I think it manifestly unjust and un-Christian. A lateral curse three feet deep might just cover Guibord. It might commence at the right hand side of the coffin, close to the lid, work down three feet, and then work out over and under, and through the coffin, say ten feet on the coffin's left side. This kind of a curse would surely meet the wants of the case without interfering with the vested rights of other corpses. Or again, possibly the Bishop might curse three feet down, then leave his blessing on the next three feet, where Mrs. Guibord is buried, and then curse on as deep as he liked; but I question whether he would be able to do this. Of course, episcopal power is very great, but it seems to me that a curse once let loose must go either straight on or straight down, without let or hindrance."

Thursday, September 2, 1875, was the date fixed for the burial. The



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP BOURGET

Whose remarkable pastoral letters on the Guibord burial caused much discussion

grave where Madame Guibord was buried was opened, under the superintendence of officers of the *Institut Canadien*. The coffin was taken from the vault in the Protestant cemetery, where it had lain for nearly six years, and, covered by a British flag, was carried on a hearse to the Catholic cemetery. The gates were found to be closed, and outside them was a big crowd of excited people, armed with pick handles, stones, etc., and some even with firearms, and expressing themselves as determined to oppose at all costs the entry of the body into the cemetery. Some of the friends of Guibord were for storming the gates, but good counsel prevailed, and when some of the crowd seized the horses and turned them away with kicks and blows, the funeral party retreated, followed by a shower of stones. The body was taken back once more to the Protestant

cemetery, and placed in the vault there. During the same afternoon, the open grave was filled up by rioters. There being threats of an organised attack on even the vault in the Protestant cemetery where Guibord's body lay, an armed guard was mounted there, and kept on duty till the final removal took place.

Another date—November 16, 1875—was fixed for the burial. Much more serious steps were taken to overcome opposition, and to prevent spoliation of the grave once the interment had taken place. The friends of Guibord even went the length of having a stone coffin or sarcophagus, weighing about eight tons, made for the body, but at the last moment they yielded to Mayor Hingston, and decided not to use it, as it was thought it would incite greater disturbance when being hauled to the cemetery by a big team of horses.

An imposing police and military force was organised. There were 100 police, many of them armed with Snider-Enfield rifles, and more than 1,200 volunteers were called out, representing seven of the principal regiments in the city. They paraded with bayonets and loaded rifles, while the artillery corps brought out its heavy guns, hauled by horses.

Recognising that further resistance would only result in civil war, the clergy had meanwhile counselled their flocks not to oppose the burial.

The last act in the drama took place on a dreary November afternoon, when the ground was covered with slushy snow, and a cold drizzly rain was falling. With its imposing escort, the body of Guibord was taken without opposition to the Catholic cemetery, and though there was a big and jeering mob present, the burial was not interfered with. The coffin was placed in the grave immediately upon the top of that of Madame Guibord, and—there having been threats that it would be exhumed, and cast out of the cemetery—the whole was embedded in many tons of Portland cement, with which was mixed scraps of tin and sheet iron, so that, once the mass had hardened, it would form a substance as hard as rock and more difficult to drill. The grave was guarded night and day by armed men until the cement had thoroughly hardened, when the whole was covered by earth and on the top was placed the singular stone that now marks the grave. Also the sinister rumour went around that a bomb had been placed in the grave as the silent guardian of the dead man's bones.

Monseigneur Bourget had the last word in this unhappy controversy by issuing a pastoral letter on the subject, which was read in all the churches of the diocese the first Sunday after the funeral and in the chapters of all the religious communities. In this letter the Bishop claimed that his people, and not the partisans of Guibord, had had the triumph which was

"the most beautiful", for by the docility of the people to the voice of their pastors bloodshed had been spared. Nevertheless, he told them that the threat which had been made had been duly carried out:

"For we have truly declared, in virtue of the Divine power which we exercise, in the name of the Pastor of pastors, that the place where this rebellious child of the Church has been laid is now in fact separated from the rest of the consecrated cemetery, to be no more anything but a profane place."

Of those who henceforth should visit the cemetery he said:

"Each in casting sadly his regards on that tomb which is not covered with the blessings of heaven because it is separated from the holy ground that the Church has blessed, will give way to emotions more or less painful. 'Here lies,' he will exclaim in the recesses of his soul, 'the body of the too famous Joseph Guibord, who died in rebellion against the common Father of the Church, under the anathema of the Church; who could not pass the gates of this sacred place but that he was escorted by armed men, as if for battle against the enemies of the country; who, but for the good disposition of his fellow-citizens, would have caused blood to flow; who was conducted to this sepulchre not under the protection of the Cross, but under that of the bayonets of the military; who has been laid in this grave in two feet of earth, not to the impressive (*onctueuse*) chant of the prayers which the Church is accustomed to make for her children, but amid the curses (*maledictions*) contained in the breasts of the attendants; for whom the priest obliged to be present could perform no religious ceremony; could utter no prayer for the repose of his soul; could not say a single *requiescat in pace*; could not, in short, sprinkle a single drop of holy water, whose virtue is to moderate and quench the flames of the terrible fire that purifies souls in the other world.

"There will issue day and night from this tomb which contains the remains of an errant man who would persevere till death in his revolt against the Church, a lugubrious and lamentable voice which will cry loud enough: 'O all you who pass through this field of death, pause for a moment before this tomb and seriously reflect upon my unhappy fate. May my example teach you that no one can with impunity despise God and his Church. Alas, the more *éclat* that has been raised over my dry and withered bones, the



JOSEPH GUIBORD

A humble printer whose burial nearly caused civil war in Canada

more a mark of infamy and dishonour has been attached to my name. Why was I not hidden in an obscure place and in ground of oblivion? I would be to-day as if I had never been born. My memory would not be a curse from age to age, as it ought to be, and my name would not be in every mouth to be accursed from generation to generation. Alas, they pretended to give me a triumph, and they have only succeeded in perpetuating my shame and dishonour.' ”

It only remains to be added that no objection was afterwards raised to the burial of members of the *Institut*

Canadien, itself now defunct. Although quite a number of its members died while holding their membership, they received the last privileges of the Roman Catholic Church, and were buried in consecrated ground.

But for years after the long arm of the Inquisition had been thrust back there remained upon Guibord's tombstone a single word that had been surreptitiously painted upon it in tar. That word was “*Maudit!*” meaning “*Curséd!*”



The Witch

By

Isabel
Ecclestone
Mackay



Her hair was gold, and warm it lay
Athwart the pallor of her brow;
Her eyes were deep, aye, deep and gray—
And in their depths he drowned his vow.

She wandered where the sands were wet,
And wove the sea-weed for a crown,
And there at eve a monk she met—
A holy monk in cowl and gown.

She held him with her witch's stare
(She was a witch from blackest hell!);
Upon his lip she froze the prayer,
And in his ear she breathed a spell.

He babbled ever of her name,
'Twas scandal! But the Bishop smiled,
"The Church's son is not to blame;
Blame ye the witch, the devil-child."

They hunted her along the sea,
"Witch, Witch!" they cried and hissed
their hate—
Her hair unbound fell to her knee,
And made a glory where she sate.

Her song she hushed and, wonder-eyed,
She gazed upon their bell and book;
The holy priests were fain to hide
Lest they be witchéd by her look.

A very child she seemed to be
("The Devil's sly," the fathers say);
Her eyes were dreaming eyes that see
Things strange and fair and far away.

Loud prayed the Bishop, holding well
The blessed cross before his face—
So might he meet th' unholy spell,
And prove the Church's sovereign grace.

They haled her to the judgment hall.
"Confess," they cried, "the blasting spell
That holds yon crazéd monk in thrall?"
"Good sirs," she said, "he loved me well."

They dragged her to a witch's doom,
They cried aloud her witch's shame—
But ever through the cloister's gloom
The mad monk babbles of her name!

And when the red sun droppeth down,
And wet sand gleameth ghostily,
Men see her weave a sea-weed crown
Between the twilight and the sea.

THE AWAKENING OF GENIUS

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

PETER PLUNKEY sat gazing out of the window of his little log shanty in the woods. Betty, his wife, was ironing. The click of the irons and her brisk step from stove to table were the only sounds that broke the stillness of the room. The snow, which had begun to fall the evening before, had not once ceased its slow, noiseless descent, and now every twig on every bough of the forest trees yonder proudly displayed its little tuft of ermine. The stumps in the tiny clearing wore caps of the same rich material, and down, down, down still fell the wreathing snow.

It was a gloomy outlook, Betty thought, but Peter viewed the situation differently.

"He who lookes on glasse
On it maye staye his eye,
Or if he pleaseth through it passe
And thus the heavens espye."

Peter's mental vision looked through and beyond the narrow confines of the present; and to judge from a little smile that now and then twinkled over his features, the scene presented to his inward eye was not an unpleasant one. At length he broke the silence with, "Betty, I've jest bin thinkin'."

"No need to tell me that," she answered irritably, "you haven't spoken a word for the last hour or two. A lot of company you are! It's my opinion you'd better think to some purpose or else get to work. You've done little else but read this whole blessed day. It's a wonder you don't addle your brain—if you've got any. We'll soon starve at this rate."

Peter received this wifely admonition with quiet good humour, and answered, "I've just bin thinkin' to some purpose, Betty, and now I'm goin' to set to work."

"Well, that's something like! There's your axe needs grinding and the cattle want to be fed, and—"

Peter interrupted the catalogue of neglected duties with an impatient wave of his hand. "'Taint an axe I'm wantin', Betty; I'm goin' to work with a mightier tool, and do nobler work than feed cattle."

Betty turned squarely around and faced him with a look of questioning amazement, and he continued:

"It's jest this way, Betty: I've come to the conclusion that it's no use tryin' to make a livin' farmin' in such a country as this. Chopping down them trees and gettin' them out o' the way is enough to kill a man, let alone cultivatin' the land when it is cleared. I don't think nature intended a man o' my stamp to do that kind o' work. I've thought of an easier way o' gettin' a livin'. I'm goin' to write, Betty, write for the newspapers."

At this surprising announcement Betty's face assumed an expression of supreme contempt.

"Well, upon my word!" she exclaimed, "do you think you have brains and education enough for that sort of thing?"

"I guess I've got my share o' brains, Betty," he answered hotly, "and education too. But I didn't expect much encouragement from you. I always did have a feelin' that I

should do somethin' great and earn a fortune one day, and I believe the time is come."

"Now, Peter, listen to reason. A person who writes for the papers needs to use good grammar and know how to spell. You know very well your grammar isn't as good as it might be, and as for spellin'—"

"As for spellin', Betty, I can use a dictionary; and as for grammar, it isn't so much account as you think. There's that feller Kipling, he uses grammar a lot worse than mine whenever he's in the notion, and the stuff he writes he sells for whatever he likes to ask, they say. People like to read things wrote jest as they talk. Now on the other hand—did you ever read 'Paradise Lost,' Betty?"

"Don't know as I ever did."

"I never did neither; never could make head nor tail of it, but they say the grammar of that is extra fine. I've heard as how the writer o' that—what was his name, Betty?"

"I don't just remember, but seems to me—wasn't it Mark Twain?"

"I'm not ezaactly sure, but I rather think it was. Well, anyway, they say Mark Twain didn't get much for 'Paradise Lost,' and I don't wonder at it. Now I don't intend to write anything like that, and I hope mine will sell better."

"Do you? H'm! I hope so too. There's nothing like having plenty of conceit."

"There is nothin' like it, Betty. Jest listen to this I've jest bin readin'":

"One said: 'Thy life is thine to make or mar,
To flicker feebly or to soar, a star.
It lies with thee, the choice is thine, is thine—
To hit the ties or drive the auto-car.'"

"Isn't that grand and upliftin', Betty? And I know it's true. I'm goin' to drive my auto-car. I can if I choose to; it says so here; and I certainly do choose to. I know I can write. I can jest feel myself swellin' out with big thoughts."

"You don't need to swell out much. To my way of thinking, it would be more to the point if you stretched up a few inches."

Peter's diminutive stature was a sore point with him, and he winced slightly as his better half, from her superior height of almost six feet, coolly hurled down at him this insinuation. It was only for a moment, though. Throwing back his head and looking back at her defiantly, he tapped his forehead with his knuckles, saying, "What's inside there you can't measure with a foot rule, and I reckon that's where I get the start o' you."

"H'm!" scornfully.

"Jest wait till I've got my name up and made a nice bit o' money. I guess you'll be willin' enough then to ride in my auto-car."

"First get your auto-car, then ask me to ride in it, Peter Plunkey."

"All right. Guess I'd better begin," and with a quiet, determined countenance, Peter began looking for the pen, ink and paper, preparatory to putting his brilliant project into execution before his ardour should cool and his ideas melt away.

Just then Peter Plunkey, junior, came bouncing in from school. "Ma," he cried as he set down his empty dinner pail, "I'm as hungry as a bear. Will tea soon be ready?"

"Tea! Why, Peter, I'd almost forgotten about it. The fact is, I've had bigger things to think about. What do you think, Peter? Your pa is talking about getting an automobile."

"Why, Ma!" It would be difficult to imagine a tone expressive of greater astonishment than that in which this brief exclamation was uttered.

"You'd better ask your pa to explain about it," and this Peter did straightway.

Mr. Plunkey, glad of a more sympathetic listener than his wife had been, at once launched forth into a detailed account of his new ideas. Peter junior's eyes glistened with delight.

"Oh, pa," he exclaimed, as his father came to the end, "that's great! You'll succeed, I know you will. You are just fine at telling stories. I wish you'd write up that story about the time you went to propose to mother and the mule threw you and ran away home. Won't you, pa?"

"Sakes alive, child! Nobody'd want to hear about that. I must begin on somethin' more dignified and elevated than that foolish little yarn."

"What are you goin' to write about then, pa?"

"I haven't decided yet. Now don't talk to me, I must think."

Peter, junior, sat down quietly in his own little corner, but he never took his eyes off his pa. Soon, however, tea was ready, and he had to restrain his impatience till it was over and the table was cleared again.

Then Mr. Plunkey spread out a sheet of paper before him on the table, dipped his pen into the ink, and paused.

"I wonder what I'd better write about," he said.

His wife sniffed scornfully but offered no suggestions, and he kept his doubts to himself after that. After biting at the handle of his pen for half an hour, he dipped it into the ink again and wrote, "Some Ideas on Politicks," and then chewed his pen for another half-hour. Then Betty interrupted with, "What's happened all them big swelling thoughts of yours, Peter?"

"Betty, did you ever see a bottle so full that if you turned it upside down the liquid wouldn't run out? Well, that's just the way with me. I'm so full of thoughts that they won't come till they get started."

"Yes, I've seen a bottle that way; but if you give it a little shake it will come all right. I wonder how it would be if you were to stand on your head for a minute. I'd willingly give you a shake if that would be any help."

"Betty!"

This was uttered in so terrible a tone that Betty thought it wise to

give no further advice.

After another half-hour an inspiration came, and in a short time Peter had filled one sheet. He took another, filled that, and then a third. By the time he had got to the bottom of this one, the work that was to win for him his first instalment of fame and fortune was finished. With deep satisfaction expressed in every feature, he read it over to himself, and then said:

"Betty!"

"Well?"

"I've completed my writin'. Would you like to read it?"

Betty was tempted to feign indifference, but curiosity got the better of her, and she said rather ungraciously, "Very well, let's have a look at it?"

Peter, junior, looked eagerly over her shoulder while she adjusted her spectacles and read as follows:

"Some ideas on politicks." By Peter Plunkey: Politicks is what everybody talks about when its coming near election time. There is two sides in politicks, one is grit and the other is tory. One side is always right and the other is always rong. The side that is right is the side you are on. If you art a tory it is the grits that is all rong. Maybe they don't tell lies, but they haven't a speaking akwaintance with the truth. They wouldn't steal. Oh, no! But they spends money that don't ought to belong to them. They buys votes, which is agenst the law. They promis to study the interests of the country and never to think about theirselves, but it is theirselves and their own interests they study first and last and in between. These are some of the things the grits do—when you are not a grit, if you are a grit it is the other feller that duzit. A politician is a man that talks politicks. A good politishun is one that knows all about the other feller's sins and keeps his own out of sight. If politicks and politishuns could be got rid of it would be a good thing for the country. That is all I have to say."

Peter, junior, was very favourably impressed, and he began to wonder how many articles like that it would take to buy an automobile. But Mrs. Plunkey, having had the satisfaction of reading this exhibition of genius, had no intention of giving the writer the satisfaction of hearing her opinion of it.

"What do you intend to do with it?" she asked, as she handed it back to him.

"I think I will get it printed in one of the papers. I have heard that the editor of *The Times* takes an interest in politics. I guess I'll give him the first show."

Mrs. Plunkey resumed her knitting without comment. Peter took her silence as a hopeful omen, and that night he dreamed of newspaper notoriety, automobiles, and bags of yellow gold.

The next day was clear and bright; and very early Peter bethought himself of transporting his literary production to the editorial office of *The Times*. There was not a track along the smooth, white road, but Peter was not easily discouraged. Shortly after breakfast he was out battling with the snowdrifts, the precious manuscript safely deposited in his inside coat pocket.

It was a distance of six miles to the town, but by the time Peter had reached Mr. Watson's, half a mile from his home, he began to feel a little tired. He called in to get a drink, and Job Watson wondered much what could be the pressing business that brought the ease-loving Peter Plunkey to town over such a road.

"If I were travelling to-day I should go on snowshoes," he said.

"I dare say that would be easier," returned Peter, "but I haven't got any."

"I'll lend you a pair—I have two—and my company into the bargain, if you'll accept of it. I should enjoy a trip to-day."

"That would be first-rate," said

Peter, "I have never walked on snowshoes, but I'm sure I'd like it."

So it was agreed, and Job, after helping Peter to adjust the shoes, put on his own, and off they went.

Job Watson was a man with a large experience of backwoods life, which Peter, a recent immigrant from the old country, had not yet acquired; so Job took pains to teach his friend the right way of managing the shoes. They walked quite slowly at first, and for a while all went well. Peter felt quite elated at his success in the new art, and gaining confidence began to quicken his pace. They were on the summit of a somewhat steep declivity when Peter suggested, "I reckon we can make pretty good time goin' down this hill."

Job assented, of course, but with a twinkle in his eyes. In less than a minute Peter's head and heels had suddenly changed places. The tails of the snowshoes were pointing skyward, and Peter's face and arms were buried out of sight in a snowbank.

"You seem to be in a pretty bad fix," said Job as he hastened to his comrade's side with an offer of assistance.

"No," came in a smothered tone as Peter spluttered and choked in a vain attempt to raise his face out of the snow. "No, whiff! whiff! I'm jest a-reachin' down to get a little green fern down there."

"All right," answered Job, while the twinkle in his eyes extended to the corners of his mouth. "Bring up a specimen for me too, please. My stars!" he added to himself, "that's what I call an enthusiastic botanist!"

Peter, whose pride would not permit him to accept of any assistance, after failing to secure the botanical specimen, managed at length to get himself "right side up with care." Meanwhile Job Watson stood by, taking the utmost satisfaction out of the whole proceeding. After our botanist had removed sundry handfuls of snow from his ears, neck, sleeves and pockets, the two proceeded on their

way. It was not long before a similar accident occurred.

"Do you want any help?" called Job, who was slightly in the advance.

"No thanks," was the answer, "I'm jest examinin' the shape o' this 'ere snowflake. Wonderful curious they are, aren't they?"

"They are indeed, Mr. Plunkey; but wouldn't you see them better if your eyes were not so close?"

They once more resumed their journey, and finally reached the town. Peter went at once to the press-rooms of *The Times*, and with his snowshoes tucked under one arm was ushered into the presence of the editor.

What took place within the walls of that office no one but Peter and the editor ever knew. The facts can only be guessed from what followed.

Betty did not need to be told the result of the experiment. One look at the downcast face of her husband told the whole story. She wisely forbore to ask any embarrassing questions, but gave him a good hot supper without any unnecessary delay. Peter wondered at her unusual gentleness, but her heart was softer than her tongue. Such is often the case.

Peter, junior, said little, but for a few days he was unusually quiet and absent-minded. One day a couple of weeks later he came in, carrying the latest issue of *The Times* and vainly endeavouring to look unconcerned. He handed the paper to his father, who opened it and began to read.

Presently Mr. Plunkey uttered an exclamation of astonishment: "What in the wide world is this? And where did it come from?" Betty left her work, and looking over Peter's shoulder she read the following:

A LOVE IDYLL

By Peter Plunkey

There was no girl in all the town could hold a candle to Betty Brown.

One day I thought I'd take a ride and ask her if she'd be my bride.

We walked beside the foaming brine: I said, "O Betty, will you be mine?"

She answered, "Peter, yours I am," and looked as happy as a clam.

We wandered for an hour or more and gathered shells along the shore,

And then I ended up my wooin' by saying, "Betty, I'll be goin'."

I jumps upon my donkey's back and gives the whip a little crack.

Up goes his heels and off I fly. That donkey calmly winks his eye.

I jumped upon his back once more—he bounced me quicker than before.

I dropt my whip and couldn't find it; but Betty says, "Why never mind it.

There is no telling where he put it. If I were you I'd rather foot it."

I says—for I was mighty spunky—"I'll not be beaten by a donkey!"

When next the donkey raised his feet I gripped his ears and kept my seat.

He carried me a mile or so, but not another step he'd go.

Then I jumped off to get a stick, a supple hickory, good and thick.

I said, "You'll learn a thing or two, my friend, 'fore I get done with you."

That mule he turned around and grinned, then off he went just like the wind.

I followed after, but, you see, the mule got home ahead of me.

And while I tramped along the road this is the solemn vow I vowed:

I never more will ride a donkey as long as my name's Peter Plunkey.

"Well, I never! To think you could write poetry like that, Peter!"

Betty was flushed and excited.

"But I never wrote it, Betty."

"You never wrote it! Who did then?"

"I guess Peter Plunkey, junior, knows something about it." At this Peter Plunkey, junior, came forward and pleaded guilty.

"Peter, my boy," his father said, beaming unbounded approval upon his hopeful young son, "I'm proud of you. You'll be rich and famous before long, there's no doubt about it. How much did you get?"

"The editor didn't pay me for it."

"Never paid you nothin'? The villain!"

"He says he doesn't pay for poetry, but he's going to send me the paper right along, and he wants me to write some more. He says if I keep on I'll be driving my own auto some day."

"So you will, my boy, so you will."

THE ROMANCE OF SONG

BY MARIE TALBOT TOURNIER

CERTAIN cherished songs are prominent in our memories and represent different epochs in our careers. The lullabies that mother crooned if heard in long after years will bring back with the vividness of present reality her fair young face and all the associations of childhood.

Oh! the old songs are sweetest,
The songs my mother sung,
To the children in the twilight,
In days when we were young.

There was "Bonnie Annie Laurie"
And "Annie of the Vale";
"Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?"
And sainted "Lily Dale."

"Down Upon the Swanee River,"
And "Darling Nellie Gray";
"What We Might Have Been Lorena,"
And faithful "Old Dog Tray."

"Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour,
Hear My Plaintive Cry";
"When I can Read My Title Clear,"
And "The Sweet Bye-and-Bye!"

Then come the love ballads, interwoven with that first affair of the heart that leaves such a lasting impression upon us all, for, "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream." And, again, the songs of passion that recall the deeper affections that were born after the rubicon of manhood or womanhood had been passed. How often do we sing them softly to ourselves when we are alone, and how our hearts beat with the old warm love that has so long been sleeping, buried under many years and experiences! Even those who seemingly are most cold and commonplace know hours when sweet old

songs echo in the halls of memory and a ray of sunlight illumines for a moment a pictured face upon its walls.

"Though your life be dreary, sad the day
and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old
sweet song."

Among the many songs that are written from decade to decade are some that strike the keynote of human sympathy and are well-nigh deathless. Our grandmother sat at the harpsichord with downcast eyes and sang them to her lover because in language quaint and sweet they expressed the feelings of her heart. And since love is the same old story, they interpret our sentiments as aptly to-day. The majority of these everlasting flowers of music are Scotch and Irish melodies, accompanied by simple and pathetic words. Such are "Robin Adair," "John Anderson, My Jo, John," "Auld Robin Gray," and many more.

So busy are we with our own particular romance, for which we accept these beautiful ballads as an outward and visible sign, we forget, perhaps, to wonder what was the original story of the song itself, what emotion gave it birth in the heart of the singer before his lips gave it utterance. However, there have been those curious enough to inquire of writers the history of their achievements and there are many anecdotes extant on the subject of some of our favourite songs that will doubtless be of interest to all who know and love them.

Of "Robin Adair" both the air and the words have separate and romantic stories. The ballad is sung to the melody of "Eilleen Aroon," which means "Sweet pearl of my heart." This air was written by an Irish knight who loved and was loved by the daughter of a neighbouring chieftain. Her parents had somewhere contracted the bad habit of opposing her wishes, and suffering from a peculiar hallucination of sight common to relatives in general, could see only the perfections of that objectionable "other man." The maiden's chosen lover having gone abroad, they made her believe him untrue and secured her promise to wed the villain who, with parental assistance, "still pursued her." The wedding day arrived, the guests assembled, the unwilling bride entered. The minstrels were ready to give her greeting; among them was a stranger who put himself in her pathway as she crossed the threshold, and began to sing "Eilleen Aroon." When he reached the question, "Wilt thou go with me, Eilleen Aroon?", he raised his eyes to her face and—what woman ever mistook her lover's eyes for those of another man—she managed to whisper that she would go with him. Accordingly, a few minutes later, when the ceremony was about to begin, an unexpected hitch occurred, for the wedding party discovered itself minus the bride. The lovers escaped safely, and were married, and, it is to be hoped like the Fairy Prince and Princess of the story lived happily ever after.

The history of "Robin Adair" is most pathetic; it is a veritable heart-cry, and therein lies its wonderful power.

"Robin Adair" really existed. He was a young Irishman of good family, who, having graduated at the Dublin University, started out to seek his fortune as a physician in London. In those days (along about 1760) if a gentleman were poor he perforce must go afoot, and this the laddie did with

a good heart for the future and a bonnie face and winning way to recommend him for the present. As he trudged cheerfully along singing his favourite song, "Eilleen Aroon," a travelling carriage drawn by fine, prancing horses passed him. A hand-come, haughty woman's face looked at him from the window of the equipage, impressed him for a moment and then flashed from his mind as quickly as it had from his eyesight. A few miles farther on, however, it was suddenly recalled to his recollection. He came upon the travelling carriage drawn up to the side of the road and distracted servants running about and crying:

"Madam the Countess! Oh, Madam the Countess is injured!"

The young doctor hastened to the side of his first patient and set her broken limb with such skill and kindness that he earned her lasting gratitude. It was a stroke of great good fortune for Robin: the rest of the journey was not performed on foot through the dust of the highway, but made in the elegant travelling carriage of the Countess. When arrived at their destination, his patroness introduced the young physician to the best London society, and gave him every opportunity to distinguish himself, and become rich.

At this stage of his career he fell in love with the daughter of the Earl of Albemarle, and when it is said that she was the writer and first singer of "Robin Adair" it will be superfluous to state that she returned his affection. Difference of station separated the lovers, but the lady pined to such an extent that her father was compelled to consent to her marriage with her beloved Robin. She had grieved herself so nearly to death, however, that she lived a very little while after she became a wife. Adair became surgeon to George III., and was knighted, but throughout his whole life, in spite of all the honours that came to him, he never forgot nor ceased to wear mourning for the young bride who had loved him so dearly.

It was during the period of their separation that the young Countess set the words of "Robin Adair" to the music of "Eilleen Aroon," which her absent lover had taught her. An intimate friend, who wrote down and preserved the words, tells how pathetic it was to hear the heart-broken girl singing softly to herself, with a far-away dreamy look in her eyes:

"But now thou'rt far from me,
Robin Adair,
But now I never see
Robin Adair,
Yet him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh, I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair."

The air of "The Last Rose of Summer," though changed and perfected, is said to have originated with a professional minstrel who, because of much sorrow, lost his mind. The story runs as follows:

A certain minstrel rebuked his chieftain in song for an act of wanton cruelty. His angered lord drove him out of the village, from which he was accompanied in his exile by the lass who loved him. Many years passed, and his friends heard nothing of the lost bard, until one day a boy came running down the village street calling out that the minstrel was approaching. The peasants assembled to give him a cheerful welcome, but when he came up to them they perceived that his mind was distraught. His harp was hanging upon his arm with many of the strings broken, and when requested to play, he at once complied; but whether grave or gay was the tune demanded, he always rendered the same wild and pathetic strain and nothing else. Questions concerning his past received no answer; he never spoke, and, though he dwelt among his old companions until death freed him from his mysterious unhappiness, they could only guess its nature from the weird, sweet music, the consequence of a broken heart and a broken harp. And this wild melody is said to be the one to

which, in a modified form, we sing Moore's "Last Rose of Summer."

"When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones have flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?"

Moore's songs portray vividly the Irish capacity for loving. In his own words:

"Oh! what was love made for if
'Tis not the same
Through joy and through torment,
Through glory and shame.
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's
In that heart,
I but know that I love thee,
Whatever thou art."

While Moore is the sweetest of the Irish singers, Burns, of course, occupies that place in Scotch music. What song so popular among masculine songsters as the one beginning,

"Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,
My plaidie to the angry airt,
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee:
Or did misfortune's bitter storms
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,
Thy bield should be my bosom,
To share it a', to share it a'."

In the midst of the illness and misfortune that attended his last days on earth, the poet went once to call on a lady friend to whom he was much attached. During a conversation about music he bade her sit down to the piano and play over any tune to which she was partial, and he would write new verses to it. The consequence was this beautiful song, the second verse of which seems to allude to the desert of despair and pain in which he found himself, and to the comfort she was happy enough to be able to afford him by her friendship:

"Or were I in the wildest waste,
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
The desert were a paradise,
If thou wert there, if thou wert there."

Of all the lovers who have sung this song to their ladies in the days of long ago, many hearts will respond no more to the magic touch of love,

and many more are beating to the slower measures of:

"John Anderson, my Jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither:
And mony a cantie day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my Jo."

In the ballad "Comin' Thro' the Rye" it has been supposed that Burns had reference to a little stream in the northwest of Ayrshire, called the Rye. Here the lads were said to lie in ambush and kiss the lassies as they waded through the stream, a liberty which they could not conveniently resent, by manual punishment, at least, their hands being employed in holding their petticoats out of the water.

"Among the train there is a swain,
I dearly lo'e mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame
I dinna choose to tell.
Ev'ry lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, hae I,
Yet all the lads they smile at me,
When comin' thro' the rye."

It is pleasant to know that there really was a "Bonnie Annie Laurie," but disappointing to learn that she discarded in favour of a wealthier suitor the gentleman who so sweetly sang her praises. Mr. William Douglas wrote:

"Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee."

Nevertheless, when the sweet voice informed him that she had no intention of being "a' the world" to him, he did not lie down and die, but promptly married another lady and became the father of a large family. "Bonnie Annie," the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie, of Maxwellton, near Dumfries, Scotland, married a gentleman of title and fortune. Common sense is comfortable, but not romantic.

"Auld Robin Gray" was written by Lady Anne Lindsay, daughter of the fifth Earl of Balcarres. On her fa-

ther's estate was a shepherd named Robin Gray, and for some admirable deed she resolved to immortalise his memory. One day her little sister entered the room, and she said to her:

"I have been writing a ballad and am oppressing my heroine with all sorts of misfortune. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, broken her father's arm, made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover, but I wish to present her with some new misery in the last four lines. Can you not help me to one?"

"Steal the cow, Sister Ann," was the suggestion, and accordingly the cow was stolen.

The English and American songs are not so quaintly striking, but some of them possess the sympathetic beauty that gives them lasting power over the human heart.

The history of "Ben Bolt" is disappointing. I understand that it was a mechanical production, written for effect and not the consequence of emotion. For my own part, I have never cared for Poe's "Raven" since I learned that it was merely a perfect work of art without soul. The poet himself explains the philosophy of its composition.

"I wished," he said, "to choose the most melancholy topic according to the universal understanding of mankind. Death was obviously the one. Then I inquired of myself 'When is this topic most poetical?' and the answer, also obvious, 'When it allies itself to beauty.' The death then of a beautiful woman is unquestionably the most poetic topic, and the lips best suited to its utterance are those of a lover."

"Ben Bolt" was, I believe, formulated along the same lines, but it was certainly successful in expressing pathos, even if not generated thereby:

"Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice,
Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown:

Who wept with delight when you gave her
a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?"

I have heard a number of "new women" object to the condition of feminine serfdom here implied; but nothing can alter the pathetic beauty of the little Alice who lies "In the old church-yard in the valley, Ben Bolt."

To pass to the more distinctly sentimental ballads that have won popular favour, one of the best known (whether by reason of its own charm or because immortalised by Mr. Swiveller in expressing his regret for the loss of Miss Sophy Wackles) is that called "Oh, No; We Never Mention Her!" It was written by Thomas Haynes Bayly after being rejected by the parents of his first love:

"They tell me she is happy now,
The gayest of the gay;
They hint that she forgets me,
But heed not what they say;
Like me, perhaps, she struggles
With each feeling of regret,
But if she loved as I have loved,
She never can forget."

People as a general rule are inclined to laugh at the sorrows of very young lovers, and to cheer them by the assurance that they will outgrow their misery. True, no doubt, but not comforting! Have you ever passed a night of such despair as that following the evening your father announced, à propos of the lad who first awoke your young affections: "I will not have that young man calling here again."

You married some one else, you know; but you gave one of your boys your first lover's name; not so much out of affection for the man as for that time when you first discovered the beautiful country of which the poets sing and over which little god Cupid rules. So after all we "never can forget."

A distinctly American song is "The Old Oaken Bucket." It was composed by a New York printer, Samuel Woodworth. The circumstances that

led to its birth are an interesting contrast to its basic principle. Woodworth was drinking in a saloon kept by one Mallory.

"This brandy," said Woodworth, "is superior to any drink on earth."

"Well, I'll bet you," retorted Mallory, "that there's a drink we both thought much more of once upon a time, and it refreshed us quicker. That's the clear, cool water we used to get from the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, after returning from the field on a sultry day."

The sentiment struck the poet, and he wrote:

"The moss-covered bucket I hail as a
treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from
the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite
pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature
can yield."

"Robin Adair" expresses the sense of loss more vividly than any other song in the English language. Next to it in strength comes a little modern piece, entitled "Absent":

"Sometimes between long shadows on the
grass
The little truant waves of sunlight pass;
My eyes grow dim with tenderness the
while,
Thinking I see thee, thinking I see thee
smile."

And sometimes in the twilight gloom
apart
The tall trees whisper, whisper heart to
heart.
From my fond lips the eager answers fall,
Thinking I hear thee, thinking I hear
thee call."

Thus echoing from our childhood come the melodies to which our first thoughts and fancies were attuned; then come, more real and vital, the love songs of our later years, songs in which we hear the voices that struck mysterious chords in our hearts and stirred them to music of their own. Although the love-songs familiar to the youth of each bring back a little of the glamour they then expressed, generally in the heart of

each is enshrined one song far dearer than the rest; it becomes part of life itself because "I think of the singer, I think of the song."

But beyond even these melodies, in power to stir, to mould, to move, even to madden mankind, are the martial songs of country. A wonderful thrill is that produced by the swing of such songs as "Rule Britannia" and "The Maple Leaf Forever." The very blood in the veins keeps time to the rhythm.

The writers of such songs, we cannot help but think, must be made of that stern stuff that causes men to be patriotic and nations great. In the case of Alexander Muir, the author of "The Maple Leaf Forever," an anecdote told by Inspector James L. Hughes will explain his character.

Inspector Hughes, believing that the time had come for Mr. Muir to enjoy a well-earned repose and an equally well-earned pension, arranged that the Government should give \$500 a year and the School Board another \$500, thus making a pension of \$1,000 to be given to Mr. Muir upon his retirement. Inspector Hughes then broached the subject to the aged teacher. The offer was at once refused. "Because," said Mr. Muir, "I wish to die in the harness." The next

day he fell dead.

Concerning the inspiration which led to the writing of "The Maple Leaf," a very interesting story comes from the same authority as the foregoing.

Mr. Muir was a teacher in Leslieville (now part of Toronto) at the time of the Fenian Raid. He was himself a volunteer during this troublous period, and his heart and imagination were on fire with patriotism. Vague suggestions for a national anthem kept ringing through his mind. One day as he walked through the woods dreaming upon this theme and wondering in exactly what form to express his patriotic thoughts, a maple leaf fell upon his coat sleeve and remained there. As he looked down upon it the inspiration came:

"Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine
The Maple Leaf forever."

It is a pity the original maple leaf fell from Mr. Muir's coat sleeve and was lost. We should like to preserve it among Canadian relics, and among the precious things to be handed down to future generations in this new land should have remained forever that historical maple leaf.



MANY-ARMED CREATURES OF THE SEA

BY F. M. KELLY

IN many stirring ocean tales of old yesterday, we may read of the *kraken*, that gigantic marine monster evolved from the imaginative stories of the adventurers who at one time went down to the sea in ships and did business in great waters. It was an enormous thing, that *kraken*, resembling nothing smaller than an island as it rested on the surface of the vast deep miles off the coast of Norway, where it was most frequently seen. What a wonderful conception of its strength and size the old illustrators had! They pictured it in the most graphic fashion far out on the wind-swept waste, lifting its long tentacles from the deep and winding them about some luckless ship, inevitably dragging her down, with every gallant soul on board, to destruction. The old-time naturalists believed in it, too. Even Pontoppidan, regarded as very learned in his time, became firmly convinced that the terrible thing was a reality and cited the stories told of it as facts.

Taking it for granted that the *kraken* was a myth, that the ancient mariners had no conception of the truth, the learned Dr. Walsh of our own times (and to my mind not without some little measure of reason) expressed himself as follows when writing of these once very popular superstitions:

"We cannot doubt that the depths of the sea, where vegetables flourish eight hundred feet in length, are also peopled

with monstrous animals, whose organism is adapted to these unknown regions, whence they but rarely emerge. Their very real appearances have formed the basis of the mysterious traditions which for more than two thousand years have been transmitted from generation to generation of mariners, and which have given birth to the fantastic creation of the *kraken* and the sea-serpent."

According to the learned doctor, the sea-serpent and *kraken* stories are probably the result of the occasional appearances on the ocean's surface of some very material monsters which have strayed from their natural haunts in the vast depths. In the Mediterranean it is an indisputable fact that there are cuttle-fish of enormous size. In 1853, a *cephalopod* of huge proportions was found on the shore of Jutland. Some fishermen discovered it, and after being dismembered, it filled several large wheel-barrow. The back part of the mouth of this creature was as large as a medium-sized human head. From the Atlantic, another, equally as large, was taken in 1858. At the time of its capture it was engaged in a mortal combat with a whale. Parts of it are still to be seen in the museum at Copenhagen. In the same ocean, M. Rung found the body of a calamary which he describes as being as large as a tun cask. One of its mandibles was presented to the museum of the College of Surgeons, Paris.

Along the Pacific Coast one often hears the octopus referred to as the

devil-fish. This is wrong, for the devil-fish is not in the same family with the octopus. True, the former has eight arms or tentacles, but has no cup-like suckers whatever, while its body is fish-shaped with a row of sharp spines along the back. It is called the bat or devil-fish, the latter name being most appropriate, for in appearance it is certainly most repelling.

We are fairly well familiar with the octopus and its habits, for it is found in almost every quarter of the globe and as a marine creature comparatively easy to study. It attains its greatest size and exhibits the greatest ferocity in the tropic latitudes. The largest specimens weigh more than a hundred pounds, several taken from the Pacific almost doubling that weight.

A great many stories have been written about this eight-armed thing, but as "truth is stranger than fiction," we have no authentic proofs that the octopus is a man-killer. Small boats have occasionally been attacked by the octopus, but it would seem that those occupying them generally survived to tell the tale. Possibly there were some, however, whose life-calling took them out on troublous waters in little boats who were neither so doughty nor so fortunate.

The writer once talked with an Italian fisherman on the San Francisco waterfront who, according to his own statements, had an exciting experience with one of these unprepossessing denizens of the deep. It was while he and a companion were engaged in overhauling their net out on the bay that the encounter took place. A large specimen had become entangled in the mesh of the net; and as it was being drawn near to the surface a tentacle shot up and coiled about the fisherman's arm. His companion hastened to assist him and succeeded in severing the gelatinous arm with the aid of a heavy sheath-knife. The brute was then despatched. Before the tentacle had been slashed

through the sensation had been a numbing or paralysing one; and where the suckers had been attached to the man's arm blood was drawn through the skin. Had the octopus not been badly handicapped, the fisherman might have been drowned. Might have been; but it is certain that if it had not been tangled up in the net, the Italian would not have met with the adventure. As he was dragging it out of its element, the thing fought for its life—a rat would do as much.

Prof. Beale, a very distinguished naturalist, was once attacked by a member of the *cephalopoda* family. It was while he was making a collection of shells on one of the Bonin Islands, which lie out in the North Pacific some considerable distance south and east of Japan. Ashore one day, he happened to notice a rock-squid creeping slowly among the beach rocks. The body was very small, but the spread of the tentacles was something like five feet. Anxious to test the strength of the creature, the professor seized one of its tentacles. Small as it was, the squid's hold upon the rocks was almost too much for him; but a supreme effort, accompanied by a quick jerk, caused it to release its grip, but with disastrous results to the naturalist. The moment the squid's tentacles were free, it twisted them with amazing rapidity about the professor's arm and endeavoured to reach his flesh with its parrot-like beak. The demonstration of strength and ferocity was convincing, and the seeker after knowledge yelled for assistance, fortunately being heard by an officer of his vessel who happened to be on the beach at no great distance away. The two tried in every conceivable manner to make the creature let go, but all to no purpose. They had to return to the boat, the officer holding the horrid head of the squid all the way, and only after it was cut into many pieces was the professor released. He lost considerable blood, but had been the aggressor in the first instance.

About Vancouver Island the octopus is by no means a stranger, is rather common, in fact. Though it is repulsive enough in appearance and possibly entitled to all the nasty things said about it in that respect, the writer does not believe it is as ugly in its every-day disposition as it has often been painted. Mud Bay, near Victoria, was at one time a favourite swimming place with men and boys. On two occasions while the writer and brother youngsters were bathing there we saw octopoda in close proximity to us. True, we did not become very familiar with them, nor did we linger for any length of time in the water. It is just possible, however, that there were other occasions on which they were not observed, and when we must have been very near. Now if the octopus were a man-seeker, ever anxious to wind its horrid-looking tentacles about a man-victim, surely there were chances enough for tragedy in the waters of that little bay. On another occasion I saw an octopus with a spread of twenty feet killed not more than a hundred yards from where a number of men and boys were bathing. It was under the bridge on the Gorge Drive. A number of telegraph linemen working on the bridge chanced to see it in the water below and threw several coils of old steel wire on top of it. They reasoned, evidently, that it would tangle itself up in the wire, and as it happened so, they soon killed it with their pike poles.

A splendid place for observing the octopus used to be the old Hudson Bay wharf, Esquimalt Harbour. In years past the writer spent many hours there watching them. The water was very clear, and though they did not move about very much through the day, I acquired a little knowledge, at least, of their life and habits. I believe the octopus is a nocturnal creature, very retiring and secretive during the day. When motionless, it is very hard to distinguish, and even when moving slightly it is so

like its surroundings in colour that it might very often be taken for a species of fungus growing among the tide-swayed plants in the wide garden of Neptune. In form, the body is round, the flesh being of a jelly-like substance, soft to the touch, and is covered with a tough, leathery skin. The eight tentacles are studded along the bottom side with numerous sucking discs, which are reproduced if lost. On some specimens taken as many as three thousand of these discs have been counted. The mouth lies in a position surrounded by the tentacles which convey the food to it and consists of an opening framed by a circular lip, beneath which appears the beak, the longest part being below. The mouth and jaws are supplied with most powerful muscles, enabling it to easily crush the hard shells of crustaceans and molluscs and to tear the bodies of fishes. The tongue seems to be adapted alike for tasting and conducting food to the digestive organs. On one side of the abdomen are two syphons, used for ejecting an inky fluid which it is said to discharge for the purpose of concealing its presence when in danger of molestation. These syphons are also used, it would appear, in sucking and expelling streams of water, thus aiding the creature in its movements from place to place. It has large shining eyes, and is apparently keen-sighted. After the manner of fishes, it produces its young from eggs. In clusters, they resemble bunches of grapes and are a dirty blue-black in colour. It is also phosphorescent and one of the creators of that interesting phenomenon in the sea which is so attractive on moonless nights.

Having read of the ferocity of the octopus, one might be excused for not desiring a close acquaintance with the creature in its own element; but I had no misgivings whatever, knowing something of its real nature, when I set out from Bentick Island with an Indian, bent on witnessing the capture of one. My dusky companion was

supposed to be an expert at the game, and he hummed a little song of anticipation as we paddled the dug-out towards Race Rocks, a short distance off shore. The tide runs by the rocks there very swiftly at times, forming many whirl-pools, some of considerable size, and in this restless stretch of water marine life abounds. Between the rocks and the mainland, the blackfish, slitting the surface with their great dorsals, pass and re-pass, feeding against the tide. Occasionally a pair of old humpbacks, bull and cow, ugliest of the whale kind, roll lazily through. Overhead the sea-birds circle and watch for morsels of food. It is down below, though, among the sea-grasses, on the mossy ledges of the great rocks where the live things are in numbers uncountable. There the urchins and the hedge-hogs cluster in communities, "flocking together like birds of a feather," while various kinds of star-fish lie scattered about on the sea-floor, some with five, some with twelve and some with as many as twenty rays. Great crabs move lazily about; and for all the world like a piece of granite, with nobbed back, from whence it derives its name, the noded member of the family stirs among the boulders, crawls in its path over low forms of life, part creature, part plant, like the sea-cucumber and disturbs the somnolent hours of the sea-mouse. In and out among the swaying kelp groves dart gaily-coloured fishes, like the red and the black-banded rock-fish. Inquisitive-looking, the wide-mouthed sculpin, scarce exerting its pectoral fins, is seen making a temporary couch where the bottom is of the same hue as its own. Rat-fish nose idly from sea-shelf to sea-shelf; but there is a flitting of all the fish kind when the long wolf-eel approaches, for its maw and heavy teeth are by no means appreciated by the finny inhabitants of the deep. For the moment of its presence there is no movement to denote life; but as it passes out of range a little sea-horse

appears and is seen jumping about. Curious-looking thing, the sea-horse, not unlike a chess-board knight in appearance. From its grotesque antics, it must be the comedian of the water elements, the clown of the seaways.

Gazing intently into the depths as we barely kept the canoe in motion, it was all most interesting to me. With eyes more practised than mine, the Indian was the first to detect the object of our search. As he dropped his paddle and picked up the long pole with an iron shoe at its end and bent in shape somewhat to resemble the segment of a circle, I got ready to witness a struggle. I confess to a thrill just then, looked toward the Vancouver shore and wished for a moment that I was back there. From the island, I turned to the rocks and wondered if I could reach them should anything happen. All at once old stories of the sea had trooped back to the memory, and I fancied the slippery tentacles of the octopus coiling about me.

While I harked back to the days of exaggerated adventure, my companion was busy. He chuckled in a guttural manner, too, as he worked, and I soon felt that if he could be jubilant in a quiet way there was no reason for me to fear anything, so I mustered back the units of courage and looked over the side of our craft again. Though he had been most cautious in his preliminary actions, the octopus on the rock below had evidently observed the Indian from the start; for its eyes were intently fixed on the pole moving slowly but surely in its direction. It did not appear to fear the thing, for it made no attempt to get away, no move to conceal itself. When it felt the touch of the curved iron, though, it would be different, there would be a fight, and I forgot my fears altogether in expectation of the battle.

Gradually the iron was forced beneath the body of the octopus: but to my amazement, instead of resist-

ing, it slowly wound its tentacles about the pole and suffered the Indian to draw it to the surface, when, having a club ready to his hand, he dealt it a sharp blow on the head and threw it into the bottom of the canoe with a grunt of satisfaction. I was disappointed, and some of the romance of the sea and the octopus was knocked

out of me forever. There had been no excitement whatever. Next day I was offered a choice piece of the meat by my companion of the day before, but I declined it with thanks. My refusal caused some wonder, for the flesh of the octopus is considered a great delicacy by the natives of the British Columbia coast.

DUSK

By E. M. YEOMAN

Now hushed is all the forestland,
 Serene with holy rest the glades
 Where kingdoms of wan flowers expand,
 And little brooks seek dewy shades,
 Where the rich verdure hides its wealth
 Against the creeping shadows' stealth.
 And in the heavens, splendour-dressed,
 In crimson tints, with gold ornate,
 Gorgeous in pompous purple state,
 A cloud comes wandering from the west,
 Laden with mystic plunder-freight,
 Stol'n from magicians of the skies,
 And spends its treasures lavishly
 In wantonness of revelry,
 And flaunts its glaring purple guise,
 And o'er the wondering heaven strews,
 And bids the sombre Earth behold,
 Its magic smokes of violent hues,
 That flare, and burst to lurid gold.

Float to me from the radiant skies
 Soft violet airs that round me stray,
 Chased with lost forms and vanished eyes,
 Rich with loved faces gone away.
 Oh, Sorrow is abroad, and she
 Hath found some potent witchery
 That, hid in evening's pomp and grace,
 Revives again with subtle art
 The withered memories of the heart,
 And holds me here, in wilderne place,
 Dallying with hands long drawn apart.
 But fleet, ye faces, from my gaze!
 Oh, fleet, ye phantoms, to your skies!
 I would forget dead love and eyes;
 I would forget bright perished days.
 Fleet with your gold and violet blooms,
 And all remembrance of delight!
 "Oh, I would weep in soothing glooms,
 And languish here, alone with night."

THE ROMANCE OF BALNAGOWN

BY W. MACGILL

THE recent complete redistribution of Britain's naval forces has made the Cromarty Firth a chief rendezvous and base for manœuvres and training of her most formidable fleet, the Main Fleet. On a rising ground overlooking the waters of that finest of deep landlocked harbours, where *Dreadnought* and *Indomitable* can be nearer a pier than anywhere else except at Portsmouth, stands the lofty old baronial castle of Balnagown, the ancestral home of Sir Charles Ross. While the ground, beautifully wooded, slopes gradually in front toward the Firth, it falls at the back precipitously to the deep, wooded, picturesque glen of the Balnagown River. Though the site was no doubt originally chosen like those of other mediæval castles, for its possibilities of defence rather than of beauty, yet both are largely combined in this site.

There seems to be no record of the first founding of a castle or residence there—it is lost in the mists of antiquity—and Balnagown vies with Dunvegan for the honour of being the oldest inhabited castle in Scotland. When we first know of Balnagown it was a seat of the Earls of Ross. The first mention of that ancient stock is in the *Landnamabok* Saga, the oldest Norse poem relating to Scotland, and it runs thus: "Helgi, son of Ottar, made war upon Scotland and carried off prisoner Nidbjorga, the daughter of King Bjolan and of Kadliner, daughter of Ganga Rolf." This Rolf the Ganger—Rollo the Walker—who was too tall to ride—or Ralph the

Rover as he may be freely rendered, tried many descents on British coasts—got many a hot reception and at last passed on to the north of France where he found an easier prey. He there carved out for his Norsemen, or Normans as they began to be called, the duchy of Normandy, and with him began a line of dukes of whom came William the Conqueror. Whether Ganga Rolf took any booty from the Cromarty Firth and other shores of Ross or not, he left behind him his Norse damsel Kadliner as a bride for the Celtic chief. We may suppose her blue-eyed and fair-haired—like most of her race—and of her father's stalwart build. At least she had the will to give her daughter a Norse name. Which may have been all the better for that maiden when along came another Viking, a most unceremonious wooer as gentlemen of the pirate profession are apt to be, but, let us hope, all the likelier to treat her kindly for her Norse name. Her father the Celtic chief was, to his Celt, Gilleoin — to the Norsemen King Bjolan — then to his clan, his family were The O'Beolans—later, the Gille-Anrias — Gillanders — Lendries. Lastly, Ross, from the territory and title was assumed as name by the Balnagown branch when the male line and the title of the original stock of the Earls failed. One of Beolar's successors at a distance of several generations was Ferchard or Farquhar as we now have it. He came to the front early in the thirteenth century, giving timely and powerful aid to King Alexander II. in his enter

prise of subduing the rival power of Donald Bane's sons and of the Earls of Moray. After defeating these, Ferchard caught their leaders, beheaded them, and sent their heads in the grim old savage fashion as a present to the monarch. For this the pleased and grateful Alexander confirmed Ferchard in his wide earldom and admitted him to the ranks of—Chivalry! as a dubbed Knight. In another of Alexander's wars, Ferchard—Macintagart or descendant of the priest, as his by-name went—"Came up and attacked the Gallowegians in the rear, followed them up, and put them to the sword as long as daylight lasted." If he had any qualms of conscience for all this bloodshed he compounded for it in the approved fashion of his time, by founding an abbey at Fearn. There he is said to have died—doubtless in the odour of sanctity—in 1251. Ferchard's grandson, William Earl of Ross, had a pretty chequered career during the War of Independence, kept up first by Wallace and then by Bruce against Edward I. and Edward II. In 1291 the Earl is found doing homage to Edward; then in 1296, along with the Earls of Menteith and Athole, fighting against him, and ravaging the north of England and seizing Dunbar. In a battle there the Earls were defeated and William was taken prisoner and sent to the Tower of London. There he had a spell of high—or deep—thinking and plain living—for his hotel-bill is said to have come to just sixpence a day. In 1303 after seven years of this entertainment the Earl is sent for by Edward—then at Berwick. He has to traverse the length of England, but those were not the days of Flying Scotsman Express, to shoot him through in seven or eight hours. He has to jog it on horseback under a strong escort—sixteen men with twenty-four horses, twenty-four grooms, a marshal and—a cook. For this cavalcade the provision made is recorded day by day in the Exchequer rolls. It varies with the dis-

tricts but, as a specimen, take one day—At Dunstable 8d. worth of bread, three flagons of wine, 6½d. worth of beer, 6d. worth of butcher meat, six hens, one pennyworth of larks (we should like to know how many), 1d. worth of herrings, 2½d. worth of almonds, and 6s. worth of hay for the horses. Same day at Newport Pagnel, 8d. worth of bread, 6d. worth of wine, 15d. worth of beer, 4d. worth of butcher meat, 5½d. worth of pigeons, and 5½d. worth of poultry; 100 eggs, 1½d. worth of herrings, 20d. worth of eels and pickerells, 4d. worth of mustard, 2d. worth of vergus (verjuice), 3d. worth of gingibo, 12d. worth of hay, and 3 shillings worth of oats for the horses, 1½d. worth of lard for the cressets (it was October—days short and some marching by torchlight) and 2d. for hire of beds! It takes them eighteen days to reach Berwick. By the third of February the Earl is set free to go home but meantime, on the sixth of September, he gets from Dunfermline this outfit: gambessoun (coat), aketune (tunic), pissone and gorger (throat armour), Chapel de fer bacinet (light helmet), pair of jamberis and poleyns (leg and knee pieces), and a colret of iron (neckband). Also he buys from Walter de Rye "a mail coat for his body." Two years after he is fully reconciled to Edward, and appointed Warden north of the Spey. Edward was long-headed as well as long-shanked, for within a year the new-made Warden has a loathly thing to do for his new master—and does it.

Bruce in his time of distress after the battle of Methuen had to send his wife and daughter and other ladies to the north with a few knights as escort. First they sought refuge at Kildrummie in Aberdeenshire, but even that proving unsafe they went on to the sanctuary of St. Duthac at Tain. On Edward's demand the Earl took them thence by force and delivered them up to the English. Edward sent the knights to immediate execution, imprisoned the Countess of



HOME OF SIR CHARLES ROSS
Balnagown Castle, Ross-shire, Scotland

Buchan in an iron cage hung over the walls of Berwick and exposed to the gaze of passers-by, and consigned the other ladies to a less awful but still rigorous imprisonment. In three years the Earl had again changed sides and supported Bruce, and his son Hugh married Bruce's younger daughter Maud. Later when this Hugh had succeeded as fifth Earl he led his clansmen to the war against Edward III. and Edward Baliol, whom the English were determined to make King of Scotland. Before leaving, Earl Hugh took from the shrine at Tain the historic shirt of St. Duthac and wore it under his armour, relying on its miraculous power to shield him from the weapons of the enemy. In the battle of Halidon-Hill, near Berwick, in February, 1333-4 (that is 1333 in the old reckoning when the year began the first of March, but 1334 in our reckoning when it begins in January), the Earl led the Scottish reserves to an attack on Baliol's own wing of the enemy.

If he took this dangerous post relying on the saintly garment he had a terrible disillusioning, for he was slain in the attack, and the shirt found on his body was sent back to Tain by the English. His son and successor William, by Maud, was, of course, grandson of King Robert the Bruce and nephew of David II. But long before the fatal battle Maud had died and Earl Hugh had married again and had another son, Hugh, and a daughter Euphemia. Euphemia ultimately became queen, as second wife of Robert Stewart, who was son of Bruce's daughter Marjory, and, later, succeeded as King Robert II. Just before leaving for the war Earl Hugh executed two deeds conveying to his second son Hugh the lands of Rarichies on the Moray Firth shore of Easter Ross, and the lands of Philorth, Aberdour, Tyrie and Crimond on the shore of East Aberdeenshire or Buchan. Next, Hugh got from his brother Earl William the lands of Balnagown, Achahanyt and Gorthy



BRITAIN'S WARSHIPS IN THE CROMARTY FIRTH

The nearest ship is the *Dominion*. On the right is the North Sutor and the entrance to the Firth, with the *Dreadnought* and *Indomitable* showing faintly against it. Photograph taken from opposite Invergorden

and a right to £4 yearly out of the rents of Tarbat. Thus Hugh became the first of the long separate line of Lairds of Balnagown which has now continued for nearly six centuries. It is a curious instance of the persistence of feudal dues that the £4 payment has gone on for the same period and is at this day regularly made by the Countess of Cromartie to Balnagown. The Aberdeenshire lands were soon exchanged for others in Ross. During the unspeakably wretched time of English invasion and civil war after the great Bruce's death, and while his son David was a minor, Robert Stewart, Balnagown's brother-in-law, acted ably and faithfully as regent and was vigorously backed by the Earl and Hugh of Balnagown. One of his operations was a siege of Perth, then held by the English. The Earl took a leading part, for he headed a body of miners who cut a passage under the walls and drained off the water of the fosse to make the assault easier. This is remarkable as one of the few events of history whose time is fixed to a minute by astronomy. Besiegers

and besieged were paralysed by seeing the sun gradually blackened out, till the merest fraction remained bright. Such an omen seemed likely to lead to the abandonment of the siege. Curiously enough the chief man among the Scots to rise superior to superstition was William Bullock, an ex-priest who had doffed the cassock and donned the habergeon and taken to soldiering. Under his vigorous exhortation the siege was pressed and Perth was won. The time when such an eclipse was visible in its greatest phase at Perth was 1.28 p.m., the seventh of July, 1339. One naturally recalls along with this the noted passage in the *Hellenics* which recites that to Agesilaus and his Spartans, crossing from Phocis into Bœotia just before the great battle of Coroncia, the sun appeared crescent-shaped—a passage which has supplied the key to the chronology of Greek history. In 1346 when King David mustered his forces at Perth for an invasion of England, the Earl of Ross was among them, but meeting at Elcho Monastery with Ronald, Lord of the Isles,



MAIN FLEET AND ATLANTIC FLEET IN CROMARTY FIRTH

Battleships and Armoured Cruisers extending for five miles up, and beyond, barely visible, smaller cruisers, scouts and destroyers extending two miles farther. Balnagown stands at extreme right of opposite shore

with whom he had a feud, slew him. Fearing the King's vengeance, the Earl went off home with all his men, while the men of the Isles, being without a chief, dispersed. After David's expedition ended disastrously in his defeat and capture at Durham, and all through the miserable time of his captivity, the brothers Earl of Ross and Hugh of Balnagown acted faithfully together. In 1366, along with John of Lorn and John, Lord of the Isles, they renounced their allegiance, and refused to contribute to the heavy ransom for David's release and absented themselves from Parliament till 1369. The Earl died in 1371, and Hugh of Balnagown a few months after.

In 1375 William, the next Laird of Balnagown, got from King Robert II., his uncle by marriage, a charter confirming him in possession of Balnagown, which charter is still preserved at the castle. Walter, the next Laird, added to the estates Strathearn, Strathoykel and the Forest of Free-water by marrying the daughter and heiress of Paul Mactyr, a great cater-

an chief of whom an old chronicle says: "He was a valiant man and caused Caithness to pay him blackmail, nyne scoir of cowes yearly out of Caithness so long as he was able to travel." Mactyr's stronghold was the Dun of Creich, an isolated rock standing out in the upper Dornoch Firth. It has one of those mysterious "vitrified" forts, and a local tradition gives Paul the name of being the inventor of them.

Walter's great-grandson, Alexander, sixth Laird, suffered the greatest disaster in the history of the Rosses. They had then a feud with the MacKays, one of whom, "Angus MacKay, son of Angus Dubh," often raided their lands and herds. At last, however, the Rosses surprised him at Tarbat, shut up him and his men in the church there and burnt them to death in it. His son, John Riabhaich MacKay, was bound by the clan code of honour to take up the feud and avenge him. John, as soon as he was old enough, applied for help to the Earl of Sutherland and got a select company under Robert Suther-

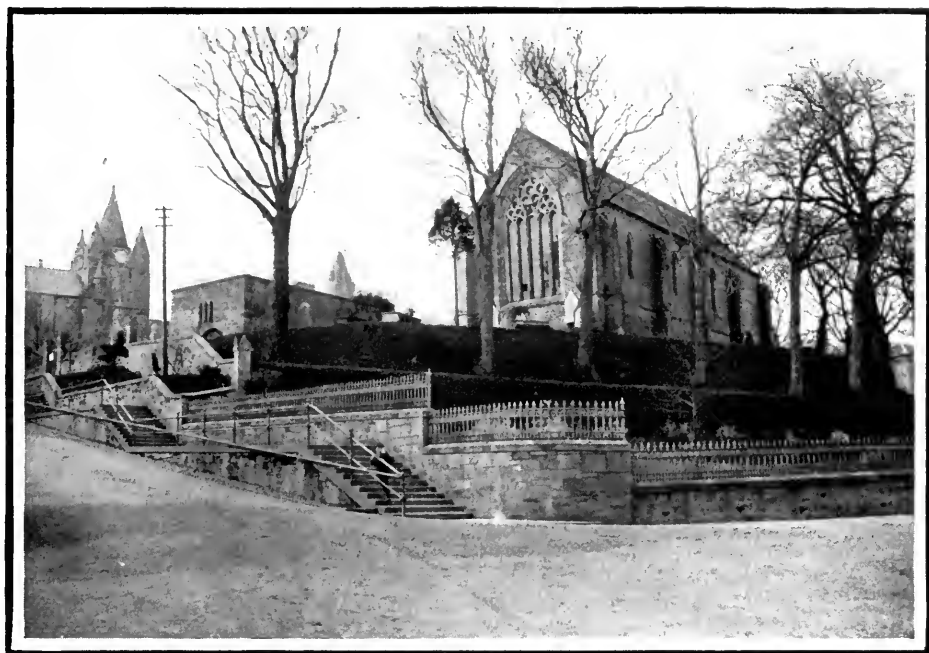
land, the Earl's uncle. This was in 1486 and the combined bands made a raid into Strathoykell, wasting it with fire and sword. Alexander of Balnagown gathered his clansmen at once and met the raiders at Alt na Charrais, a small northern tributary of the Oy-kell, the spot being since called Doir à Chatha, or Grove of the Fight, from the event. The fight was obstinate, bloody, and long undecided, but at last Alexander was killed, and the want of their chief decided the day against the Rosses. They had to flee, no quarter was given, and the slaughter was terrible. Among their leaders who fell, Sir Robert Gordon names William Ross, Alexander Terrell, Angus McCulloch, William Ross, John Vaus, William Vaus, Hucheson Vaus and John Mitchell. The victors had great booty, and among them were men of Assint, who instigated John Riabhaich to take Sutherland and his company unawares, cut them all off, appropriate their share of the booty and give out that they had been killed in the fight. But this atrocious proposal was too much even for most of the reiving Caterans. The Sutherlands were warned and on their guard. MacKay saw the scheme was frustrated and slunk off home to Strathnaver. Alexander of Balnagown, who thus fell, had a daughter Isabella, who married George Munro, tenth baron of Fowlis—near Dingwall—but had two illegitimate sons to the Earl of Sutherland. Sutherland had for wife Margaret, daughter of Donald, Lord of the Isles, and great-grand-daughter of William, Earl of Ross, above mentioned. It is related that Margaret was nearly drowned while crossing a ferry. She was got out alive and drawn ashore, but immediately killed, at the instigation of Isabella, it was said. George of Fowlis was killed in a fight as disastrous to his family as Alt na Charrais was afterwards to his father-in-law's.

The story is that Alexander, Lord of Kintail, tried to seize the Earl of Ross, but the plot was discovered and

Kintail's agent, Donald McIver, was seized and shut up in the castle of Dingwall. A band of his kinsmen from Kinlochewe, composed of Macivers, Macleennans, Macaulays, and Macleays, finding they could not get at him, made a sudden raid into Easter Ross. They surprised Balnagown, seized Alexander the Laird, in an arbour in a wood near the castle, where he usually went for an airing in the morning. They got off before the alarm was raised and made for the hills with their prisoner, intending to hold him as a hostage for the delivery of Maciver. Meantime the Rosses with 200 Frasers under Lovat, the Munros of Foulis and the Dingwalls of Kildun, pursued the Kintail men and overtook them "at a place betwixt the heights of Ferindonald and Lochbroom." The fight was bitter and both sides suffered heavily. The Kinlochewe men were almost extirpated, the Dingwalls wholly. Of the Munros, Sir Robert Gordon says: "There were slain eleven Munros of the house of Fowlis that were to succeed one after another so that the succession fell to a child then in his cradle." This was in 1452, and the place was called Bealach nan Brog, because, as was said, the Highlanders bound their shoes on their breasts with their belts to protect themselves from arrows.

A picturesque variant of the story quoted from a MacKenzie MS. makes Euphemia, Countess Dowager of Ross, fall in love with Alexander of Kintail, "a proper and handsome young man," ask him to marry her and on his declining imprison him at Dingwall. Then it makes her bribe or torture his page and get a signet ring which was his agreed warrant for the governor of his castle of Eilean Donan, send it with a false message about a marriage between her and Alexander, and get the castle into her own men's hands. As Euphemia died about 1429 this story must be given up.

The next Alexander of Balnagown was great-grandson of Euphemia. He succeeded in 1528, and was one of



THE OLD COLLEGIATE KIRK OF ST. DUTHIE, TAIN, SCOTLAND

It was built in 1370, and to the left stands the Chapter House, roofless

the most powerful men in Ross and masterful in his ways. In 1553 he invested in a culverin, the eighteen-pounder cannon of those days, and coats of mail. Just then the troubles between the Queen-regent, mother of Mary Queen of Scots, supported by the Catholics on the one side and the Lords of the Congregation, or Reformers, on the other side, were coming to a head. Between 1553 and the calling of the Great Parliament of 1560, which enacted the Reformation, there were many transactions between Alexander and Nicholas Ross, Abbot of Fearn, who granted several of the Abbey lands to the Laird while the Laird made a regular "band" or bond of alliance and protection with the Abbot. Nicholas was also Provost of the great Collegiate Church of Tain, six miles from Balnagown. In its shrine were kept the relics of the patron St Duthac, cased in gold and silver. Saint, relics, and church had a great vogue in the Scotland of the

late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, attracting troops of pilgrims, and King James IV. made no fewer than nineteen pilgrimages thither.

But by 1560 the day of relics and pilgrimages was over. The Reformed doctrines were spreading. At Perth, Cupar and St. Andrew's the mob had smashed images and looted shrines. Clearly Nicholas dared not leave the relics behind him in Tain when he went up to attend the Parliament of 1560 as an Abbot. So he consigned them to the strong custody of Alexander at Balnagown Castle and took a receipt for them. It bound the Laird either to return them on demand or pay 2,000 marks=£1,333 Scots or £111 sterling. That was clearly only their bullion value, nothing for sacred or miraculous properties. Alexander had no faith in miracles, unless such as culverins could work, and Nicholas apparently not much more.

This document is one of a great many recently found at Balnagown



GREAT SEAL OF JAMES VI.
With the legend "Deus Judicium Tuum Regi Da"

and about to be issued in book form by this writer. Another shows that Alexander, like so many other landed proprietors of the time, was intent on grasping as much as he could of the Church lands and property. In the absence of Nicholas, he compelled three canons of the monastery of Fearn to sign a deed conveying to him more of the Abbey lands, on the ground that they had been granted by Nicholas' predecessor. When Nicholas returned, these monks in his presence signed another deed formally revoking their signatures to the former as having been given through fear of their lives. Some years after, having a feud with Innes of Plaids, proprietor of lands near the Moray Firth, Alexander raided these lands in the old Highland style, driving off cattle, sheep and horses, seizing corn and movables even down to "naperie and bedding." Then, as a condition of getting these back, Innes had to agree to give over his lands. But Innes naturally preferred to have a place to keep his movables, so he retained his Tower. Next we find Alexander has "cassin down the fortalice and bat-tailed Tower of Cadboll"—not unlikely with the help of his culverin.

But this brought on the scene another character still more masterful

—the Regent Morton who summoned Alexander before the Parliament in Edinburgh and then shut him up in Edinburgh Castle. Only on signing an agreement to rebuild Cadboll and pay compensation was his tether relaxed so as to allow him a range of one mile around Edinburgh. Within a year he revoked his signature to the agreement on the ground that it was given in fear of his life. He might well be anxious to avoid making acquaintance with Morton's "Maiden," the old Scotch guillotine. Then amid the plots and intrigues that began to shake Morton's power, Alexander seems to have gone off north and defied the Government, till in 1583 letters of fire and sword were sent out against him. His own son George was actually one of those charged to "convocat the lieges" and pursue him. George was in possession of Balnagown but the old man was by no means suppressed. He levied rents of lands belonging to his son. He seized the Chapter house of Tain Church and was putting it to "prophane use as a girnell and larder" till in 1588 an order of the King in Council charged him to "redd himselfe girds and geir therefrae" and give it up to the Presbytery of Tain then lately established. Strangely

enough too, in that same year he was accepted—not elected—as Provost of the burgh of Tain on a letter of appointment from the previous Provost. He died in 1592, and one of his daughters, Katherine, was mixed up in a very strange case. She was second wife of Robert Mhor Munro of Fowlis, and her stepson Robert had married Marjory, daughter of MacKenzie of Kintail. Her brother, George of Balnagown, before mentioned, had married Marion Campbell of Cawdor. It was alleged that Katherine had to do with a nefarious conspiracy to remove Robert Munro younger and Marion Campbell, and clear the way for a marriage between George and Marjory. Several witches, one nicknamed Loskie Loutart, and at least one wizard, nicknamed Damh from Tain, were engaged. One witch made images in butter of the intended victims and took eight shots at them with "elf-arrows." These were the flint arrow-heads of the stone age often found in the soil but then supposed to be of elfish or infernal origin and power. The superstition was that whatever wound was made in the image would be felt identically by the person represented. Loskie must have been an uncommonly bad shot for she missed every time. Another made a clay image at which, somehow by the rules of this infernal Bisley, twelve shots were allowed, but these also missed. The wizard concocted poison. Robert Munro escaped, but young Lady Balnagown, though not killed, was affected with an incurable disease. For this the gang were tried and Damh was burnt alive. Thirteen years after, when her husband had died and been succeeded by his brother Hector Munro, Katherine was accused and tried at the instance of Hector for the witchcraft and poisoning. The "assize," or jury, were all Rosses or Munros, and they declared her to be "quyt of the haill poynts of the dittyay." The odd thing is that Hector had himself to stand his trial immediately after for witchcraft. It was

said he had employed a witch to cure him of fever. Her treatment was to take him out in a blanket on a frosty night in January and lay him in a newly-dug grave on the march between his barony and the next so that the fever might be transferred to the other baron who, by the way, happened to be his step-brother. There was a like jury and verdict.

Later, when the Scottish Parliament had broken off its alliance with the English Parliament and had proclaimed Charles II., and the latter made his sudden march into England, David mustered his clan and went south. He fought at Worcester, was taken prisoner, and sent to the Tower by Cromwell. There he died in 1653, and his estates were harried by fines, exactions and quartering of troopers at the castle and leading tenants' houses. David must have been of rather magnificent tastes, if we may judge from the material for a cloak of his shown in an account of 1642: Fine greenish Spanish cloth, lining of fine light greenish vellum and mixed Spanish greenish taffaty, four dozen of silver-plated buttons, one long tail-button with silver head and eye, five quarters French buckram, a fine English deam collar, and a silver and gold borderine belt. His son David, thirteenth of the Balnagown line, was only seventeen when he succeeded, and from the cause stated found the estates deep in debt and disorder. In consideration of this and of his father's services and sufferings, Charles II. granted David a pension of £200 a year. Like other Highland chiefs he had to furnish soldiers to the governments of Charles II. and James II., who used them against the Covenanters of the south. He had not only to furnish but pay them and fit them out and even pay their fines when they got into brawls and were clapped into the Tollbooth by Edinburgh bailies who had no sympathy with Highlanders. He made several journeys to Edinburgh, the expenses of which are recorded. His

usual fare at the inn or lodging there was dishes of broth, tailzies (cuts) of beef, gigots, back ribs, or shoulders of mutton, collops, with herrings, goose or capons for occasional change and great quantities of penny or two-penny ale and bread. His tips to "violers" or "minstrels" show a taste for music and those to masons an interest in architecture. He rebuilt Balnagown Bridge and largely renovated the Castle. A magnificent mantelpiece and fireplace put by him in the old Great Hall is still there, emblazoned with his own and his wife's initials.

In his time and right through the times of William III., Anne and George I. the British navy was supplied with masts from the great pine forests of Strathcarron. He took great interest in the history of his clan and wrote about it. Numbers of old papers have been found which he had looked into, for they are endorsed in his handwriting, "Revised 1692." Among them is one showing that in 1622 a great stretch of Balnagown lands from Edderton northwest was in possession of James, fourth Lord Ross of Halkhead. David would equally have known what was actually within his own lifetime—the fact given in the Register of Retours that Robert, fifth Lord Ross, was in nominal possession—probably in both cases as the security for a loan—of the barony of Balnagown. As will be seen from David's own statement he held himself to be rightful heir, not only to the chieftainship of the Rosses but to the Earldom of Ross, on the failure of the male line of the Earls. Thus he held that when King James III. in 1476, for the treason of John Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles, declared the Earldom forfeited, he acted wrongfully in annexing it to the Crown instead of passing it to the next heir, David's ancestor. David thus states his case in a letter of 1707 to William, twelfth Lord Ross of Halkhead:

"I have sent to Mr. Simson and Sir David Forbes a writ laitylly com to my

hand which does cleir that William Earle of Ross' daughter [David refers to the William mentioned above as brother of Hugh of Balnagown. As he left no son his daughter assumed the title of Countess and her husband that of Earl] was never married to Walter Leslie with her father's consent but expressly contrair thereto and swears to his death never consented far less to give his daughter and Walter Leslie the wholl earldome, as his complaint of great oppression under his seal fully beares. Nevertheless the said Walter Leslie by the King's permission entered the possession of the Earldome after Earle William's death and his grandchild Euphemia being his only child Alexander of Ila com and married her and possessed the Earldome over a hunder yeares and without any legall process annex to the Crown in King James the third tyme anno 1477 or thereby. Greater oppression was never done to a subject as Earle William suffered—his lands in Moray and Buchan was, brevi, manu, taken by the King from him by threats and imprisonment and his daughter given to Walter Leslie without his consent, and after his death his hail Earldom of Ross given to Walter Leslie without his predecessors, so if oppression in the an-sent tho' tailzie [i.e., entailed] to my nexation be a good ground of dissolution this is manifest next in the year 1537, the 2nd Parliament of James V., 30 Act, the Earldom of Ross particularly was dissolved from the crown and never since annex and now remaines at Her Majestie's disposal."

The same question is next found more fully treated in a paper of 1707 endorsed, "Memoriall for My Lord Ross, per Sir D. Dalrymple"—i.e., the then Solicitor-General, grandfather of Lord Hailes, the great judge and "annalist." He recites:

"In the year 1333 Hugh, then Earl of Ross, granted Charter to Hugh his second son, of the lands of Rarichies with another charter of the lands of Philorth to both which charters, William the eldest brother is witness. And the said Earl being killed in the battle of Halcounhill was succeeded by the said William Earl of Ross who made tailzie of his estate and Earldom to the said Hugh Ross of Rarichies his brother, and his heirs male. But after the decease of the said Earl William his daughter notwithstanding of the tailzie assumed the title of Countess of Ross and having married Walter Leslie Thane of Fife was succeeded by Alexander her son, who left only a daughter. And the said daughter being surprised in the Castle of Dingwall

by the Lord of the Isles was carried away and married to him, and he assumed the title of Earl of Ross. Donald of the Isles having thus assumed the title, fell in disgrace with the King for having, contrair to His Majestie's opinion hazarded the battle of Hardlea and having died in his retirement was succeeded by his son Donald of the Isles, who was received into favour upon condition that he should surrender himself prisoner in the Castle of Edinburgh for three days and make resignation of his estate in the King's hands, and assurance was given that the estate should be returned to himself and his heirs male. The said Donald having accordingly made resignation and surrendered himself prisoner and having died before expiring of the three days the Earldom of Ross was afterwards annexed to the Crown, with a particular provision not to be annailzied [i.e., alienated] except that it might be given to the King's son. The heirs male constantly continued to petition the Crown and government for asserting their right. But the revenues of that Earldom being constantly gifted to neighbours of great interest and who had advantage of greater favour at Court the right of the said heirs male has hitherto been neglected. David Ross of Balnagown, the heir male of the said Earldom, wanting heirs male of his own body, has tailzied his estate and pretensions of the Earldom of Ross to William Lord Ross and his heirs male which William Lord Ross is also descended of the Earls of Ross, so that in his person is centred the representation of all three families, the Earldom of Ross, the Lord Ross and the Laird of Balnagown—two whereof gives him title to the dignitie and estate of Ross," etc.

One of Lord Ross's ancestors was Robert Ross, Lord of Helmsley in Yorkshire, who was sent by King John of England on a mission to William the Lion King of Scotland, and, it is said, remained in Scotland and married a daughter of that king. Later in the line was Sir John Ross of Halkhead, near Paisley, who in the reign of Robert II. acquired the lands of Melville and who was made Lord Ross about the year 1500. His son John gave his life for his country and fell in the disaster of Flodden Field in 1513. This John's grandson also fought and fell for his country in the equally disastrous battle of Pinkie in 1547.

From Lord Ross, Balnagown and all

rights were passed to his brother, Colonel-General Charles Ross, who as a colonel of dragoons had distinguished himself under William of Orange and Marlborough in the wars against Louis XIV. for the liberty of Europe. He greatly improved the Balnagown Estates, bringing to bear on the work not only his wealth but the administrative ability that had well served two sovereigns. As provost of the neighbouring Burgh of Tain he lifted it also out of debt and difficulty. As member for the shire he made his mark in five Parliaments, was one of the commissioners appointed to investigate the affairs of the South Sea Company when that huge bubble burst, and for his fearless exposure of corruption received the public thanks of Parliament. On his death in 1733 Balnagown passed to his grand-nephew, the Hon. Captain, and later, Colonel, Charles Ross, a gallant young officer who distinguished himself, but lost his life, in the battle of Fontenoy and was celebrated in the following ode by the poet Collins:

ON THE DEATH OF COLONEL
CHARLES ROSS IN THE
ACTION AT FONTENOY

While lost to all his former mirth
Britannia's genius bends to earth
And mourns the fatal day,
While stained with blood he strives to
tear

Unseemly from his sea-green hair
The wreaths of Cheerful May.

The thoughts which musing pity pays,
And fond remembrance loves to raise,
Your faithful hours attend;
Still Fancy to herself unkind
Awakes to grief the softened mind
And points the bleeding friend.

By rapid Scheldt's descending wave
His country's vows shall bless the grave
Where'er the youth is laid.
That sacred spot the village hind
With every sweetest turf shall bind
And Peace protect the shade.

O'er him whose doom thy virtues grieve
Aerial forms shall sit at eve
And bend the pensive head;
And fallen to save his injured land
Imperial honour's awful hand
Shall point his lonely bed.

The warlike dead of every age
 Who fill the fair recording page
 Shall leave their sainted rest,
 And half-reclining on his spear
 Each wondering chief by turns appear
 To hail the blooming guest.

And Edward's sons, unknown to yield,
 Shall crowd from Cressy's laurelled field
 And gaze with fixed delight;
 Again for Britain's wrongs they feel,
 Again they snatch the gleaming steel
 And wish the avenging fight.

But lo! where sunk in deep despair,
 Her garments torn, her bosom bare,
 Impatient Freedom lies!
 Her matted tresses madly spread
 To every sod which wraps the dead
 She turns her joyless eyes.

Ne'er shall she leave that lowly ground
 Till notes of triumph bursting round
 Proclaim her reign restored;
 Till William seek the sad retreat
 And, bleeding at her sated feet,
 Present the sacred sword.

If weak to soothe so soft a heart,
 These pictured glories nought impart
 To dry thy constant tear.
 If yet in sorrow's distant eye
 Exposed and pale thou seest him lie
 Wild war insulting near.

Where'er from time thou court'st relief
 The Muse shall still with social grief
 Her gentlest promise keep.
 Even humble Hasting's cottaged vale
 Shall learn the sad repeated tale
 And bid her shepherds weep.

His brother William, also an officer on service, succeeded to Balnagown and, later, to the title of Lord Ross. But he lived to enjoy this title only two months and with him the title and direct male line became extinct. Then Balnagown reverted to the before-mentioned Grizel Ross, daughter of William, twelfth Lord Ross, and sister of the Colonel-General. She had as husband Sir James Lockhart of Carstairs, in Lanark, whose ancestry again was as ancient and notable as hers, going back to the days of David I. in the early twelfth century. All readers of Scott's "Talisman" and his preface to it, know the story of Sir Simon Lockhart, who, after King Robert the Bruce's death, set out with James "the good Lord

Douglas" to fulfil Bruce's dying wish and bury his heart in the Holy Land. But hearing there was war against the Moors in Spain Douglas, in the true spirit of chivalry, turned aside to share in the fighting and was killed. The heart in its casket was returned to Scotland, but Lockhart and a few others of the Scottish knights pressed on, reached Palestine and took part in the fighting against the Saracens. In one battle Lockhart captured an Emir of wealth and importance, whose aged mother came to ransom him. While paying the ransom she let fall an amulet, a pebble inserted in a coin. Lockhart at once insisted on having it also and after much difficulty got it. It was supposed to be of marvellous powers, so that water in which it was dipped would cure fevers. Lockhart after many adventures returned with it to his castle of Lee in Clydesdale, where it has been carefully treasured ever since and known as the "Lee-penny." So strong was the faith in its virtues that the Church expressly exempted it from the general condemnation of charms and till within quite recent times people went with water to dip it in. On the death of Grizel Ross's son, Sir James, in 1760, Balnagown passed to her fourth son, Captain John, who then assumed the name of Ross and inheriting also the title became Sir John Ross. He had a brilliant career. He entered the navy in 1735 at the age of fourteen, and steadily won his way up with the invariable esteem and approval of his superiors, till in 1756 he was appointed to command the *Tartar*, a ship carrying twenty-four nine-pounder guns and a crew of 200, with orders to cruise at the entrance of the channel and protect commerce. In two years he had captured nine French privateers, some of them more heavily armed than the *Tartar* and carrying in all 220 guns and 2,500 men, while the *Tartar* had only five men killed and two wounded. The French then fitted out the *Mélanpe*, a frigate of

thirty-six twelve-pounder guns and 300 men, with the object of catching the *Tartar*, which she did, but in the proverbial, not the literal, sense, for at the first meeting the *Tartar*, after an obstinate engagement, captured the *Mélampe*. In gratitude for his effectual protection of their shipping, the merchants of London presented him with a massive silver cup and salver each inscribed:—"Presented by the two Assurance Companies and merchants of London to John Lockhart, Esq., Captain of His Majesty's Ship *Tartar*, for his gallant service in protecting the trade of the nation by taking many French privateers in the years 1756 and 1757." The merchants of Bristol presented him with a solid gold cup inscribed:—"Presented by the Society of the Merchant Venturers of the City of Bristol to Captain John Lockhart, Commander of His Majesty's Ship *Tartar*, for the important services he rendered to the Trade of that City by ably protecting her merchantmen and Distressing numerous French privateers, 1758." All these, with a model of the *Mélampe*, are preserved at Balnagown. In command of a fifty-gun ship, Captain Ross shared in Admiral Hawke's victory at Quiberon in 1759. After succeeding to Balnagown he spent seventeen years ashore, and in managing and improving the estate he showed the same ability as he had shown at sea. On the renewal of war in 1778 he was put in command of a seventy-four gun ship and was one of the court-martial on Admiral Keppel. Next year he was promoted to be Vice-Admiral, and commanded a division of Rodney's fleet off Cape St. Vincent when they captured from the Spaniards a great fleet of nine seventy-gun ships and twenty-two armed merchantmen and frigates. In 1781

at the great siege of Gibraltar he distinguished himself in the dangerous service of landing supplies for relief of the garrison, under the enemy's fire. His last service was in 1788, in command of the North-Sea Fleet, blockading the Dutch coast, and he died two years afterwards, mourned by the country as a naval hero and by his tenants and neighbours for his generosity and private virtues. His son and successor, Sir Charles Ross, was also a distinguished officer but of the other service, in which he had the rank of Major-General. While in command at Clonmel in 1800, he was selected by the Lord-Lieutenant, Lord Cornwallis, for a very difficult and delicate investigation of some political doings among the Devonshire Militia. He was selected "as a general officer in whose discretion, judgment, and good conduct his Excellency has implicit confidence." Lord Cornwallis writes afterwards: "Sir Charles Ross has conducted the whole business with great ability and propriety. I cannot too strongly express my obligation to him."

Among those with whom he formed friendships while on service abroad, and who corresponded with him, were the Orleans Family. His brother James was a captain in the naval service, another brother, Robert, was a colonel of dragoons, and a third, John, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Coldstream Guards, who fell at the battle of Talavera in 1809. Thus the military tradition of the line has been continued from the older Rosses who were warriors of necessity in wild times, through the later Rosses in the regular forces of their country, right down to the present day, as was shown recently in an article entitled "Our National Arm," which appeared in the September number of this magazine.



THE BELATED WEDDING TRIP

BY HATTIE E. CRAGG

THE pleasant clatter of the knives and forks caused the plump canary in his cage to break into a shrill song, but the rest of the family ate in silence.

Dan'el paused now and then between bites to glance around the room with a more than ordinarily contented expression on his cheerful, honest, gray-whiskered face. Nick, the hired man, attended strictly to his breakfast, and appeared to enjoy it, if one might judge by the smacks of his lips. Maria's forehead, framed in soft tendrils of gray hair, was puckered in a thoughtful frown. She was engaged in solving a weighty problem in diplomacy. How could she discover what was in Dan'el's mind without giving him a suspicion of what was in hers?

She sipped her tea in tiny spoonfuls, carefully rehearsing her speech with little heart-flutterings as to its possible results. Resolutely she took the plunge, looking down at her plate lest her eyes should belie the indifference of her tone.

"What was you countin' on doin' to-day, Dan'el?" she asked, and held her breath while she waited for his answer.

Dan'el laid down his knife and planted his elbows on the table. "Oh, I thought mebbe I'd putter round; scythe the grass an' thistles along the fence-rows an' such like. Feel sort o' off-workish to-day, anyhow. Guess it's because it's my weddin'-day."

He formed a telescope of one rough, sunburnt hand and looked

through it at his wife with an air of critical admiration, at which Nick grinned broadly.

"Pretty bloomin', ain't she, Nick? You'd hardly think she'd been a bride for thirty-five year, would you now?"

"Oh, shut your head, do, if you can't talk nothing but nonsense!"

Disappointment lent an unnatural acidity to Maria's voice.

She still sat at the breakfast table after the men had gone out, idly pouring the dregs of her cup into her saucer and back again. A cloud of tragedy filled the room, even the canary seemed to feel it, but the gloom rested most heavily upon Maria's face.

For many reasons they had taken no wedding-trip, she and Dan'el, when they were married. If there had been no other preventive, the emptiness of young Dan'el's purse, after buying the license and paying the preacher, would have been sufficient. They vowed, however, that sometime, on their wedding anniversary, they would go on a trip "as grand as the next one."

Thrift and hard work lessened the necessity for economy as time went on, but there was always something to prevent the taking of the trip. When the children were little they always seemed to choose that time of year in preference to any other for breaking out in measles, whooping-cough, scarlatina, or any other disease of childhood, seasonable or unseasonable. And when they grew up that always seemed a convenient

time for "gettin' married," or "goin' West." As a matter of course, they could not go the year they built the barn or the year they put up the new woodshed.

Once the coast had seemed clear. Maria had gone so far in her preparation as to hire Alvina Spuggit, the "help" of the neighbourhood, to keep house during her absence. Then the sorrel colt ran into a barbed-wire fence and cut himself up into a Scotch plaid; so, of course, Dan'el thought no more of going that year.

After that the matter ceased to be talked of between them; but to Maria it was one of the blessings which to a certainty lay in the future. Each year she looked forward eagerly to its fulfilment; each year she was disappointed; but never for a moment did she suspect that Dan'el had ceased to think of it altogether.

And now at last, on the thirty-fifth celebration of the day, there was no obstacle in the way. The children had all left the home now, but the hired man was "stiddy-goin' an' dependable," and Jane, one of the married daughters, lived on the farm adjoining and could "slip over to look after things" occasionally.

Maria and her daughter had thoroughly canvassed the situation, and she had no doubt that Dan'el had taken Nick into his confidence. What more was necessary? To discuss the matter openly would be but to tempt Fate.

For weeks Maria had been in a pleasant flutter of excitement. She had sponged and pressed her own and Dan'el's clothes; she had "freshed up" her bonnet; she had swept and cleaned from cellar to garret; she had baked a row of pies reaching the length of the pantry shelf—and still Dan'el said no word.

The morning dawned warm and cloudless. The ordinary objects, the common tasks, took on a roseate tinge, for in a few hours she would be realising the dream of years.

Then—Dan'el had forgotten. He

was only going to putter 'round!

"Oh, it's mean, mean, mean!" Maria's lips trembled, and she tried in vain to choke down the lump in her throat. Slowly she gathered up the dishes and washed them.

"An' I'd die before I'd ask him to go!" she told herself fiercely. "Men-folks have to be coaxed an' reminded a lot, but they might do nice things of their accord once in great while!"

After a time her lips ceased to tremble. She set the dishes down with an emphatic bang and her eyes flashed. Had Dan'el been there he would have said: "The indications p'int to gusty weather."

She wiped the dishes and tidied up the house with the rapidity and neatness born of long practice; then she hurried upstairs. It was only the work of a few minutes to pack into an old-fashioned valise the garments laid out on the spare bed. She put on her best dress and the lace bonnet with the lilac flower. When she came downstairs she took a comprehensive glance around to see that everything was in proper order, then closed the door and walked down the path to the gate.

At the gate she met Dan'el with the scythe over his shoulder.

"Why, Mari', are you goin' down to the post-office? Or over to Jane's? I was thinkin' we might both go over there for tea."

"I ain't goin' down to the post-office, Dan'el, nor yet over to Jane's," said Maria with dignified firmness.

"Well, where in the dingnation are you goin', then?"

"I'm goin' on my weddin'-trip, that's where."

Dan'el stared at her for a moment, while he digested the statement. He was quick of comprehension at times. In a flash he saw it all, and a pang of self-reproach smote him. Maria had held faithfully to the hope of the wedding-trip all these years, and he had forgotten it as if it had never been.

"Where was you thinkin' of goin' to, Mari'?" he asked, to fill in the pause.

"I ain't partic'lar where. I got some saved out of the butter money. I'll give that to the agent at the station an' tell him to give me that much worth of ticket, an' just go wherever it takes me."

There was a note of triumph in Maria's voice.

Dan'el had recovered his poise now.

"A blame good notion, too," he said heartily. "But I guess we don't need to take the butter money. What are you in such a hurry for? It don't take but twenty minutes to walk to the station an' there's more'n an hour yet. Comin' out to call me, was you?"

Maria looked at Dan'el sharply. His face was guileless.

"Dan'el, tell me — hadn't you forgot all about that weddin'-trip?" and again she held her breath as she waited for his answer.

"What? Me forget the weddin'-trip!" he exclaimed, as though in horror at the very thought.

Maria's face softened into its natural creases as she smiled. His answer was far from deceiving her, but it clearly showed that he was striving hard to come up to her expectations of him; and she freely forgave him the shortcoming he was so anxious to conceal.

"Well, go an' get dressed," she said. "Your clothes are all laid out

on the spare bed. I'll wait here for you. It's bad luck to turn back."

Dan'el scrambled into his clothes, stuffed his necktie into his pocket, and came out carrying his coat over his arm and shouting a medley of directions to the bewildered Nick as he went.

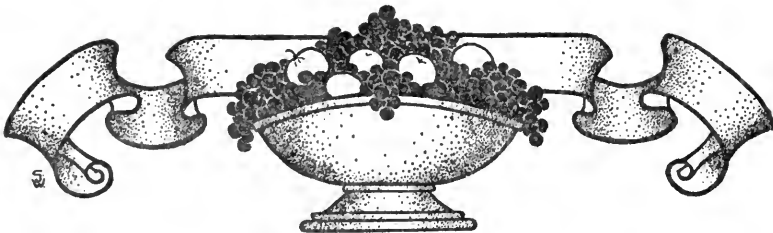
"Hurrah!" he cried gleefully. "Ain't this a great day, though? Worth waitin' thirty-five years for. Gimme the valise, Mari'. I wonder if there'll be anybody else on the train goin' on their weddin'-trip? I bet there won't be any other feller that'll have a better lookin' bride than I've got, anyhow!"

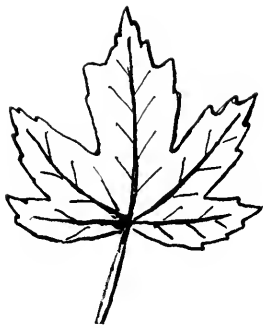
"Oh, get out! Don't be such an ol' fool!" said Maria. But she smiled and slipped her hand through his arm.

Arm in arm they walked along together, their kindly old faces beaming with love and happiness. The grass they trod upon rose buoyantly and nodded with gay friendliness behind them. An inquisitive robin hopped along the fence, taking short flights and alighting again to tilt his head sideways and watch them with his beady little eyes.

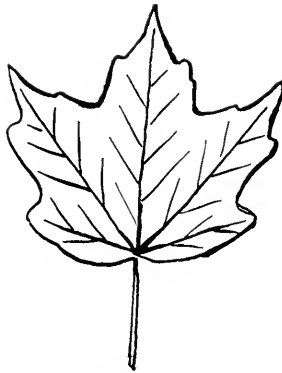
Through heavy clouds and in blinding storms they had walked together, in grief and trouble and perplexity. But all these things were behind them now, and time had softened the memory of them. Before them was only a faultless summer day.

The sun shone and the birds sang: they had started on their honeymoon.

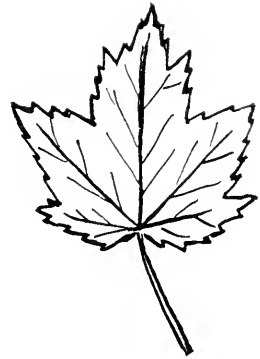




SILVER MAPLE



SUGAR MAPLE,
OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM



SOFT RED MAPLE

OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM

BY J. MULDREW

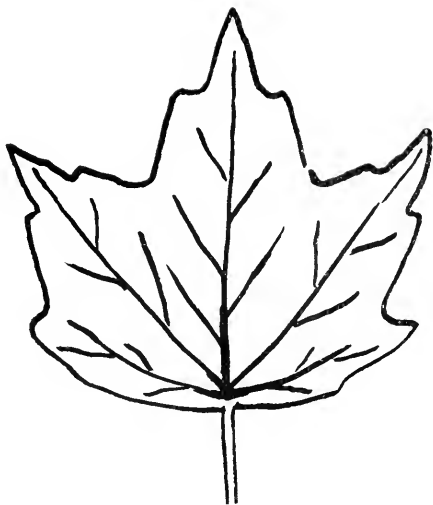
NO thoughtful person of the present day can fail to be struck with the increasing interest that is being taken in the trend of modern education. A great deal of attention is being paid to what is called "nature study," and if you ask a dozen professors what nature study means you will probably get as many definitions; but all will be agreed on one point, that, correctly taught, nature study helps children to become close observers, and therein lies its chief value.

It is a lamentable fact that the great majority of our people go through the world having eyes and seeing not, and a few questions on the common objects about us will convince any one of the truthfulness of this statement. It would appear that if any natural object could be familiar to Canadians, old and young, rich and poor, it would be the emblem of our national life: the Maple Leaf. However, among the thousands of school children of our land there are many who do not know the maple when they see it. Of those who know the maples there are many of all ages who are unable to distinguish our national emblem, for assuredly out of our five

native varieties only one is deserving of such distinction, whether viewed from the standpoint of beauty or utility. That one is, of course, the hard or sugar maple, but how seldom do we find its graceful outlines among the representations which appear everywhere in increasing numbers.

Examine a hundred cuts in the catalogues of jewellers, on packages of Canadian goods, including the alleged "Maple Syrup," on articles of native manufacture, on children's exercise books, or wherever they may be found, and you are fortunate if you meet one natural or conventionalised maple leaf along with the ninety-nine counterfeits or appalling guesses.

Nor is this confined to the unthinking or the uneducated. When the Prince and Princess of Wales visited our fair Canada a few years ago they carried home many cherished souvenirs, including one from the ladies of a wealthy city, who might well be taken as representing the culture of our best society. This particular gift took the form of a spray of maple leaves wrought in precious metals, embellished with precious stones, and engraved with exquisite workmanship. The idea was excellent, but if we are to believe the

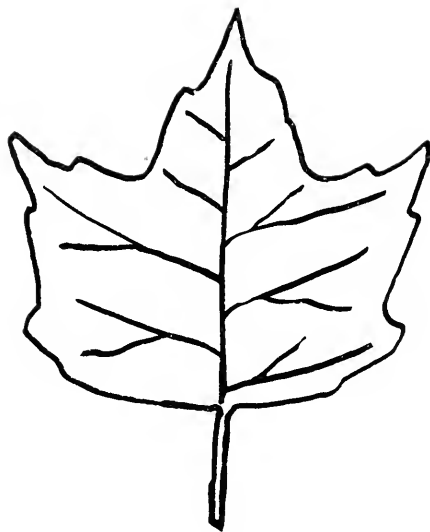


No. 1

illustrations since given to the public, the finished design with *alternate irregularly lobed leaves* represented the European white poplar sometimes erroneously called the silver maple.

Out of a class of students I once asked for a drawing from memory of a spray of maple leaves. Two only out of the fifty drew the leaves correctly, and only a very small proportion showed the leaves as palmately veined. Not long ago I picked up a magazine with a row of maple leaves on the margin of the page. Surprised to find the outline correct, my next thought was, What is the matter with those leaves? A second glance revealed the error. The leaf had a mid-rib and the lines branched alternately to the points of the lobes instead of being distributed from one point, as in a palmately veined leaf. Of the two accompanying illustrations, No. 1 shows the correct leaf. No. 2 shows a correct margin of the leaf, but the veining is wrong. It is so easy to distinguish the correct leaf that, having it once pointed out, no one can fail to notice a counterfeit.

The leaf has five teeth or less on each lobe and the hollows between the lobes, called the sinuses, are



No. 2

rounded. Few teeth and rounded sinuses distinguish it immediately. The veins run outward to the points of the lobes from the base of the leaf near the stem. When the leaf is so popular a design for stick-pins, brooches, and even souvenir spoons, when it is everywhere apparent on post-cards going to all parts of the world, it seems a great pity we could not have the correct article, which is as easy to have as an incorrect one.

Some may argue, Why be so particular, so long as it is a maple leaf? With equal right, then, I would say you may mutilate the emblem of our Canadian industry, the Beaver. Imagine the dismay if we represented the beaver so badly that it was impossible to tell whether it was a beaver or a bear.

We might take a leaf from the book of our neighbours in this respect. The American child is pretty well informed concerning his own country, sometimes to the exclusion of other countries; and he is patriotic. It would be well worth while to make our children familiar with a correct picture of our national emblem, so that we may not only sing "The Maple Leaf Forever" but be able to distinguish the emblem when we see it.

O CANADA!

(O Canada! Terre de nos aïeux!)

*From the French of Hon. A. B. Routhier**

By JOHN BOYD

O Canada! land of our sires,
Whose brow is bound with glorious bays:
The sword thy valorous hand can wield
And bear the Cross that faith inspires.
What mighty deeds thy past days yield,
An *épopée* of glorious sights;
The faith, thy shield through all thy days,
Shall still protect our homes and rights,
Shall still protect our homes and rights.

By the broad river's giant stream,
Beneath God's ever watchful sight,
Canadians thrive in Hope's bright gleam,
Sprung from a great and noble race,
Cradled by self-denial's hand.
In the new world high Heaven did trace
The pathway of their destiny grand,
And, ever guided by its light,
They'll guard the banner of their land,
They'll guard the banner of their land.

Christ's forerunner, their patron saint,
From him they bear a crown of fire,
Enemies of the tyrant's base restraint
The depths of loyalty their deeds inspire;
And their proud liberty they would keep,
With never ending concord blest,
While by their genius sown deep
Upon our soil the truth shall rest,
Upon our soil the truth shall rest.

Oh, sacred love of altar and of throne:
Thy immortal breath our spirits fire!
Midst other races as we hold
Thy law whose constant sway we own,
May we as brethren all aspire,
With faith's control, while clear shall ring,
As from our sires in days of old,
The conquering cry, "For Christ and King,"
The conquering cry, "For Christ and King."

* While there have been several free translations made of Judge Routhier's famous song, they are almost entirely paraphractical. This is an attempt to supply a faithful translation of the song as a poem. It is, therefore, not a singing version.

TOM MOORE IN CANADA

BY GEORGE HUTCHINSON SMITH

IT was in the year 1803, and when only twenty-four years of age, that Moore the Irish poet received the appointment of Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda. Within a month of his notification he sailed for America and in due time reached Norfolk, Virginia, only to find that a long delay must ensue ere he could find a ship ready to bear him to his destination. Whether to wait patiently in this uninteresting place or to change his plans altogether, was now the question. The latter was the course decided upon, and, securing a deputy for his office, he resolved on a tour through the United States and a return home *via* Canada, with the hope of reaching Bermuda another year. Accordingly he went to New York and spent part of April, 1804, in the metropolis of the young Republic; thence to Philadelphia and Baltimore and on to Washington, where he made a stay of considerable length.

The spirit of the Revolution was still strong, and the anti-British sentiment which he everywhere met was anything but pleasant to him. Jefferson was President, and with the private and social life of the Capital Moore was disgusted; and glad must he have been when he reached Buffa'lo, and, ferrying across the Niagara River, found himself on British soil.

In his Journals and Correspondence, published in 1853-6 by Earl Russell and comprising eight volumes, Moore has written so much about his tour through Canada that the scant reference thereto by his biographers is

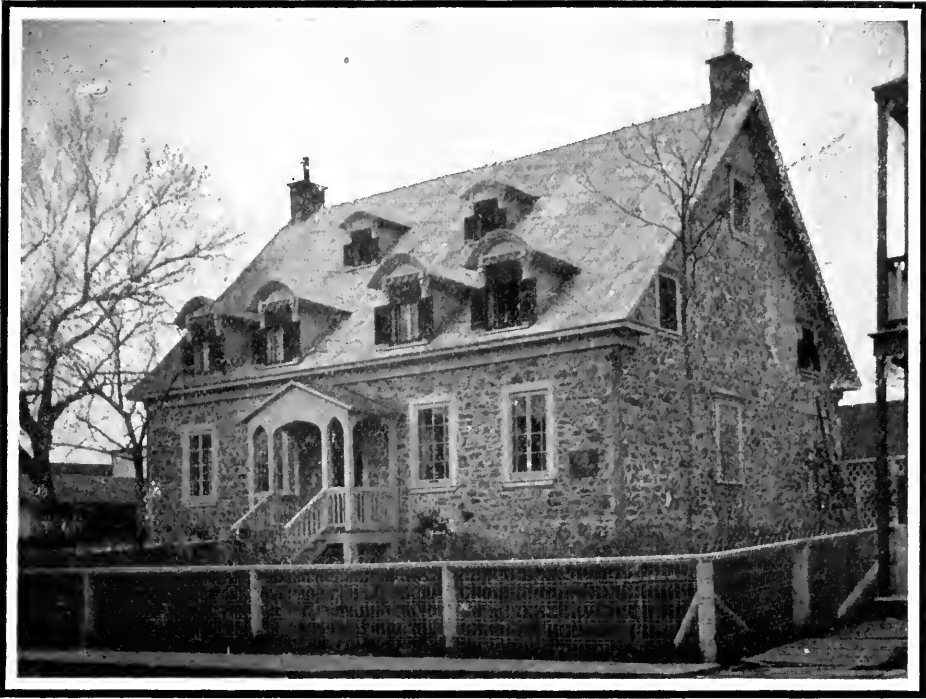
hardly pardonable. At any rate, to trace Tom Moore's footsteps through our country should form for Canadian admirers of Ireland's great lyric poet an interesting chapter in his life.

Of the five great bridges now spanning the beautiful and dangerous Niagara River, and each a triumph of engineering skill, not one at that early date, of course, existed. The first bridge to be built across this river was one at Queenston, and was not completed till 1851. The usual course of travel along the Niagara frontier about 1804 was to take boat, in summer, from Buffalo down the river to Chippewa, or to cross direct to Fort Erie and travel by stage along the river road to Chippewa and to the Falls.

What changes time works upon even a very young country! Such places as Chippewa and Queenston were then among the most important distributing points in Canada West. Warehouses and factories of different kinds and of considerable importance have long since passed away from these once flourishing and prosperous towns.

As the United Empire Loyalists formed their settlements, they were connected by fairly good roads, sometimes constructed by private subscription. Between navigable river points portage roads were built, and, where much merchandise required to be hauled over these ways, tracks with wooden rails and later "strap rails" were laid and horse cars instituted.

The first stage in Upper Canada



COTTAGE AT STE. ANNE DE BELLEVUE, KNOWN AS "TOM MOORE'S HOUSE"

was established by Mr. Macklem of Chippewa, in 1798. It ran between Fort Erie and Queenston, a most important and much-travelled highway. The distance is twenty-five miles. The stage ran every other day and conveyed passengers for the moderate fare of one dollar. This would naturally be the way taken in Moore's journey down the Niagara. A stop was, of course, made at the Falls, for the great cataract had long before this been one of the cardinal points of attraction to European travellers.

In the "Journals" Moore records the delight this great beauty spot of earth afforded him. Under the Canadian summer sun and clear atmosphere and with the natural surroundings as yet unmolested by the utilitarian age that was to follow as the country advanced, the poet was fairly entranced.

Descending the river by the stage route overlooking the deep gorge, past

the turbulent whirlpool and the noisy rapids and through busy Queenston, with vessels and teams loading and unloading merchandise, Niagara was in due course reached. Here Moore remained for two weeks, thoroughly enjoying the charms, social and scenic, which this thriving and important town afforded.

Moore had not yet reached the height of his fame, but was nevertheless sufficiently recognised as the coming poet of the Irish people to be a marked man wherever he went.

Only a year or two before this, Lt.-Col. Isaac Brock, with his regiment, the 49th, had been sent up from Quebec, and, although a bachelor, Brock's quarters at Fort George were already famous for their hospitality, and the gallant Colonel was the lion of the town, to which so much of the beauty and wealth and bravery of the young country had been attracted. From its geographical position

alone, Newark, or Niagara, made a fair bid to be the leading town of Upper Canada. Of this visit Moore wrote:

"To Colonel Brock of the 49th, who commanded at the Fort (George) I am particularly indebted for his kindness to me during the fortnight I remained at Niagara. In many pleasant days which I passed with him and his brother officers, that of our visit to the Tuscarora Indians was not the least interesting."

About two miles up the river from Niagara and at the parting of two roads stood a majestic oak tree with its background of forest and facing the magnificent river. To this spot Moore made frequent visits, and here it was he caught the inspiration of that beautiful ballad:

I knew by the smoke that so gracefully
curled

Above the green elms, that a cottage
was near,
And I said if there's peace to be found
in the world

A heart that is humble might hope for
it here.

It was noon, and on flowers that languished
around.

In silence reposed the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest and I heard not a
sound

But the woodpecker tapping on the
hollow birch tree.

As long as it remained, that tree
was known as "Moore's Oak."

On leaving Niagara, his course must have been by sailing vessel to Kingston. From Kingston to Montreal the route led by portage and boat down the St. Lawrence and, although through wildly beautiful scenery, the journey was at times arduous and tedious, as one learns from the "Journals," for Moore writes:

"We were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks, that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all these difficulties."

On nearing Ste. Anne de Bellevue, at the head of the Island of Montreal and near where the Ottawa joins the St. Lawrence, the song of the French-

Canadian boatmen suggested one of the best known of Moore's lyrics, and one which from its popularity should give Moore's journey through Canada a more prominent place with his biographers — "The Canadian Boat Song."

The poet gives his own account of its origin:

"Our voyageurs had good voices and sang perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air to which I adapted these stanzas appeared to be a long incoherent story of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins:

*Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers tres-bien montés.*

"The refrain of every verse was:
*A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.*

"I ventured to harmonise this air, and have published it. Without the charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes and feelings that are past, the melody may perhaps be thought common and trifling; but I remember when we have entered at sunset upon one of those beautiful lakes into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest composition of the first masters have never given me; and now there is not a note of it that does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage."

Moore had evidently been reading Sir Alexander Mackenzie's "General History of the Fur Trade," and indeed in his notes he quotes from that work more than once. The words of his song are supposed to be used by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grande Portage in the fur trading expeditions. At the rapids at Ste. Anne they are obliged to take out part, if not all, of their lading. It is from this spot the *voyageurs* consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island. This church is dedicated to the especial saint of the *voyageurs*. The poem that Moore wrote as an inspiration from this scene follows:

A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG.

Faintly as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our hearts keep
time,

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at Ste. Anne's our parting
hymn.

Row, brothers, row! The stream runs
fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's
past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to
curl!

But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow! The stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's
past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon,
Shall see us float over thy surges soon,
Saint of Anne's green isle! hear our
prayers,

Oh! grant us cool heavens and favour-
ing airs.

Blow, breezes, blow! The stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's
past.

A substantial stone cottage of the

early French-Canadian type stands in the heart of the town of Ste. Anne and is known as "Moore's House." It is frequently represented that Moore "lived" there for some time. It is possible he may have passed a night there. The "Boat Song" was not written till after his return home.

As little in a literary way remains of his Montreal visit, it need not concern us. Doubtless his stay was pleasant. His warm-hearted fellow-countrymen would entertain him with their characteristic hospitality. A few unimportant poetic fragments remain of his St. Lawrence tour; an "Impromptu," after a visit to Miss — of Montreal," and another addressed "To the Lady Charlotte R-wd-n. From the banks of the St. Lawrence" mark his way down the river; thence around by the Gulf to Halifax, where he sounds his parting note ere his departure for home, "To the Boston Frigate. On leaving Halifax for England, October, 1804."



SOME ASPECTS OF A CITY

BY SUZANNE MARNY

I DREAMT that I was wandering in an old part of the lower town. It was a dark winter day. The sky was leaden, the trees and roofs loomed darkly against it, the white of the snow lay in patches on the roof. I came upon an old gray church. In its vicinity were dismal houses. It was adorned with heavy stone carvings. The houses were straight and forbidding.

When I awoke I was so impressed with my dream that I thought I must have seen the church long ago. It must have been one that I had visited and forgotten. But it was only a dream church; I realised that when I was more fully awake.

Then I began to see much beauty in old city smoked churches on leaden days such as I had seen in my dream. How they mount into the dark heavens with the white patches clinging in porches, in roof, in angles, in steeple crevices! How the dark old houses stand below them with their fleece of town-worn snow!

After a day like this I saw the sky clear in a frostier night, and the stars shine in dark blue spaces between the luminous film waving in the heaven above roof and steeple. Lights from the stained glass windows gleamed opalescently on the white ground between the shadows. On winter evenings I began to open a watchful eye.

I saw the light in a cosy house in a well filled street gleam warmly white. The tree at the porch door, misty with

fine nude twigs, stood up to greet a blue-black sky where a guardian star or two was on its beat on celestial roads above the home roof. In less populous ways the lighted houses stood about the snowy fields as if they were in parks of their own, and sometimes huge elms towered above them, and a wide high night with frost scintillating stars made the elms and the houses and fields dwindle to a small earthly settlement for pigmy man.

I began to love the city landscape.

On a bright snowy afternoon what light flows in from the west! The sunlit brick houses flaunt against the blue with their load of snow, and the white lawns reflect the glow against the blue shadows. It is a gaudy, daring colour scheme; the bright Canadian sky, the almost poppy red of the brick walls that face the west, and the mantling white. This aspect has a startling beauty to him who has eyes to see.

In the city spring, wherein winter, grown time-worn and ugly, is lingering, or whereinto summer makes a premature leap, beauty is not everywhere nor ever-present. But suddenly at times you will smell a willow wherein the sap is rising — you will catch a glimpse of frostless April blue. The glistening of buds and a group of humble old houses will in a moment become a picture in the pallid sunshine behind their leafless trees.

And the leafless trees, are they not always most beloved, with their won-

derful and perfectly graceful construction exposed for admiration—the elms and the maples, with their black branches multiplying at different stages, and their infinitesimal arching twigs making feathery effects at their extremities? The chestnuts are homelier in design, but just as dear to me. Their twigs are never feathery, like those of the maple and the elm, but thicker and more knotted and more full of character.

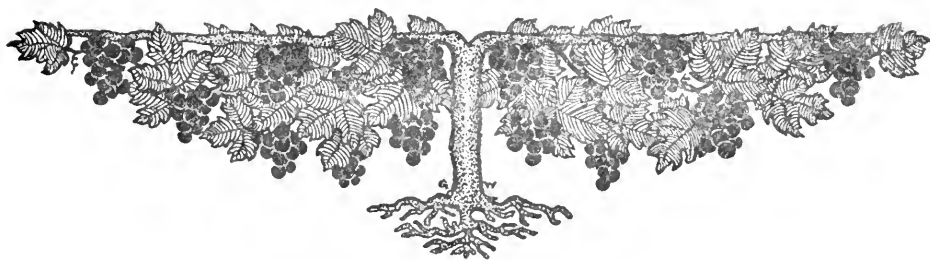
And when the summer comes on apace, then the chestnut is proud; he is short and luxuriant; or taller, more branching and full of character. Give me a chestnut in full leaf before an old house; the sun playing through the leafage, dappling the time-coloured walls, and the tree spreading a greenish shade on the wooden sidewalk. I peer through a chestnut-shaded walk, look upon the sun flecking its shadow, and laugh to think how easily I am pleased.

What lights the street lights make with the trees, what dense shadows are cast, and how exquisitely a maple tree belaces and bepattens the sidewalk and road! I love to see at night figures moving in the electric light, which lights them in a ghostlier if in a less beautiful way than moonlight. I love to peer beyond the lighted figures to groups on doorsteps in the dense tree-shade. I like to see the groups lurking where the light flecks

with gold the shadow, almost black, of the leaves.

Wandering home in September a little wearied by the abundance of green field and wood, I find something again to please. The leaves in town are scant and yellow-tipped; they are frayed and drooping; a few have given up the ghost and lie flat or curled below the tree. Everything is dimmed and dusty, but the haze and the heat veil the sun to a sullen shining which burnishes the summer-worn dusty objects with a copper glow, gilding the distant rising dust. This coppery veil is no other than the veil of autumn glamour, and the spot must be squalid and strange that it does not beautify.

How warm it is sometimes in the end of October or mayhap in the first week in November. Then suddenly we find that the first snow has come and gone, that we have forgotten the feel of a warm autumn day. Everything is sodden. A few rich brown leaves cling to the oak tree, the vine roots are packed in yellow straw trap-pings, and the bushes without their leaves have dwindled brown and twiggy. Then perhaps a fairy mist rises the scarcer tree or bush branches dark and poignant. The summer house is in the middle distance in the middle mist. Further away in the background the neighbours' red dwellings blush very faint and shy through the white veil.



HIS LAST GAME

BY FRANCIS VON BUHL

"CONFOUND it! I never knew the cards to run so beastly in all my life," muttered Wainwright. "Do you suppose it is because I have vowed that this night will see the last of my poker-playing? You know, Thornton, some savant or philosopher has said that when we make a vow to do a certain thing, fate or some unforeseen force seems to put us to the test. What do you say to that?"

"I say, spare me a dissertation on things esoteric and get into the game. I'll take two cards, and open the pot for ten blues," replied Thornton, with much gusto.

Wainwright dealt the cards, with a sigh of resignation, as if something heavy were hanging over his head—like the hanging sword of Damocles, suspended by a single hair and ready to drop at any moment. At intervals throughout the whole evening of his debauch, the one thing continually uppermost in his somewhat incoherent thoughts was the determination to make this night end his convivial sprees, for all time. After this, he would settle down, into the respectability of his father; and he—the last of the Wainwrights—would show to the world that he, too, could command the respect and esteem that his forefathers had deemed their due and had taken pride in maintaining. Baltimore would see him no more. He would from now on take a personal supervision of his extensive lands in the West; and there, living the life of a landed gentleman, he would grow up with the country, that posterity might point to him as a man

who had done things, one who had helped to make the country what it was, rather than one who had spent his heritage in riotous living.

Thornton, however, had no such compunctions as these; not he. Posterity might go and hang on a hickory limb for all he cared. Was not he his father's only heir? And had not Richard Thornton stinted and schemed, squeezed here and grafted there, until he had succeeded in accumulating a million? And what was it all for, if it was not that he—Gordon—might enjoy the fruits thereof? Besides, did not the old man continue to make money? Would he not always make money? Then why not spend it, and thereby prevent a glut of money in the Thornton household? Ha! ha! A good idea; the world could never censure him for keeping money from circulation. Furthermore, had his father not dined into him, every day for the last ten years, that he was to marry his cousin, Marjorie Bannerman, and have full control of all her money? Marjorie was his father's ward, and was beautiful, too; in fact, more beautiful than any girl of his acquaintance. So, why should a lucky dog like him not enjoy life and have his fling?

The game continued; and, as if to test Wainwright's good intentions and vows of reform, the fates decreed that he should win. And win he did, with such persistency, that Thornton became furious.

The *liqueurs* and tobacco were served by the obsequious waiter with greater celerity and at more frequent

intervals, since each service now brought with it a more substantial tip.

Wainwright drained his glass, and played with more verve and reckless abandon than ever, for it was apparent that luck was with him, no matter how he discarded or drew his cards.

At last Thornton, in desperation, pushed back his chair as he drained his glass. "Wainwright," he growled, **with an oath**, "the devil is surely on your side to-night; but to show you that I am game, and do not fear even his Satanic Majesty, with all his imps of Hades, I'll force my beastly luck to its last notch of endurance, and play you just one more game; and raise the stakes to something worth while. As you know, I am to be married in two months to my cousin, Marjorie Bannerman. The engagement has not, as yet, been announced; nevertheless, it is to take place within that time, although I am free to confess to you, Wainwright, that there is not much love associated with it on either side. I am marrying Marjorie, principally, because in doing so I shall have the control of her money, to spend as I like. And she, poor little fool, is marrying me because she has been led by the old man to believe that she will become a pauper if she refuses. Now, I have seen your ranch in Wyoming, and I know just how fine it is; so I will play you just one more game to-night, and stake you my fiancée's dowry against your ranch. If I win, I shall marry her and go and live upon your ranch—until I get tired of it, of course. And if you win—well, you can do the same if you want to. Hanged if I would want to marry even Marjorie, sweet as she is, without her money."

Although Wainwright had been drinking heavily all the evening, his brain was not in such a state of inebriety that he could not see the incongruity of Thornton's wager. Miss Bannerman's money might become Thornton's when the marriage was consummated; but, until that time, Wainwright would question Thornton's

right to arrogate to himself any part of it.

"It seems to me," replied Wainwright, "that I would be an egregious ass to wager something I possess against something you do not possess. It looks too much like heads you win, tails I lose."

"But I tell you we are going to be married in two months; and the money is sure to be mine then," returned Thornton, heatedly.

"That may all be," said Wainwright; "but, at any rate, the money is not yours now; so how can you wager it?"

"See here," returned Thornton, "if you are afraid I am trying to put up a skin-game on you, I will agree to return to you your ranch, if I win and fail to marry Marjorie Bannerman in two months. Now are you game?"

Wainwright quietly drew a small memorandum book from his pocket and scribbled a few words upon a leaf; then, with a smile, he handed the book across the table to Thornton, as he remarked: "I have just written your proposition down here, Thornton, sign your name to it, and you're on."

With a flourish, the latter signed his name; then called for *liqueurs* and a new deck.

They cut for deal—and Thornton wins.

The moment is one of intense interest. The news has been circulated by the waiters throughout the room, and now the table is surrounded by eager faces, ready to take it all in; and such is the sporting element at Proctor's, that half of the on-lookers have already placed bets among themselves, as to the outcome of the game.

Wainwright receives his cards, and, carefully scrutinising them, discards two and calls for the draw.

Thornton deals Wainwright two cards, and selects the next one for himself.

Since the stakes are already up, it is now simply a matter of laying each hand face upwards upon the table. This being done, Wainwright dis-

covers that his four aces are beaten by Thornton's royal flush. For a moment he sits there, with drawn lips, from which the blood has ceased to flow, while he gazes into the grinning, triumphant and flushed countenance of Thornton. Then, rising, with a fire of reckless abandon in his eyes, he gulps down the *liqueur* at his side and staggers from the room.

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Two days later, if you had been upon a certain fashionable street in Baltimore you would have seen two Italian girls drawing a street-piano along the pavement; and stopping every few feet, to grind out a popular air. Now it was "Sweetheart Days"; again, it was "Summertime" or others like these, intermingled with such strains as "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls."

The girls were as unlike as a sunflower and an American Beauty rose. The one passing around with her tambourine, collecting the pennies, was the type of Italian girl seen in the ghetto of any American city. But the other—the one turning the handle of the old street-piano—looked like an Italian goddess. Her raven hair and perfectly moulded features, enhanced by lips the colour of ripe cherries, were enough to ravish the senses of any poet or sculptor; and one could not help but marvel at the incongruity of nature in placing such a flower in so inharmonious an environment. Every now and then a smile would light up her radiant face; while a twinkle would waver in her eyes, as if the girl were enjoying some huge secret which nature had purposefully withheld from other mortals.

Looking at this Italian girl, one were forcibly inclined to the belief that Venus had at last returned from the land of myth; and now, garbed as an Italian peasant girl, stood before us, voluptuous and bewitching, in her apparent lassitude, while she condescendingly drew forth from the piano sweet concords of harmony,

which, with each measure, became more delectable to our senses.

It was easy to determine who drew the crowd and who held it spellbound once it had assembled.

The strains of music were emanating gaily from the piano when Baine Wainwright, immaculate and debonaire, yet still in the last throes of his wild orgy, stopped before the performer. Raising his hat, in exaggerated courtesy, he facetiously offered, "*adios*."

The girl smiled and coquettishly dropped him a courtesy, as she answered his greeting with "*adios, signor*." Then, with roguish coquetry, she once more started the piano with the strains of "Mariutch."

Wainwright, in his reckless mood for anything in sight, caught the spirit of the performer; and commenced to sing the song, with all its alluring motions. No actor in vaudeville could have accomplished it better; and when he was through the crowd thundered its applause. It was not every day that the residents and pedestrians could be regaled with the spectacle of a well-groomed man-about-town, singing and dancing to the accompaniment of a street-piano; and the Italian beauty seemed to enjoy it equal to the rest of the onlookers.

The strains of "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls" followed; and Wainwright, in a rich baritone voice that showed a judicious cultivation, sang the refrain. Turning to the girl at the piano, he found her standing motionless, with downcast eyes, as if trying to repress some deep emotion. Reaching her side, he whispered, "Look up, Mariutch."

She looked up and said, with a tenderness, not unmingled with apprehension, "Go away, please go away."

Wainwright gazed long and deeply into those shining orbs; and, for the first time, noticed the splendour of her beauty. He stood a moment as if transfixed; then, grasping her wrist, he whispered: "I will never go away—Mariutch—I will never go

away! I am going with you; do you hear?"

"No, no!" she pleaded; "you do not know what you are saying. You must go away."

Again he marvelled at the idiom of her language; then, in stubborn sincerity, he gently drew her hands away from the piano.

She reluctantly released her hold upon the handles, and allowed him to draw the piano to the next block. By this time her sunny humour and nonchalance had returned; and thinking that after this stop her forceful admirer would surely come to his senses and depart, she started the piano resounding through the air once more.

As before, Wainwright's joy flowed in effervescent abundance; and the crowd shouted itself hoarse with its approval.

All that afternoon he followed the Italian girl, singing and dancing to her music, and sometimes collecting the pennies with reckless gaiety. At dusk, wearied out from his exertions, and sobered into a reality of what he had been doing, he found himself entering the Italian district of the city. Here, at the door of one of the tenement houses, the girl turned to him, and once more she tenderly admonished him to depart.

"Not until I tell you this—that I love you," replied Wainwright. "Now if I must go, I shall leave you—a broken man, with my heart forever in your keeping, and my fortune in the hands of a gambler."

Then in a burst of confidence, he told her about his last game: the wager and how he had lost it. Continuing, he said: "But I am not all in yet. I still have some remnant of my fortune left; and what there is I offer you, with my heart and hand. For me, the old life has passed away. I have played my last game, and I have drunk my last drink. Since meeting you I have found a new world—a world that leads to a fountain of ambrosia in the valley of Ar-

cady. I see it through your eyes, my dear one. Come, my queen, marry me and leave this life. I am willing to trust my life, in my intuition, that you were created for me; and that our meeting to-day has only been in accordance with the decrees of our destiny."

Taking encouragement from her silence, he drew her unresistingly into his arms, and felt her return his lingering caress before she broke away from him and in sweet confusion pleaded for him to leave her.

"Tell me, my queen, that you love me," he again whispered, while still holding fast to her hand.

She hung her head, as she murmured, "I—love—you."

He tried once more to take her in his arms, but she eluded him; then sent him into a heaven of rapture by calling him "Baine, dear"; and telling him that if he really and truly loved her and would meet her where they now were in a week, she would promise to marry him.

Wainwright had to be satisfied with this; and when she turned and entered the house, he stood there a moment, bewildered but supremely happy.

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When Wainwright awoke next morning the events of the preceding day rushed over him with startling intensity. The beauty of his Italian sweetheart flooded his memory; and, in joyous anticipation of the great happiness coming to him, he bounded out of bed with a song on his lips.

He knew that in marrying her, no matter how far above her present station she may seem to him, the world — his world — would frown upon the alliance and laugh him to scorn for his folly. But she had called him "Baine, dear," and had told him that she loved him; so what need he care what the world thought, since he was sure of her all-sufficing love? Even the thought of how he had foolishly wagered his ranch, in a game of cards, and had thereby lost it to

Gordon Thornton, could not disturb his present equanimity.

The next few days seemed to him the longest he had ever endured in his whole life. And although he devoted most of the time to getting his remaining finances in shape for a hurried departure, the days crawled by on leaden feet. But every day has its ending, and, in the evening, one week from the memorable day that began with such foible and folly and ended with such promise, he stood again before the tenement house.

In answer to his summons, an old Italian came to the door and, in broken English, informed him that the young lady he desired to see had left, to return no more. In fact, they had seen nothing more of her since the evening he had followed her home.

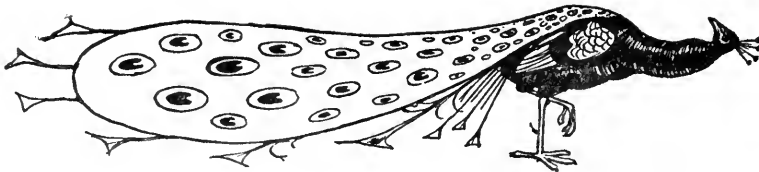
Any further information than this Wainwright was unable to extort from the old man, either by threats or bribery. At last, seeing how futile were his efforts, he turned away, sad and disconsolate. The bottom had suddenly dropped out of the world. The haggard look upon his face showed that he was suffering and suffering intensely. He looked up, and for the first time noticed a brougham, drawn by two well-groomed horses, standing directly opposite to him, across the narrow street—so close, in fact, that the only occupant of the vehicle, a beautiful, and fashionably-gowned girl, must surely have heard his colloquy with the old man.

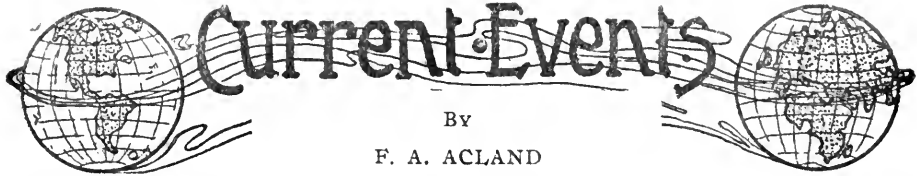
For a moment Wainwright stood in perplexed meditation, as if uncertain which way to go or what to do, and all the time unaware that the girl across the street was quietly trying to attract his attention. When he did discover the fact he merely shrugged his shoulders and started down the street. He had gone only a few feet, however, when he heard a hurried command quietly given, and the next moment the horses and carriage quickly drew up at the curb, along side of him. He turned again, in weariness and *ennui*, to hear a sweet voice timidly call "Baine, Baine, dear."

With a bound, he was over to the side of the brougham, and grasping the girl fiercely by the wrist, he hoarsely exclaimed, "Who are you?"

With a silvery laugh, she retorted: "A nice way you come to propose to me, sir!" Then, seeing his misery and evident perturbation, she confessed herself to be Marjorie Bannerman, his Italian *inamorata*. Her escapade as an Italian peasant had been the result of her refusing to take a dare from some of her venturesome friends; and had lasted only through the day she had met him.

What Wainwright said, or did, for the rest of the evening can be better imagined than told. But it is safe to predict that the lovers, while enjoying their honeymoon on the Wyoming ranch, had many a laugh at Gordon Thornton's *contretemps*.





Current Events

BY
F. A. ACLAND

THE removal to England of Canon Welch, for a number of years the rector of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, will be a serious loss to Canada. Dr. Welch is a gentleman of the highest capacity and culture, and belongs to a type of which we have all too few representatives in Canada. Thoroughly identified with the country in which he had made his home, he wielded from the first a stimulating and refining influence in the widest circles. It is unfortunate perhaps that the alignment of schools of thought in the Anglican Church in Canada is such that, when recently it became necessary to choose a Bishop for the important diocese of Toronto, it was impossible to look for the election of one who, no matter how distinguished, had identified himself prominently, though by no means exclusively, with what may be termed a church party. Had Dr. Welch become Bishop of Toronto we may presume he would have found the sphere of influence opened to him certainly not inferior to any which his abilities have secured him in the old land, and he would have felt compelled to remain in the Dominion. But it was not to be so. There is some compensation for Dr. Welch's return to England to assume the romantically historic title of Vicar of Wakefield in the reflection that he adds to the not too extended list of those who may be said to have gained a thorough knowledge of both this country and that. The more numerous this body of men, the better for both countries and for

the Empire at large, for in its growth lies the hope of permanent understanding and harmony.

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Mr. Bryce, the British ambassador at Washington, has joined in the never-ending discussion as to the causes making for war, and has spoken wisely as usual. Some recent writers and speakers, shocked at the unscrupulousness of different yellow journals with regard to matters of high and vital import to a nation, have accused the press as a whole of responsibility for war, on the ground that they misrepresent the purposes and sentiments of the other nation concerned and lead each nation to believe itself wholly in the right and the other wholly in the wrong. Obviously this is but a superficial view. Newspapers as a rule are themselves at a moment of national crisis divided in opinion, and represent and urge every shade of a multitude of views. "In every country," said Mr. Bryce speaking the other day at the Lake Mohawk conference on international arbitration, "the newspapers reflect the wishes of the people, and are what the people make them. So if the people wish that the newspapers should show a truly pacific spirit, friendly to other nations, anxious to know in case of an international dispute what the case of the other nation is, then the newspapers will give their readers facts and opinions which will at any rate not hinder peace and not inflame passion. Thus

we come back to the people, that is, to ourselves, the ordinary citizens who are the ultimate masters both of the Government and of the press."

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To blame the press is an easy and frequent method of avoiding personal responsibility. A national problem of any kind is so tremendous that the individual does not as a rule feel the same sense of responsibility that comes to one in the case of the quite trivial affairs of daily life, such, for instance, as the selection of an office boy or the purchase of a pair of shoes. Then, when things go wrong in these larger affairs, we hasten to blame any but ourselves. The newspapers being everywhere at hand, and being in a sense impersonal, for one rarely thinks of the editor being held personally responsible, bear the brunt of the attack from these irresponsible citizens. National problems, whether as to war, or the tariff, or the conservation of national resources, or industrial peace, or other vital issues, will be more satisfactorily treated when they become matters of real responsibility to the average citizen, and when the citizen learns to mould his daily life on lines that make for ideal conditions. This would be, however, equivalent to the millenium, for which there is grave reason to fear the world is not yet ripe. In the meantime we have to deal with these problems according to our intelligence and with as little of passion as may be; and if each in his sphere weighs words and acts in the light of personal responsibility we shall appreciably improve relations between man and man. on the nature of which depend, after all most other vital problems.

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A recent sharp interchange of views between the London *Spectator* and the Springfield *Republican* on the international relations of Great Britain, Germany and the United States has attracted considerable attention in

the Canadian press. The *Spectator* had taken strong exception to the declaration of the Springfield *Republican* that in the event of a war between Great Britain and Germany it would be the duty of the United States to remain strictly neutral, the English journal arguing that the United States was vitally interested in seeing that the command of the seas does not pass to Germany. The *Spectator* went on to comment on the alleged ignorance of foreign affairs displayed by American newspapers generally, concerning which criticism it may be said that while it is undoubtedly true so far as the majority of American journals are concerned, it hardly applies to the Springfield *Republican*, which is one of the best edited newspapers in the world. The *Spectator* had urged the point that the United States may safely leave the command of the sea with Britain, because, with Canada as its neighbour, the United States has a perpetual hostage against any abuse of such power with regard to herself. All this does not make it clear that the United States should be other than neutral in the event of an Anglo-German war; to regard the matter from an American point of view, the United States could look to the outcome with equanimity, since in the event of England being victorious, Canada is still a hostage to the United States, while in the event of Germany being victorious, the conqueror would be too busy picking up fragments of the British Empire to concern herself with this continent. What may be regarded as certain is that the United States would not help Germany.

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Where, perhaps the Springfield *Republican* hardly does justice to the British side of the case is in its suggestion, following a remark that "an Anglo-German conflict could only be less disastrous than one between the members of the English-speaking race," that, "the wonder is that both

English and Germans are not more deeply impressed with the fact." There is little doubt that the enormity of such a disaster is not realised by the British. Even what is perhaps improperly termed the jingo party of Great Britain cannot be charged with worse than a desire by a display of superior strength to avert the threatened war, and it should be a matter for calm discussion whether or not this or some more passive attitude is the wiser course. The necessity for absolute dependence on herself in the last resort is no doubt fully grasped by the British Governmental authorities, and if anything could tend to make more circumspect and cautious their procedure in the existing delicate international situation, it is probably the realisation of this fact.

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Mr. Lloyd-George's budget proves not less radical than had been expected, and not less than was necessary to make up the heavy deficit caused jointly by old age pensions and extraordinary naval expenditure. Opinion is divided as to whether the budget shows the skill of a great financier or the bungling of a desperate amateur. The field covered by the changes is so vast and the effect so far-reaching that time only will permit of a just verdict. What is quite obvious is that the additional revenue is to be drawn mainly from the wealthy classes and from the liquor trade. In theory at least this seems reasonable, but it is probable that the budget will prove to have antagonised too many interests to strengthen the waning popularity of the Government. An American newspaper contrasts the financial methods of Great Britain and the United States, and admits that in real democracy of method the older country has the advantage. "The new levy in aristocratic and monarchical Britain," remarks the *New York American*, "is in the form of liquor excises on private clubs, a heavy corporation tax, increasing income and

inheritance taxes and automobile taxes. The difference in the tax situation in democratic America and aristocratic Britain is startling."

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Meantime, unless the Lords throw the budget out and force an immediate election, an unlikely contingency, the British revenue is raised to the high level of nearly £170,000,000, or about \$850,000,000, double the sum of twenty-five years ago; thus meeting all expenditures and continuing annual payments, though less than formerly, in reduction of the national debt. Germany, on the other hand, is in desperate straits financially, unable to find a budget which will meet her heavy deficit of \$125,000,000, and unable to borrow without paying an extravagant rate of interest. Borrowing year after year in any case, to meet recurring deficits, is obviously a ruinous policy, unless the expenditure secures something permanent in the way of assets. Germany is building a national debt as fast as Britain is reducing hers, and starting with a clear sheet in 1870 has already passed the billion-dollar mark, while the British debt is, after some fluctuations, appreciably less than the figure at which it stood a century ago. It would seem that the superior elasticity of the British financial system, added to the vastly greater wealth of the upper and middle classes of Great Britain, will give the latter country an easy victory in the financial struggle, and Germany's financial handicap may compel a suspension of the present excessive expenditures by both nations.

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The South African colonies have made substantial progress in their federation movement. As previously pointed out in these pages, they have at least refused to increase the difficulties of the new State by dividing the legislative responsibilities. The South African Parliament will be all

powerful in internal affairs. The first draft of the constitution has been submitted to the four uniting States, and carried in all, though not without serious opposition in Natal and Cape Colony and not without some amendments. The proposed use of the proportional system of voting for election to the Assembly was bitterly opposed by Cape Colony, which foresaw that such a method would leave without representation its sparsely settled rural districts. The ordinary mode of election will therefore prevail; the suggestion of proportional voting was perhaps somewhat fanciful in any case. Natal has bargained for and obtained a promise that the representation with which she enters Confederation shall not be lessened. The little Province is in somewhat the position of our own Maritime Provinces and fears that it will be out-distanced in the race for population with the larger States. General Botha will start for England shortly to secure legislation enacting a constitution for South Africa. The Transvaal Premier has throughout the negotiations shown an enlightened and conciliatory attitude, and remembering, with this, that the doughty De Wet also is an ardent advocate of union and has expressed his conviction that under it South Africa will make unexampled progress, it is not difficult to believe that with Confederation South Africa will enter on a larger and happier history. It is a high tribute to British tolerance that the leaders of her former foes are leaders in the new movement for a national life.

*

The name of Arnold Toynbee, the ardent young Oxford scholar and social reformer who passed away prematurely many years ago, is well known in Canada, and is associated with high ideals and noble purpose. A brochure which has just appeared from the pen of Miss Gertrude Toynbee, sister of the Balliol enthusiast, outlining the life of her father, Joseph Toynbee, F.R.S., shows that early

environment, if not hereditary influence, at least contributed to the development of the fine character of the younger Toynbee. Dr. Toynbee was a splendid type of the good citizen, quietly practising an honourable profession, in which he won high distinction, and devoting much of his leisure to reading that kept him in touch with higher scientific thought and practical reform. He was of a quiet, poetic temperament and, consequently, an ardent lover of nature, so that "he delighted," as we read, "in the wide skies over Wimbledon Common and would always leave his dinner if there was a beautiful sunset to be watched there." His reforming zeal was directed by prudence and knowledge, and wisely lay in the direction of the eradication of all that makes for ill-health and in the improvement of the home. In this way, so far back as 1848, Dr. Toynbee became one of the originators and ultimately the Treasurer of the Metropolitan Association for improving the dwellings of the working classes, the object of which would clearly appeal to such sympathies as his. Dr. Toynbee and others wrote leaflets on ventilation, the circulation of the blood, the air we breathe, and kindred subjects, which were published and circulated by the Society. The Society also looked after the preservation of open spaces and foot-paths and reported on unsanitary dwellings, etc. In similar and other ways, after his removal to Wimbledon, Dr. Toynbee continued for many years to discharge such higher duties of citizenship. He lived to see his son eminent and respected, and in the perfect reputation which that son left behind him found doubtless some consolation for his untimely removal. Miss Toynbee's charming sketch will be of particular value to many because of the light it throws on the type of home in which the character of Arnold Toynbee was moulded. The brochure is published by Henry G. Glaisner, Wigmore Street, London, W.



OUT OF DOORS.

Just to be out of doors! So still! So green!

With unbreathed air, illimitable, clean,
With soft sweet scent of happy growing things.

The leaves' soft flutter, sound of sudden wings,

The far, faint hills, the water wide between.

Breast of the great earth-mother! Here we lean

With no conventions hard to intervene,
Content, with the contentment Nature brings,

Just to be out of doors!

And under all the feeling half foreseen
Of what this lovely world will come to mean

To all of us when the uncounted strings
Are keyed aright, and one clear music rings

In our hearts. Joy universal, keen,
Just to be out of doors!

—C. P. Gilman.

*

WHEN A GIRL GRADUATES

"SCHOOL Let out!" is the glad cry in the closing days of June. There is one of the solemn sentences announced by parents in which I honestly and firmly believe—"school days are the happiest." They are and the youngsters whose most serious problem is a quadratic equation and whose deepest grief arises from the waywardness of German declensions

should be happy, indeed, ere the evil days come with heart-breaking efforts at baffling the butcher and paying the grocer. The days when we accept our daily bread and a new gown as cheerful matters of fact, with no serious consideration of what shall we eat and wherewithal shall we be clothed, are the very best of all, and we may as well acknowledge it.

The girl who attends the university misses the truly feminine style of graduation enjoyed by the maiden of boarding-school or girls' college traditions. The fluttering white gowns, the bouquets and school-girl airs and graces are somewhat scorned by the student of university ranks. Yet there are few occasions more interesting to a girl than the closing hours of school life, when the fun that has gone looks so glorious and the days ahead so full of sunshine. The solemn exhortations of the speakers regarding the whole duty of woman, the formidable diplomas, signed by the members of the Faculty, and the roses from congratulating friends! There is no more important occasion save that on which the music changes from *Traumerei* to the *Wedding March*, the diploma becomes a marriage certificate, and the simple graduation gown is transformed into a trailing wedding gown with "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls." Here's to the girl graduate,

then, with best wishes that the diploma comes true!

*

IN DEFIANCE OF DIET

SURELY there never was an age more advised as to matters of diet than that in which we live and move and dine. Vegetarians and "carnivorians" have a mutual contempt, while there is hardly a week in which some philosopher of the breakfast table does not tell us that there is poison in the coffee and destruction in the omelette. After all, what is the use of worrying about the microbes and trying to circumvent the bacteria? Of course, we should have only a reasonable number of the latter in the milk and agitate for moderately pure water supply in the cities. But when it comes to diet, why, you never can tell. Some of us thrive on lobster salad and chocolate ice cream, while others languish on whole wheat and hot water, slightly flavoured with milk.

A dear old man, who was mayor of the city of New York in 1877 and who is now eighty-five years of age, has lately confided to a medical journal certain interesting items concerning his diet. The octogenarian, whose name is the Hebrew-Saxon mixture of Smith Ely, declares that his excellent health is due to sweets and pastry. He was brought up with a scant allowance of this food, and, in consequence, when he reached the age of sixteen, he determined to have a feast of saccharine luxuries. The story of his life is enough to make the school-boy green with envy.

"When I found employment down town, with permission to dine as I pleased, I made up for lost time. My regular meal for many months consisted of three or four pieces of bakers' pie. At all periods of my life, the dessert has always been the better part of the meal. I resided for more than twenty years in the neighbourhood of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and during all that period it was my

regular habit, on my way home from clubs and entertainments, to stop at Mallard's and have a *meringue glacé*, followed by a cup of hot chocolate with whipped cream."

Is not that a record of dietary rashness which ought to make our counsellors sit up and worry? Yet, this devourer of sweets, this consumer of caramels has attained unto the good old age of eighty-five, while many a man who lived on breakfast foods and shuddered at sugar has gone to an early grave. Mr. Ely has evidently given no thought to the diet lecturers and has enjoyed *meringue* and other luxuries with a glad heart, while his digestive organs did not dare to utter a protest. In fact, digestion is the greatest tyrant on earth, if you give way to its capricious tantrums. But if you will just go ahead and eat rich fruit cake, ice cream, hot biscuit and mince pie, with strong coffee as accompaniment, the powers that digest will become alarmed and work vigorously to keep up with such daring. There is something quite admirable in Mr. Smith Ely's careless indifference to the diet-mongers and one hopes that he may be spared to eat peanut toffee on his one-hundredth birthday.

Mr. Ely declares that sweets have given him nervous energy to endure the strain of political life in Washington, Albany, and New York. Here is a hint for our magnates in Ottawa, Toronto and Winnipeg. If Hon. William Pugsley, Sir James Whitney and Hon. R. P. Roblin should discover that political strife is having a detrimental effect on nerves and tissue, let them pass their plates for more pie, or telephone for a five-pound box of the creamiest candy to be found. Evidently Queen Victoria knew what she was about, when she sent our soldiers a box of chocolate with her best wishes. Instead of building more *Dreadnoughts*, England might lay in an extra supply of chocolates for her soldiers and sailors; so that, if the bold, bad Kaiser should make war on the British Em-



MRS. MCCLUNG, THE AUTHOR OF "SOWING SEEDS IN DANNY," TELLING A STORY TO A GROUP OF SMALL MANITOBANS

pire, there would be a splendid reserve force in those brown stores of energy and fortitude.

*

TALES TOLD IN MANITOU

SOME years ago there appeared in *The Canadian Magazine* a story with the curious title, "Sowing Seeds in Danny." The scene of the narrative was a town of Manitoba and the adventures of the theoretical lady who endeavoured to sow the seeds of the love of the true, the beautiful and the elevating in the small son of the "wash lady" found a large circle of interested readers. Since then, the author, Mrs. Nellie McClung, of Manitou, Manitoba, has published a book of Western life, bearing the title of her first story and has made many friends for *Danny*, *Pearlie* and the rest of the people who rendered the annals of the small town a vital chronicle. In our photograph published this month Mrs. McClung is "caught" at her favourite occupation of telling wonderful tales to her children and their small friends. None of the kindergarten stories are half so good

as "the kind that mother used to tell." So, the little group in the Manitou home may be congratulated on having such a splendid teller of tales at their very fireside, as the author of "Sowing Seeds in Danny" must prove.

*

THE TIRED WOMAN

SUICIDE is not a particularly pleasant subject; but surely we read of an unusual number this spring among respectable women who were simply tired out or "suffered from poor health." The woman who has never been so weary of the daily grind that a grave seemed a nice, comfortable resting-place is to be envied. It is all very well to hang up hateful little mottoes, such as "Don't Worry," "Be Sunny" and "Do It Now." If I had my way, they would be banished and soothing selections from "The Lotos Eaters" substituted. The truth is, that too many of our Canadian women have all work and no play and the result is physical disaster. The parsons and editors who are warning us against bridge and

cocktails are wasting their paper and pulpit energy. The Canadian women who are alcohol fiends or given to excessive bridge are so few in number that they are hardly worth bothering about and regard these exhortations, if they ever hear or read them, with an amused scorn for the writer or speaker. What the clergy and the editors do need to talk about is the duty of giving the tired woman a rest and a change. Constant toil and drab monotony are enough to drive any woman to the nearest river or the most convenient carbolic acid. Then everyone wonders over the tragedy, an attempt is made to prove that the woman was insane, and some kind friend remarks: "She complained a good deal of feeling tired." As "Lorgnette" remarks on this subject in the *Toronto Globe*:

"The thoroughly healthy mind, even when the body is sick, knows always probably that it wants to live. But all have not this mental solidity, and their interest in the world and the things of the world is not strong enough to struggle against weakness and pain. Even religion is not always enough to hold back the hand from taking the life of its owner. The cases in which this miserable climax comes are only a tiny fraction of the cases of ill-health amongst women."

From ex-President Roosevelt to the humblest preacher who bangs a village pulpit, there is a certain class of masculine adviser that stirs irritation in the feminine heart. The woman who nags ought to be married to the man who advises, and great would be the confusion thereof. This unctuous sort of person takes special joy in declaring that every woman should find all the pleasure of life within the four walls of her home. I wonder if he knows just how grim and crushing those four walls can look, to the woman who is longing for a glimpse of lake or meadows or pine-crowned islands. Every sane and

healthy woman likes work and takes a praiseworthy pride in it. But drudgery is quite another story, and it is that sort of thing which depresses even unto death the woman who has no play, no variety. If advice is to be given, let some of the selfish men, who never dream that looking after the meals and material comfort of a large household is not enough to keep a woman bright and happy, be told of their shortcomings and shown the way of decent appreciation. There may not be a great deal of such selfishness in the community, but no one who has seen the drawn, gray faces of these overworked, oppressed women can wonder that the burden finally becomes too heavy for human nerves and strength and is flung off by wearied hands that open the gateway to—let us hope, a long rest.

*

THE QUINQUENNIAL CONGRESS

THE greatest convention of women workers ever held in Canada should be, as the energetic convener of the press committee remarked, "the best advertisement Canada has ever had." When one considers the ability and influence of the delegates who come from twenty-three countries, representing the best feminine endeavour of their native lands, the impression they make on the Canadian Council is only to be equalled in importance by the impression they carry away of the opportunities and advantages of this land of great lonely spaces. As immigration agents of the best kind, these delegates should prove the most enlightening who have ever visited the Dominion. Women of their intelligence and discrimination will be keenly alive to all the circumstances making for domestic comfort and advancement, and their visit cannot fail to inform thousands of Europeans of the country which holds first mortgage on the Twentieth Century.

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

WELL DONE, *Anne!*

THE New York *Bookman*, referring editorially to "Anne, of Green Gables," the first novel of Miss L. M. Montgomery, a Prince Edward Island girl, says:

"A year or two ago we called attention to the very unusual run of 'The Lady of the Decoration' in the 'best selling lists' at the end of *The Bookman*. A more recent book, which has been showing striking vitality is Miss Montgomery's 'Anne of Green Gables,' which, while it has not appeared often among the six best sellers, has attracted attention by the persistence which it has been knocking at the door. It is the only book still a contender in the race for popularity. One secret of this success is that it has an appeal both as fiction for adults and as a juvenile."

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MILD VILLAINY

Katharine Tynan is well known as a writer of somewhat pastoral tales. Her stories may deal with lords and ladies, but high society never interferes with their pastoral character. There may be a villain in the piece, murder may be committed, but the villainy is always quite harmless, and the murdered person is never really dead. In the present story of "Peggy, the Daughter" we have a fine old Irish gentleman, who abducts a gentle Quakeress, hides her in a secret pas-

sage, where she nearly expires of suffocation, shoots one of her pursuers, who almost dies of his wound, and serves a long term in prison through the malice of *Judge*, his enemy. These slight happenings might be expected to add much spice to the tale, but they are all dealt with in so ladylike a manner that the high seasoning is almost unnoticed, and the whole effect is one of the utmost placidity. There is nothing strong about the work, but neither is there anything repellant; its moral tone is healthy, and its language pure. *Sir Pierce* is quite an injured and interesting person, in spite of his high-handed doings, and *Peggy*, his only daughter, is a sweet and good little girl whose proper reward comes along in good time. *Priscilla*, the Quakeress who is run away with, is perhaps the most human character in the book, her devotion to the ideal of her childhood, the gallant *Sir Pierce*, being a piece of woman-nature which is as true as it is strange. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

A POSTHUMOUS ROMANCE

The name of "Ouida" reminds one of those strange exotic novels which once were in the fashion. "Helianthus," her final novel, will hardly add to the fame of the author of "Under Two Flags," although it is a fairly readable romance of the for-

tunes of a young prince in a modern monarchy of Southern Europe, which is cursed with ultra-militarism. The writer becomes incoherently wrathful over electric light, automobiles and other Twentieth Century atrocities which, in her eyes, make for unrighteousness. There is something of the picturesque touch which make Ouida's Italian novels romantically attractive, but the spirit in which the tale is told is weakly vindictive, while the plot itself has little of stirring quality. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

BEFORE THE WAR.

When George W. Cable, capable novelist as he is, undertook to write a story with the scene laid in and around New Orleans and with incidents of the Civil War in the United States, he set himself a rather difficult task. Time and again, attempts have been made to write the "great American novel," and many persons think that whenever that is written it will deal with the great subject of the emancipation of the slaves. Not a few have tried and have failed. Apparently Mr. Cable had in "Kincaid's Battery" no other purpose than to write a novel that would be absorbing on account of his charming love story and scenes of heroism and dramatic interest. To that extent he has at least succeeded, notwithstanding an involved plot. A good picture is given of New Orleans as that city no doubt appeared immediately before the war began. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

A BOOK FOR THE YOUNG

Young people all over the country will be glad to know that a new book has been added to the *Little Colonel* series by Annie Fellows Johnston. This latest volume is entitled "Mary Ware: The *Little Colonel's* Chum". It is well illustrated by Ethelred B. Barry. Before this book appeared many letters were received by the author, asking what happened after

the *Little Colonel* had passed her girlhood, so Mrs. Johnston decided to answer them in the form of a new book, and "Mary Ware" is the result. This story tells what happened to *Betty Joyce*, *Mary Ware*, *Phil Tremont*, and the others. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

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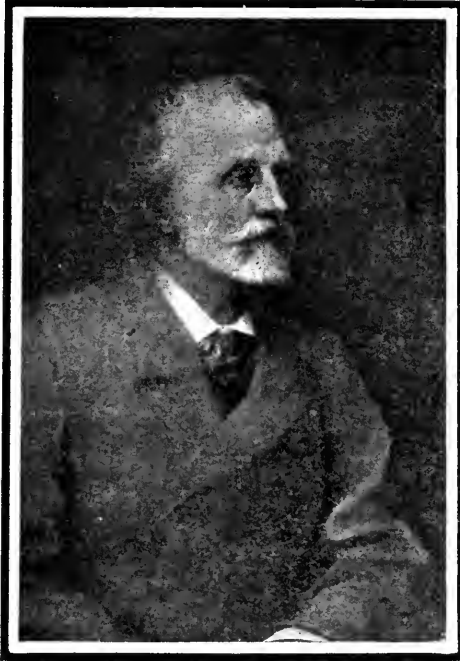
EARLY BOSTON

It is quite true that not to know Boston is not to know the best that the history of the United States can supply. It was doubtless this fact that prompted Miss Mary Caroline Crawford to write "St. Botolph's Town," which is an account of the Boston of colonial days. Education and culture have long distinguished the people of Boston, or at least a number of distinguished persons have given to that city an air of erudition and refinement. That atmosphere has come down from the time of which Miss Crawford writes, and by taking full advantage of it the author has been able to produce a volume of splendid interest. Miss Crawford quite appropriately observes that "to understand America of to-day we must needs know the Boston of our fathers. So only can we be sure that the excrescences of modern government are no essential part of that Christian state of which Winthrop dreamed and for which Vane was glad to die." (Boston: L. C. Page and Company. Cloth, well illustrated, with reproductions of rare originals, \$2.50).

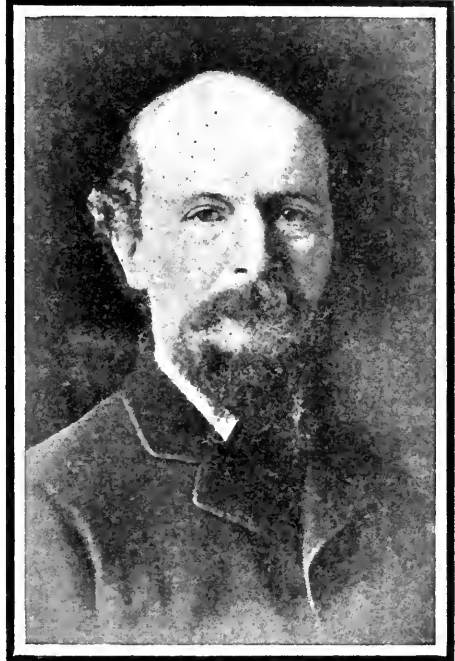
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A STORY OF DEVON

It is said that the author of "Lorna Doone" once wrote to Mr. Eden Phillpotts in congratulation, saying: "Your novel is as good as a bowl of clotted cream." Higher praise could hardly be given a Devonshire novelist, and in the case of the author of "Children of the Mist" it was richly deserved. The gloom and glory of moor and river are in every chapter of his stories and, if their beauty occasionally makes human interests tame, the reader is not disposed to



CHARLES MEREDITH



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

THE RECENT DEATH OF THESE TWO AUTHORS REMOVES THE LAST OF THE GREAT VICTORIANS

cavil. However, in "The Three Brothers," the latest Phillpotts novel, the primitive human loves and hates are forces to which mountains and waves are secondary. The study of the three men, so deftly differentiated in motive and purpose, is as striking a piece of character analysis as we are likely to receive from any modern novelist. This book contains some of Mr. Phillpotts' most brilliant descriptive work, while the sympathetic treatment of the outstanding characters has a depth seldom sounded by the modern writer. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

WOMEN OF ALL NATIONS

The second volume of "Women of All Nations," of which T. Athol Joyce and N. W. Thomas, two well-known authorities, are joint editors, is quite as interesting as the first volume and equally valuable, but one can scarcely refrain from thinking that Canada

might have been more adequately represented. Of course, it must be admitted that as far as types of women go Canada is extremely motley, and it would be almost impossible for a writer or a photographer to find anything in dress or characteristics that would be national and unique. The countries dealt with in this volume are North America, Japan, Korea, China, Manchuria, Mongolia, Thibet, Siam and Cambodia, Burma, Assam, North India, South India, Ceylon, Persia, Turkestan, Asia Minor, Turkey and Greece, the Balkan Peninsula, Russia, Austria, Germany, Holland, Italy, Spain and Portugal, France, Switzerland, Belgium, Denmark, Iceland, Sweden, Norway, and the British Islés. (Toronto: Cassell and Company. Half morocco, 15s. net).

*

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND THE TROPICS

A book that may interest its read-

ers, but also one that may not leave a long-lived impression, is Henry Kitchell Webster's latest novel, entitled, "A King in Khaki." Its existence is due to the enthusiasm and plausibility of a man who got option on a certain neglected island. Soon afterwards he formed "The Tropical Products Company," which it was thought would reap great wealth from the soil's fertility. Misjudgment caused the initial attempt to be a failure. Then the promoter died. His responsibility as manager was assumed by the young man who is hero in the story. He set at once to turn the tide of affairs so that ultimately the poorer stockholders would not suffer from their holdings. When success was in sight, a New York millionaire, interested in the scheme, tried to force the manager to issue a false report by which the capitalist might practically become owner of the entire company. The manager refused, and a conflict between them began. The capitalist and his daughter, *Christabel*, visited the island. During their stay many things transpired to feed the narrative. *Christabel* and the manager were brought together under peculiar circumstances and a love affair ensued. Notwithstanding this, the girl championed her father and returned with him to New York. She, however, had implicit faith in the convictions of her lover and in his cause. Accidentally she learned the whereabouts of real treasure before leaving the island, and indirectly placed its use in the hands of the manager. One of the story's pivotal points is the way in which, at the next general meeting of the company in New York, the hero planned to have the overthrow of the capitalist rest entirely in the hands of *Christabel*. The man of wealth yielded to

defeat and things were brought to a satisfactory conclusion. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

NOTES

—"Peerless Alaska" is the title of an illustrated volume by Charles Hallack, founder of "Forest and Stream." It gives an outline of the physiography, ethnology, natural history, products, economical resources of that country, and therefore is a valuable book to all who are interested in Alaska, such as homesteaders, miners, commercial fishermen, sportsmen, etc. Rev. Sheldon Jackson, of the United States Bureau of Education, contributes an introduction, vouching for the book's accuracy and comprehensiveness. (New York: The Broadway Publishing Company. Cloth, \$1.50).

—The May number of *The Studio* contains a sketch of Philip Wilson Steer, President of the New English Art Club, with reproductions of a number of his portraits and landscapes. There is also an article, with reproductions, on the water-colours of M. Jeanès, and a most interesting consideration of western influence on art in Japan, with illustrations of the work of modern Japanese painters. (London: The Studio. 1s. net).

—Mr. Bliss Carman has been invited to write a Champlain memorial poem, which will be read on "Burlington Day," July 8, at the tercentenary exercises on Lake Champlain, which are to be conducted by the Vermont Lake Champlain Tercentenary Commission. For a poem of this kind it would be difficult to find a more likely writer than this distinguished Canadian, the author of "Low Tide on Grand Pré."





Within The Sanctum

SIR CHARLES TUPPER, writing under date of May 11, from Broomwood, Bexley Heath, England, makes the following rejoinder to Senator Miller's letter, which appeared in this department of the May number:

"I regret that I am obliged to expose further mis-statements of Senator Miller contained in your April number. The Debates of the Legislature from 1864 to 1867 furnish abundant evidence that he continually opposed me. I see what purports to be a requisition of the electors of Richmond for the first time, but he knows well that he could not have been elected except as a supporter, when every Roman Catholic constituency in the Province supported our party.

"If Mr. McDonnell were living Mr. Miller would not contradict my assertion that he came to me to learn what course I would take if he, Miller, publicly avowed his readiness to have a conference in London to arrange Confederation. I have never seen the report of my evidence in favour of Mr. Miller until I read his version of it in your magazine, but it will be searched in vain to find anything to conflict with Mr. McDonnell's visit. I did discuss the question of Confederation with Mr. Miller before and after the session of 1866, but I found him uniformly hostile previous to the session, and learned from Mr. McDonnell for the first time that he was prepared to support a new conference in London. It is, I submit, impossible

for Mr. Miller to dispute this, as he was actively engaged in opposing Confederation up to the meeting of the House, and presented petitions from his own county on April the fourteenth, which he had sent out shortly before the House met. Let him read the circular written by his own hand, which was sent with the petitions and will be found on page 237 of the 'Debates of the Nova Scotia Assembly,' and he will see what a position he places himself in if he were to pretend that he had any understanding with me before the meeting of the House. He charges me with misrepresentation in saying that I was awaiting a change in New Brunswick, whereas my motion for the Conference in London was made on the tenth of April and the elections in that Province 'did not take place until June or July.' I can dispose of that insinuation by evidence *he* ought to respect, as it is his own. In his speech on April the third he said:

"I will not deny that the extraordinary reaction that has taken place in New Brunswick in regard to Union and the admitted partiality of a large majority of the people of Nova Scotia for the abstract principle coupled with the firm but constitutional pressure of the Imperial authorities afford grounds to apprehend that before very long even the Quebec resolutions may be carried in the Maritime Provinces.'"

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THE NEW UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE

Few men are so eminently qualified for an office in the public service as



MR. THOMAS MULVEY, K.C., THE NEW UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE

Mr. Thomas Mulvey, K.C., is for the position of Under Secretary of State at Ottawa. Mr. Mulvey was a successful lawyer before he became, six years ago, Deputy Provincial Secretary of Ontario, a position he occupied, not only with credit but as well with distinction. He remained in that office until invited to go to Ottawa. His splendid capabilities, exceptional judgment, and natural graciousness of manner well befit him for a position of dignity and responsibility. His knowledge of law enabled him to serve the Province of Ontario to good advantage in a number of important in-

stances, and it was because of his zeal and integrity for the welfare of the Province that he was chosen as the one best qualified for the duties of Under Secretary of State for the Dominion. Mr. Mulvey is a native of Toronto, and a graduate of St. Michael's College and the University of Toronto. He took honours throughout his university course, and was gold-medalist in physics. He was graduated at twenty-one, after which he travelled abroad for a year. On his return he began the study of law, and was articled to the late Walter Barwick, K.C., of Moss, Falconbridge

and Barwick, which was the name of this firm at that time. He earned a scholarship at Osgoode Hall, and after being called to the Bar, practised his profession for fourteen years. He had a splendid reputation as an admiralty practitioner and was well known also by his extensive practice in company work. His knowledge in the latter respect will be of much service at Ottawa. He is the draughtsman of the Ontario Companies Act, a piece of legislation that has been highly commended. Mr. Mulvey was one of the founders of *The Canadian Magazine*, and is still a director of the company that publishes it.

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FIRE EXTINGUISHERS NEEDED

The fatal fire at Halifax the other day demonstrates once more the need of every precaution to prevent fire from once getting a start, and one would think that we are too prone in Canada to disregard the advantages of some reliable fire extinguisher. In England they use extinguishers freely, and some one has invented a dry powder extinguisher called "Kyl-fyre," which seems to be effective indoors, but is used extensively on public conveyances, motor cars and the like.

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THE WAR SCARE

Lord Rosebery's speech to the Imperial Press Conference was bound to arouse comment in Germany. But the Germans should not regard his utterance as an affront, because this distinguished Earl can scarcely be regarded as a jingo, and doubtless his remarks on the warlike aspect of Europe were expressed in the hope of doing something towards continuing peace and averting war. But, unfor-

tunately, quarrels are usually set aside, not by boastings, or admissions of weakness, or rallying of supporters, but by frankness and sincerity and sympathy. Mr. Deakin, of Australia, thinks that by sending a *Dreadnought* to England the solidarity of the Empire would be impressed on the world. Nonsense. He has already shown his hand, and it is only natural for the world to think that he is trying to give an impression of something that does not exist. Would it not be much cheaper and better, and at least worth the experiment, for the Government of Australia to send a message to the Kaiser for the people of Germany, deploring the hostile attitude of England and the warlike preparations of Germany, and expressing the hope that the statesmen of both countries make a determined effort to offset the animosity that the jingoes and a large section of the German and English press seem bound to arouse? For, as sure as the sun shines, if things go on as they have gone of late, war with all its terrible consequences will follow. And nine out of every ten of the poor unfortunates who rally around the standards will not know why they fight. Do we know? Do they know in England? Do they even know in Germany? Somehow it does not seem so very long since England and Russia were on the verge of war. But there was no reason for war then, and there is no reason for conflict with Germany now. But reasons can be easily trumped up, and one that has been advanced already is that we cannot hope for permanent peace until the forces of either England or Germany are shattered. If that reason be true, then let enlistment and conscription begin.

The Editor



WHAT OTHERS ARE LAUGHING AT



A POOR ILLUSTRATION.

Principal—"Johnnie, I'm surprised that your French is so weak. Now, think. *Chapeau*. What is that? What does your father throw up when he's merry?"

Johnnie—"His job, sir."—*Tit-Bits*

*

HE DID HIS BEST.

"Convicted?" exclaimed the prisoner in disgust. "Well, I'm not surprised. My lawyer made a fool of himself."

"I tried to represent you faithfully," remarked the lawyer, mildly.—*Judge*.



MAD AS A HATTER

AUTOCRAT—"I assure you, madam, the effect is charming—most absurd and grotesque."

VICTIM—"Oh, very well, if you're sure it's all that, I'll decide on this one."—*Punch*

HE WON.

Two men were having an argument as to their respective strengths.

"Why," said the first, "every morning before breakfast I get a bucket and pull up ninety gallons from the well."

"That's nothing," retorted the other. "I get a boat every morning and pull up the river."—*Universalist Leader*.

*

FORTUNATE.

Cook—"Taylor was always a fortunate man, but doesn't it seem wonderful that his luck should stay with him to the very last?"

Raleigh—"How was that?"

Cook—"He was operated on for the removal of a pearl which he had accidentally swallowed while eating oysters, and when the pearl was examined it was found to be valuable enough to pay for both the operation and the funeral."—*Tit-Bits*.

*

CORRECT.

"This," said a teacher to her class of arithmeticians, "is a unit." She held up a pencil. "This book is a unit, too," said she. "And these are units." And she showed them a ruler, a flower, and an apple. Then she peeled the apple and, holding up the peel, said, "Now, children, what is this?" Silence. "Come, you know what it is," she urged. Little Bill's hand went up slowly. "Well, William," said the teacher. "Pleathe, ma'am, the skin of a unit."—*Christian Register*.



PLAYING THE RACES

—Life

PROGRESS.

"Mister, you're wasting time sketching that old ruined bridge."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; there's a fine new steel bridge just a mile further on."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

*

UNRELIABLE DOG.

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious coloured man, "but Ah don't know how soon he's goin' to stop barkin'."—*Success Magazine*.

*

THE THREE AGES.

Report by a young English school-girl of a lecture on "Phases of Human Life—Youth, Manhood, and Age": "In youth we look forward to the wicked things we will do when we grow up—this is the state of innocence. In manhood we do the wicked things of which we thought in our youth—this is the prime of life. In old age we are sorry for the wicked things we did in manhood—this is the time of our dotage."—*Christian Register*.

HER BARGAIN.

He—"Will you share my lot?"

She—"Yes, when you have a house on it that's paid for."—*Judge*.

*

QUOTED FROM A U. S. PROSPERITY SPEECH.

"Has it ever occurred to you, Mr. Chairman, that the cotton cloth made in South Carolina annually would make a sheet big enough to cover the entire face of America and Europe and lap over on the toes of Asia? Or, if all the cattle she raises in each year were one cow, she could browse on the tropical vegetation along the equator, while her tail switched icicles off the North Pole, and that her milk could float a shipload of her butter and cheese from Charleston to New York? Or, if all the mules we market each year were one mule, it would consume the entire annual corn crop of North Carolina at one meal, and kick the spots off the sun without swelling its sides or shaking its tail? Or, if the hogs we raise annually were one hog, that animal would dig the Panama Canal in three roots, without grunting, and its squeal would be loud enough to jar the coconuts off the trees along the Canal Zone."—*New York Sun*.

The Merry Muse

NIGHTMARE

(After hearing Paddy Rusky play Op.
xl.)

Meseem'd I wander'd round the jub-
jub trees,
Among cast-iron flowers, a flame-
hued host,
And mid the strident boom of quest-
ing fleas
I walk'd, when lo, the uncompromis-
ing ghost
Of her who did my washing once
came near
And rattled on about my shirts and
things,
Requesting payment with her wonted
leer,
Although I reek'd not of her ques-
tionings.

Yet all the time we talked, I never
heard

Her say one word about my lost
white vest.

I pluck'd a pink-eyed helot of a bird
And then return'd it duly to its nest.
The alarm-clock rioted at break of
day,—

And I have really nothing more to
say.

A. M.

✱

NATIONAL ANTHEM

(For use in Canadian theatres.)

The show is over now,
Put on your overcoat,
Likewise your hat,
Take your umbrella too,
And clasp your overshoe;
Now hasten up the aisle—
The show is o'er.

C. L. Armstrong.

PORTUGAL

There's a sunny land called Portugal,
Away across the seas,
Where folks must be peculiar—
For you call them Portuguese.

The men are very stiff and proud;
(Perhaps there are none grander)
They cannot help be dignified—
Each one's a Portugander.

The women must look funny, too,
E'en when they're dressed up
spruce.

Alas! What else could you expect?—
Each one's a Portuguese.

But you would like the boys and
girls,

Or else you're hard to suit,
For they are Portugoslings,
And goslings are so cute!

Donald A. Fraser.

✱

THE TOIME FOR LOVE

Whin the moon was the soize av a
cart-wheel,

And as sootherin' soft as cream;
Whin the lough lay strange wid the
night-mist,

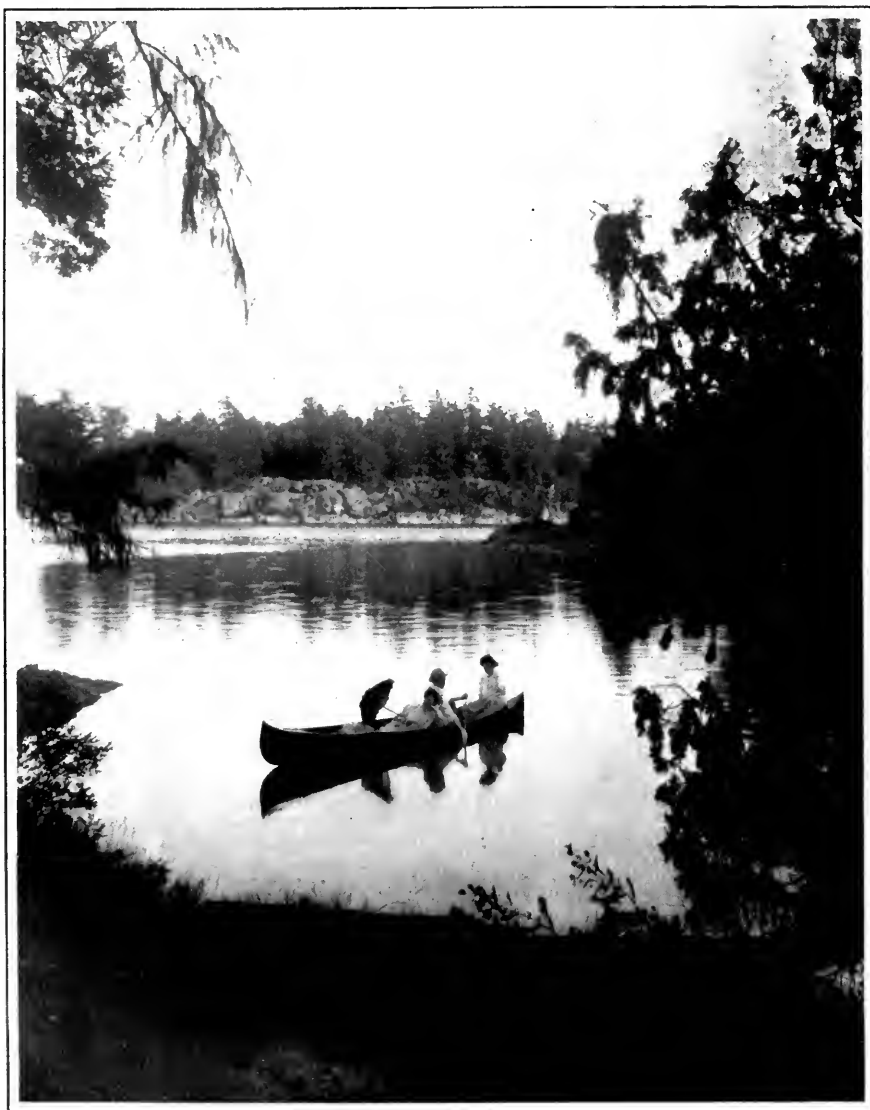
And the down was a sea av dream—

Whin the voice av a gurl was music,
And your own, like a linnet's wing,
Was fluttherin' full av the moonlight
And the mad glad fire av Spring—

Och, yon was the toime for lovin',
Those moitherin' bantherin' years
Whin I was a Billy-Go-Fister blade
And the worruld was young, me
dears!

—Arthur Stringer, in *Hampton's
Magazine*.





From a photograph

GORGE PARK, VICTORIA, BRITISH COLUMBIA

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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VICTORIA THE ARISTOCRAT

Illustrations from photographs

BY E. MCGAFFEY

She waits beside her sunny sands,
Her flowered heights, her orchard trees,
A jewel of the western lands,
A sovereign city of the seas.

The blue Pacific's pacing brine,
Eternal watch and vigil keeps
O'er Her, who seems in shade or shine,
Atlantis, risen from the deeps.

VICTORIA, Vancouver Island, is a city of kaleidoscopic changes. From one view-point it is a commercial city; from still another it is a city of homes, and from yet a third it appears as a great shipping port and gateway of commerce. But in one sense, and a keenly individualistic one, it is truly Victoria the Aristocrat.

Perhaps the very name itself, suggestive of the famous and well-beloved Queen, invests the city with more than an ordinary distinction. Or it may be that the location of the capital at Victoria, carries with it a more than usual sense of *noblesse oblige*. And it is quite probable that the presence among her citizens of scions of the old families, of retired army and navy officers, who have taken up their residence in the city, adds perceptibly to the feeling of exclusiveness which invests her inner circle.

At any rate, from the heights of Dunsmuir Castle to the vicinity of Gorge Park, from the towering massiveness of the Empress Hotel to the far outlook from Beacon Hill, there is a Victoria which stands aloof, proud as Lucifer, haughty as De Guilbert, Saxon and Norman in its heredity, ancient and indomitable in its spirit of reserve.

The very situation of Victoria argues a certain exclusiveness. Islanded in by the ebb and flow of the Pacific, her gateway is the sea, and the stately ships that swing across her ocean threshold break the waters



"WALLED IN BY BATTLEMENTS OF GRANITE"—
A TYPICAL RESIDENCE IN VICTORIA



VICTORIA HARBOUR, SHOWING THE POST-OFFICE ON THE LEFT, THE EMPRESS HOTEL NEAR BY,
AND THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS IN THE DISTANCE ON THE RIGHT

of one of the loveliest of harbours. Against the far sky-line loom the snow-crested Olympics, white as though the foam of billowed centuries lay stranded on their steep. Below, the straits of Juan de Fuca shine, gray-lined at times, with vagrant white caps, but for the most part blue with the serenity of unruffled peace.

Over these straits the gulls dip, rise, and follow the passing steamers, while myriad wild-fowl in rhythmic and rapid flight curve sharply to right or left as the boats go by. Always to the shores of the very Island itself, is the feeling of something set apart and imperial, a beauty begemmed and bejewelled with the unusual and the thrilling. An aristocracy of nature, lavish as sunshine, boundless as the billows, with sea and sky and smiling fields to intensify the vision.

Where the broad ocean leans against the land, in the residence districts famous to Victoria alone, are the houses of which so much has been written, and which have in their sur-

roundings so much of what is the essence of Victoria the aristocrat. Here of a verity are old places that breathe the airs of Arcady, that have the dignity of ancestral acres, that present, in environment and tone, all that might be sought for as ideal.

Walled in by battlements of granite, or green-bulwarked with hedges against the eyes of the idly curious, these picturesque residences stand, with sea and mountain in the background, pictures of home-likeness and loveliness. Only by seeing them on a budding spring day can their charm be even imperfectly gleaned. They have too, in sharp-edged suggestiveness, the seal of the aristocrat:

"That repose,
Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere."

Lawns that are velvety pages of emerald, written over by wandering sunbeams, chequered with shimmering shades, silent in the surrounding silence, great trees cathedraled under the noon-day skies, and hedges that



AFTERNOON TEA, GOVERNMENT HOUSE, VICTORIA, AFFORDING A PICTURE OF BEAUTY AND GRACE AT THE WESTERN CAPITAL

divide beds and *parterres* of bewildering colour, changing and sparkling in myriad dyes, blindingly brilliant in their diversified hues. Gay as a peacock's plumage, the tulips cup out to the sun, while daffodils, lilies, pansies, and a host of other blossoms and buds twinkle out from the edges of paths and arbours, making a veritable vision of delight.

A bird's song drops like the sudden peal of a bell. Outside are the broad boulevards, gray with powdery macadam, stretching towards the bustling city; highways of progress and modernity, now scrolled by the flight of a whizzing automobile, now echoing with the staccato sound of hurrying hoof-beats. Inside are the flowers and the brooding hedges, the sheen of close-cropped grasses and sun-lacquered tree-trunks—rest, peace, and sweet seclusion. There you may see the gleam of a child's dress, and hear occasionally the music of children's voices among the trees. And peeping over some high-barred gate you may

see them playing among the paths and around the lawns and flowers, themselves the rarest of all buds of promise:

“Do you love me, little children,
O sweet blossoms that are curled,
Life's tender morning-glories
Round the casement of the world.”

And the presence of demure maid-servant or following attendant proclaims that they are watched over and guarded carefully from any intrusion or molestation.

Many of these old houses have their names at the gates, and at some the house of the lodge-keeper stands inside the gates. If you would see the master of the household, you shall perforce pass the inspection of the lodge-keeper himself. No raucous ringing of jangling bells, no pressure of electric button, but sedately and seriously must you present your credentials, and not unless you are to the manner born, and duly accredited, and a friend of the family and



BEACON HILL PARK, VICTORIA

expected, will the vigilant sentinel of the gates allow you to pass.

The Parliament Buildings are one of the most important architectural adjuncts to aristocratic Victoria, both from their spaciousness and beauty, and from their magnificent surroundings in the way of grounds. They remind the sightseer from the United States of the noble outlines of the Capitol building at Washington, although their situation and environment are greatly superior.

From their front entrance a magnificent view is had, taking in the harbour, and, beyond, the hill-tops and mountains and country farther on. In these halls the elect and select of the aristocracy and electorate gather to preside over the destinies of the Province, and the archives of the years rest securely within their keeping. Prominent among resident Victorians who assemble at the Par-

liament buildings is the Honourable Richard McBride, K.C., M.P.P., Premier and Minister of Mines. Able tactful, an eloquent speaker and natural leader of men, the Premier exerts a far-reaching and salutary power over the affairs of the Province and a corresponding influence on Canadian statesmanship.

The Empress Hotel, the million-dollar C. P. R. hostelry overlooking the harbour, rises impressively among flower-studded surroundings. Its dining-room is one of the handsomest in the world and its rotunda one of the most sumptuous; its outlook, commanding the varied scenery of sea and mountain, gives it a uniqueness distinct in character among many noted Canadian stopping-places, and its register holds the signatures of many celebrated and famous men and women.

Dunsmuir Castle, lordly in its wide



ROTUNDA OF THE EMPRESS HOTEL, VICTORIA

acreage of hill-tops and slopes, is observable from all points of altitude in the city, and takes the imagination back to the castles of England and Scotland, the roses of York and Lancaster, and the golden days of chivalry and crusade. Nor is there lack of uniform and accoutrement in the atmosphere of Victoria to lend an aristocratic tinge to the *ensemble*. Khaki-clad soldiers meet you at the street corners, with waxed moustache and squared shoulders, proud in their consciousness of being among the country's defenders.

Trim sailor-boys, laughing middies and naval recruits may be seen occasionally, and every enthusiastic Victorian is counting the hours until the station at Esquimalt harbour shall blaze into its old brilliance, with men-o'-war at their moorings, and the glitter and attraction of a full-fledged naval power illuminating the shores.

At Point Macauley, near to the splendid golf links, the heavy siege guns, watch-dogs of the coast lines, sentinel the Island day and night. At Signal Hill and Red Hill defensive artillery frowns from the heights. The soldiers' barracks are visible from the city, and the combination of *Tommy Atkins* and *Jack Tar*, dear to all patriotic Englishmen, is so much a part and parcel of Victoria life that its exclusiveness distinguishes the city's social blend perceptibly.

And certain retired officers, men who wear scars and have seen service, are to be found now very amicably enjoying the balmy sunshine, digging peacefully into divers flower-beds, instead of into the enemy's vitals, and, in fact, smoothing the grim visage of war with the harmless though necessary weapons of the garden-builder.

Victoria's parks are another angle of her aristocratic belongings. Neither



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS, VICTORIA, SHOWING THE MOUNTAINS IN THE BACKGROUND

Beacon Hill Park nor Gorge Park is at all comparable with any other places of this sort the world over. From the hills at Beacon Park you can see far and wide, and always with a haunting effect of beauty. "Space liberates the soul," and to look over the straits of Juan de Fuca to the carved Titans of the Olympian Range, domed beneath a canopy of turquoise infinitude, is to find that saying true.

In the summer the Scotch broom breaks into gorgeous drifts of bright yellow, outshining the wealth of Cræsus or the fabled treasures of El Dorado. It vies with the blue of sea and sky, and strikes bold across the entire colour-scheme of lavish nature in a panoramic splendour of its own. It grows luxuriously along the Beacon Park hills, skirting the green downs that roll in turfy undulations to the sea-shore.

Gorge Park, just as nature left it, is alive with nature's aristocratic beauty. Here the tides ebb and flow, the rocky defile at one time being alive with rushing waters, and again calm with the lull and ripples of the resting ocean. Here the forest primeval still lingers, and the untarnished nobility of pristine woodlands is found in all its charm.

In its more material sense, even in the traditions of commerce and shipping, Victoria has its honoured annals. Old houses that have traded with the Orient for generations, institutions which were here when barter with the natives for furs and game was the only business carried on, still flourish under the *régime* of the descendants of the hardy pioneers. Here these establishments stand, the hardy stock of a hardy race of progenitors, merchants and sailors whose names form an aristocracy of their

own in this far-western community.

One other of Victoria's aristocratic accessories is its roads and drives. These are wide, substantial, and extraordinarily beautiful in their surroundings. Here again you will find the straits and the snow-crowned peaks of the Olympics, the shingle and sand of the beaches, the rolling downs of greenest grass, down-dropping to the shore. But you will find here also, miles of magnificent woodland scenery, lakes and rivers without number, fine wayside hotels, gliding automobiles, bicycling groups, gay parties on horseback, and wayside pedestrians with rod or camera. These roads extend in many directions from Victoria, and are suitable to

the automobilist and his following.

And thus with its heritage of old-world family names, instincts and prejudices; with its setting of an almost miraculous beauty of sea, sky, and mountain peaks; with its exclusive circles of naval, military, and professional men; with its old-time traditional merchant class, some of them men who have earned and held high honours on the official roster of the Dominion; with its houses that are visions of loveliness, not matched or approached in other lands—unmarred by the snows of more rigorous climes, Victoria the beautiful, Victoria the Aristocrat, rises citadelled like a Gibraltar, the glory of the last and greatest West.

AN INCIDENT OF THE BUILDERS

By H. O. N. BELFORD

Wild thunder stuns the air; the echoes fade away:
A trembling in the trees, a puffing, startled breeze,
Adown the gorges gray;
And in the granite breast of the wild ragged hill,
The fiery demon breath, whose faintest life is death,
Has worked his angry will.

And 'mid the splintered rock, see—where the lichens cling,
The touselled, flaxen hair, the bleeding lips in prayer:
A trembling, mangled thing.
Blue eyes look far away, above the pine-tree's crest,
Into the sullen lead of dark'ning skies o'erhead,
In mute unanswered quest.

They see no earth nor sky; but mem'ry, kinder still,
Unfolds the purple coast of Sweden, loved the most,
The green fields on the hill,
And friends—Ah, there! He strays into a longer day;
And o'er his bruised clay, we hear the people say:
"Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER

BY ANNA B. FRIES

IT was Saturday, little past noon. Lena sat by the window carding wool. Every few minutes her glance wandered to the old clock on the wall. It seemed to her that time moved very slowly to-day. At last she could stand it no longer. She rose, put away her work, tied the starched white kerchief under her chin and went out. What a glorious summer day it was! The sun shone so brightly as she lifted the latch that she stopped for a moment on the big flat stone that served for a step and shaded her eyes to protect them from the glare. The heather, which grew profusely all around the house, was beginning to bloom and shine with a faint pink lustre. At the bottom of the hill, to the left, the little lake gleamed calm and blue as the sky, and the spruce-woods which grew close to the fence exhaled a drowsy fragrance. Lena crossed the lot, climbed the stile and took the path through the woods. The pine needles crunched under her wooden shoes as she strode along. Here and there a squirrel or rabbit skipped across her way, peeped from behind a branch and disappeared. In the glade the sheep came running, bleating loudly for the bark-bread she sometimes treated them to. But to-day they were disappointed. Lena had nothing for them and was in a hurry to pass on. She shoved them with her striped apron. They could not quite make out what their friend meant and kept jostling against her until she climbed the fence and left them standing huddled together, staring after her with sad eyes. She had

only a field to pass now, and then she would be on the high road. Not a soul was to be seen. She sat down on the edge of the ditch where the almond blossoms grew, took out a half-finished wool stocking from her capacious skirt pocket and began to knit. She knew he could not come for an hour or more, but somehow it seemed easier to wait here, where she could see him as soon as he reached the top of the hill a long way off.

How strange life was! Twenty years ago she had sat in this very same place waiting as she did to-day, but then it had been for her heart's love. How well she remembered it! He was the handsome young coachman at the manor. The Baron had lately brought him down from his town stable, and Lena met him at the dance around the maypole on midsummer eve. She had been a shy and somewhat surly appearing girl, not given to fooling with the boys, so she was generally left pretty much to herself. The more wonderful it seemed to her that the town fellow, who could almost vie with the Baron himself in looks, should pick her out from amidst the village girls for the May Queen dance. After that she had often come across him in the stables when she came for her supply of milk. And one day he had stolen after her in the woods and whispered that he loved her, and that they would be married. And she had grown quite weak with happiness, for he had such a way with him, and she could not resist him at all. A couple of happy months passed. Emil had

not yet spoken to the Rector about the banns. Lena would have liked to ask him about it but words never came easy to her, and her trust in him was so great.

But a day came when she felt she must be silent no longer. She was at the roadside waiting for him as usual, but he did not come. She waited long after the farmyard bell had rung for the last meal, then she boldly walked to the manor and asked for him. . . . He was not there. The Inspector had been around to gather recruits for the compulsory military service, and Emil, who dreaded the discipline of the army, was thought to have escaped across the border.

As she looked back now and remembered the misery and despair of that night, Lena wondered how she had lived through it. She wondered that she had not done away with herself. Perhaps her father, being a soldier, had something to do with it. The fighting spirit was too strong in her. But it had been hard. Yet mother had been very good to her. After her first terrible outcry, when Lena confessed her disgrace, she had resigned herself to the inevitable. But she grew silent and sad of face. She never attended any more coffee parties in the village, and when forced to go to the store for supplies, she chose times when she would not be likely to meet any of her old friends. She, who had been so proud a gossip before! And father, the stern old soldier, whom everybody respected, he shut more and more up within himself and would not even go to church now, fearing the glances and whisperings of the people. Oh, it had been a hard time. Lena had worked all she was able, trying to be a useful daughter in spite of her sin. But she felt as if she were turned to stone.

When the child came, as healthy and handsome a boy as ever lived, then at last her heart had melted within her. She wept passionately when they laid him in her arms and it seemed to

her that God would now allow her to redeem herself. And she had not been mistaken. God had been merciful. She could thank Him now; had thanked Him many times for her son. Karl she called her boy, hoping he would live up to the name and be a *man*. He proved to be of a bright and lovable disposition. Her father took to him at once, and it had been Lena's silent happiness to spy upon those two playing together. But her mother never recovered from the shock, and before little Karl had learned to lisp, she was laid away to rest.

Their little house and plot, though the Government's property, belonged to the soldier during his lifetime. He also had a pension of a few crowns a month. But as this was not enough to support three people they had been obliged to do chores in the village. But since Lena's trouble, people were not so anxious to have them as before. The kind Rector and his wife had given them work to do at home; wool-carding, spinning and weaving. Gradually others had sent them some and soon they had all they could do. Now that mother was gone, Lena had to work harder than ever. When the father grew too feeble to work out of doors, he helped, and even little Karl was put to winding balls of yarn.

The years passed; her father died, and Lena thought that she and the boy would be outcasts, but somehow it never came to that. To her glad surprise she was allowed to remain in the little hut where she had been born. She did not know just how it had come about, but it seemed that the Rector and the Baron had gone together and arranged it for her. A new soldier's cottage was put up on the outskirts of the village and the old one was voted Lena's property. She was to give so many days' labour a year in payment.

Time came when Karl attended the parish school. He was a good boy—could she ever forget the day he was confirmed! The Rector

had called her into his study, taken her by the hand and said she had done well by the boy! A grim smile flitted over Lena's tight-closed lips as she thought of it. She had done her best. When he was fifteen years old, she apprenticed him to a carpenter in the nearest town, twelve miles away. It nearly broke her heart to part with him. But time flew very quickly. She had so much to do. The boy must have decent clothes, good board and lodging. Lena worked early and late to make the necessary money. Besides, she wanted to make the home attractive to the boy who was getting used to better things in town. In her father's time, the house had contained only one good-sized room, being kitchen, living-room and bedroom, all in one. Now she added an out-kitchen and in this she also put up a kind of box-bed, so that when Karl came home over Sundays, he could have the living-room to himself. This she did all alone during spare moments. She was tall and strong, and having lived far from the village all her life, she had naturally earned to depend on herself in every way.

Saturday was her busiest day, but her greatest holiday as well. She rose at dawn and built a fire in the brick oven, so she could bake by afternoon. Other days, she fed simply on hard rye-bread, potatoes, salt herring and coffee made from roasted peas and chicory. But when her boy came home, it was different. She baked white bread. She cooked pork and cabbage. She even managed to have real coffee-beans, and the very smell as she roasted them fresh each time was a treat. She swept and scrubbed and cleaned, until the house fairly shone. Her best crocheted tidies were spread on table and chest. The short white muslin curtains before the small panel windows were newly starched and geraniums and myrtle thrived on the sill. Fresh juniper was strewn on the floor. The very fireplace was decked out in green except in winter, when a lusty fire blazed there in-

stead. Then when all was in readiness, Lena attired herself in her best home-woven gown and bright-coloured kerchief and went out to watch for him.

She could hear him whistling long before he appeared, bending the branches out of his way on the narrow woodpath. Did he know how her heart beat under her stolid exterior? She stood quite still; her usually cold, steel blue eyes shone, and a ghost of a smile might be seen hovering around her thin lips. Her boy! Ah, but he was a fine fellow! Tall and straight, and quite as good as any married woman's son, she thought. And how much he knew! Lena could never understand how he had learned it all. She would sit bewildered and listen to him. He had many plans and ideas. Sometimes it shot through her like a pang that he would never be satisfied to come back and live quietly in this little forest hut where she and her people had spent their lives. But she was so happy in the present that she did not bother her head thinking about it.

Thus passed five peaceful years. Then one day it came. The fear she had vaguely felt became real. He wanted to emigrate to America. He had met some one in the village who had been there and told him all about the wonderful country. They made money as fast as they breathed in America. White bread was doled out among the poor. Pork was to be had for almost nothing and fresh meat every day. Why, he had heard that pigs ran around with a carving knife stuck in their back and all who wished might cut a slice. Of course, that was only a figure of speech, but he knew what it meant. His face glowed and he talked very fast.

Lena sat with hands tight clenched and listened to him. Not a word could she get over her lips. She felt as if she must throw herself on the floor and weep and beg for mercy. But what would he think of her? And she a *soldier's daughter*! Karl

came close to her and spoke softer than he had done since a baby; told her that he had saved money and had enough for the ticket, if she would only let him go! And Lent felt she had no right to hinder him since it seemed to be for the boy's good.

And thus it came about that Lena was left entirely alone. He had talked about sending for her when he could afford it, and Lena's heart trembled with joy that he wanted her. But she knew her place. She was not going to be a burden to her boy. And how could she be anything else in that strange country where they did not want anything handspun or knitted or woven? And they did not even talk a Christian language there, she had heard. It was different with the young who could learn. And her boy, he was so smart. He could get along anywhere. And now he was coming home! Think of it. He had only been gone a couple of years and already he had made enough to come home on a visit. She could hardly believe it. Her boy would be with her again! It seemed too good to be true. His last letter said he would start in a few weeks. That was three years ago and she had not heard from him since. But to-day was mail day. To-day it would come, the letter, telling her when to expect him. Ah, if the postman would hurry! The rural delivery only came once a week. Lena preferred to meet him here instead of calling at the village store for her letter. Every Saturday found her at her post by the road, hours ahead, waiting for the postman to pass. She always sat knitting so as not to appear to watch for him. Besides, she

never could waste time in idleness.

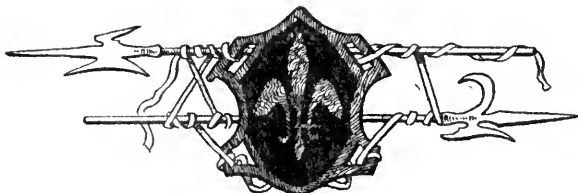
There! at last she saw a black speck on the white road in the distance. Lena could hardly keep on knitting. Would he bring her the letter to-day? She had gone back empty-handed a good many times lately. Of course, she could not expect her boy to write for nothing. He was waiting until he could tell her definitely.

The old man with the mail-bag was drawing near. He walked more slowly than ever. Would he——?

"Well, Lena, so you're waiting to hear from your boy again. He will be coming home to surprise you soon, I reckon. No, I have nothing for you to-day," and, with some remarks about the weather, he passed on.

It was a summer night in the north of Sweden. The sun, like some great fiery ball, gently dropped into the lake and was extinguished. But the fire remained. It spread itself over hill and valley and earth. It glowed in all shades of red, from palest rose to scarlet. The mountain tops in the distance gleamed red-gold and the forest stood ablaze. Slowly the sky darkened. The rosy mist faded. Only a soft twilight lingered. Yet Lena did not stir.

The sky changed into silver and pale blue. The golden sun peeped over the edge of the horizon. A lark rose high in the blue air, singing jubilant praise to the new day. All the birds in the hedges and trees fell in with the chorus. Lena straightened herself, picked up the knitting that lay forgotten in her lap, and with the bearing of a soldier, a bearing that was now a familiar sight, walked back to her hut in the forest.



“COLOMBE’S BIRTHDAY”

BY GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

THE unicity of *Colombe’s Birthday* among Browning’s dramas is found in the fact that its plot is technically crimeless. Even in *Pippa Passes*, that spontaneous, winning, masque-like play, which Mrs. Browning found it in her heart to “lean to, or kneel to, with the deepest reverence,”—even in *Pippa Passes* there are intimations of crime and violence, deep shadows lurking remote until each in turn is dispersed by Pippa’s sunlike spirit. But *Colombe’s Birthday* is a romantic comedy, that is, a comedy whose ends, though chiefly serious, are reached by the pleasant paths of give-and-take, of love and light and even laughter. There is no dire note in the play: it is gently keyed, though with the implication that it might have been keyed otherwise. It differs from pure or intrigue comedy in point of aim: it is not an entertainment, but, so to speak, an observation. Not uninterruptedly serene, its scale, nevertheless, though it touches the minor, lets the tragic alone. In place of tragic suffering, there is unease; in place of tragic struggle, there is half-resigned longing merely; in place of tragic fate, there is a cautious, monitory, almost good-natured operation of Nemesis, which seems not only to justify the hero and heroine, but to encourage the dramatic antagonist as well.

Browning’s titles are nearly always integral parts of his plays and poems. It is so here. The day is, in verity,

the day of Colombe’s spiritual birth, herself declaring that

“This is indeed my birthday—soul and
body,
Its hours have done on me the work of
years.”

For Colombe of the gracious presence is also Colombe of the girlish heart,—a poetic sister of Ferrara’s bride and of the little lady of *The Flight of the Duchess*,—hitherto untried by doubt or dread, and this day to stand the test of character-in-itself. She had been taken but a single year ago from her careless happiness at Ravestein, and crowned Duchess of Juliers and Cleves,—

“I gave myself
No more a title to your homage, no,
Than church-flowers, born this season,
wrote the words
In the saint’s-book that sanctified them
first.
For such a flower, you plucked me.”

In the meantime, “fanned by Conquest’s crimson wing,” and ambitiously mapping his way to the Imperial throne itself, Prince Berthold is maturing his claim to the Duchy of Juliers as a slight but necessary step in the realization of his final secret purpose. He has secured the support of Pope and Emperor and of the Kings of Spain and France, and his papers are, in any event, incontestable under the Salic law, his cousin Colombe having been used as stop-gap and catspaw until her great political superiors could agree upon the

succession. Colombe’s courtiers are well aware of the situation, now made immediately vivid to them by the imminent arrival of the claimant and the appearance of his formal documentary demand. As the play opens, they are anxiously debating the best course of action,—who shall present the paper to the Duchess? How shall the prince most fitly be served? For “Who may get nipped needs be weather-wise.”

In all their selfish discussion, however, there is an evident unwillingness—save in one instance—to profit by the necessary deed, the handing of the paper to Colombe, the breaking of the heart of the “young maid with the bluest eyes.” The exception is Gaucelme, an old, cynical, abandoned time-server, over against whom is set Guibert, a waverer whose heart is right but who seldom hears his heart. As the conversation warms, Valence, a poor advocate of Cleves, brushes aside the barrier-guards and breaks violently into the palace corridor, begging Guibert, whom he has known and helped of old, to stand his sponsor now and gain him an audience with the Duchess. The people of Cleves, he declares, are starving; and he, their representative, cannot wait to learn the formalities of court procedure, but must at once seek Colombe’s aid. Guibert is half-amused, half-perplexed, at this strange interruption, but is seemingly indisposed to comply until he hears Gaucelme’s whispered suggestion that Valence be made to purchase the opportunity he begs by presenting the Prince’s paper, of whose contents he is, of course, wholly ignorant. Guibert adopts this plan, and the group moves towards the Presence-Chamber.

So far the introductory act. In Act II. the hero and heroine meet, and are given full prominence. At its opening Colombe and Sabyne, her tirewoman, are conversing in the Presence-Chamber, and the dialogue admirably brings out the conflict between the Duchess’s buoyant youth

fulness and her sense of burden and portent. She has heard some dim rumours of Berthold’s claim, but has been content to leave such matters to her counsellors, who, however, seem lessening somehow in number and enthusiasm since last year. As the courtiers enter and greet her with “the same words, the same faces,”—she persuades herself that they are feeling “the same love.” Only Valence stands aside, awaiting his time and suddenly stricken with the memory of that golden moment last year when the Duchess had visited Cleves on her way to Juliers and he had spoken Cleves’ welcome. As her glance then had made him hers forever, so now that her serene look turns full upon him, he is overwhelmed and grasps wildly at his duty that he may not too much remember the love he dare not define. The moment of presentation comes, and Valence impulsively breaks forth into a sincere, uncourtier-like plea for the redressing of the wrongs of Cleves. Colombe is strangely moved—strangely, even though her nature is bountiful and merciful—and eagerly responds, when Valence, bethinking himself of his promise to Guibert, presents Prince Berthold’s paper. Colombe scans it, and turns to her shrinking and deprecating courtiers with words of dignified resentment and womanly understanding. She is about to yield her coronet as the symbol of her power, when the outraged Valence faces Guibert with bitter reproach and challenge, shaming him into a suit for Colombe’s forgiveness; while the advocate turns again to his mistress with an ardent inspiration,—that she shall still rule by virtue of the suffrage of her people of Cleves, who love and trust her wholly. Colombe is heartened and strengthened, less by the argument of Valence than by the knightly loyalty that shines in his eyes; and she replaces the coronet, formally rejecting Berthold’s claim and receiving from the courtiers their badges of

office. These circumspect politicians are amazed at the manner in which the sincerity of Valence has justified itself, and even congratulate him, but quickly turn to prepare for Berthold's entrance into Juliers.

Act III. is the act of hero and antagonist. The initial dialogue between Berthold and Melchior keys their characters. They are—though in reversed relations—a Hamlet-Horatio pair. In this case, the Prince is the actor, and Melchior, his confidant, the thinker. And yet, as in Shakespeare's play, the two men are bound together by a spiritual kinship, for Berthold is—in the inner essence of him—more like Melchior than Melchior is like the apparent Berthold. The Prince is frequently struck with doubts concerning the wisdom of his earthly programme, and, when with Melchior alone, confesses to an increasing distaste for the sort of success and glory that the world acclaims but that a man's soul dare not at its peril over-value. Melchior, whose criticisms of his friend's course are usually somewhat ironical and indirect lest they prove unduly painful, now appeals suddenly and affectionately to him no longer to let his life slip. But Berthold feels that he cannot reverse his course and, Melchior having gone, seeks to persuade himself that his friend over-refines the truth, and that *quantity* is the word for this world; *quality*, it would seem, only for the world to come. The courtiers enter and pay their duty, cutting a sufficiently sorry figure and disgusting Berthold, who pricks Guibert at last into a sudden revelation of Colombe's defiance. Berthold is both astonished at her temerity and pleased with the novelty of it, and when Colombe and Valence approach in earnest conversation, he congratulates her courteously on the supposed loyalty of her followers and yet makes firm inquiry touching her acknowledgment of his rights. Valence, so commissioned, answers him for the Duchess in forty

lines of memorable eloquence, declaring the root truth of the situation and opposing the political power of Berthold with the natural sovereignty of Colombe. Berthold is impressed, but presents his papers for full examination and appoints night as the time for a final decision. The courtiers worry afresh over these developments, Colombe gratefully thanks Valence, and he, seeing love in the expression of her gratitude, and duty in the legal pronouncement on Berthold's papers she requires of him, faces his darkest moment. If, perchance, Berthold's claim be invalid, then, he believes, all hope of his own Colombe-ward is lost forever. And yet on Colombe's behalf he must resist the admission of the claim unless he find it, as he does not expect to find it, flawless.

Inevitably closer together come hero and heroine in Act IV. It opens at evening among the courtiers in the ante-chamber. They are discussing Colombe's intention, and outwardly agree that she and Valence will resist Berthold's claims; that they two will wed; and that thereafter, as the old Duke's will requires in such an event, Colombe will resign Juliers to the next-of-kin, Berthold himself, ignorant of the puppet-like part he will be made to play in this proceeding. Even Guibert is won over again to selfishness, and consents, with the rest, to apprise Berthold of the situation as they interpret it and win his confidence in their loyalty to him. As they withdraw, Valence enters, with difficulty repressing his joy at the possibility he sees of realising the ideals of lover and of man of honour alike, —for he has found Berthold's papers convincing and knows now that Colombe has been but a play-queen, she, his loved one, who must now again become a woman merely. He is interrupted by Berthold, who, assured of the worth of Colombe, comes to her ambassador Valence to offer her with a grave, kind dignity his hand and throne. Valence is stunned with a

sudden terror of possible loss. All is instantly changed for him. Nay, *nothing* is changed, his best self sees and feels, but his own faith in Colombe, which least of all should change. The Duchess, entering quietly, mistakes his dejection for regret at her loss of power, but Valence, right man that he is, turns slowly to her to paint a stately picture of Berthold's future and to announce his proposal. Colombe, the daughter of a proud ducal line, feels a quick pride in Berthold's action and in her own power to inspire it; but Colombe, the woman, when she hears that Berthold's words were not such as seemed to take love into account, suddenly and skilfully falls to catechising Valence: Is not Berthold munificent? How does Valence know that Berthold does not love her? Because, comes the answer, Valence himself loves and therefore knows love's spirit. Colombe's speech becomes agitated, yet in her heart she does not waver, knowing and yet testing Valence with loving tyranny. If he loves, he is not then wholly her own, as he had seemed and as she had hoped? But is his lady fair? And is she from Cleves? Was it for her sake that he has been pleading so eloquently? Has she ever seen him? Let him then take heart and feel the courage that love should give; let him declare to his lady that all he is and hopes to be is hers! Let him kneel to her! And on the moment Valence kneels. Immediately the woman resumes the Duchess, and expresses a doubt of Valence's course. Would it not have been better if "purely out of his own goodness he had done good, and not by constraint of love"? Valence speaks again, with honest, tender, manly words, and retires, leaving Colombe with her heart and her problem.

The final act is the act of choice and solution. It opens with Berthold's self-distrustful disclosure to Melchior of what he feels to be his ultimate motives in seeking Colombe's hand.

They are motives of policy, not of unreckoning impulse,—precisely the cool, prudential sort of programme that Browning throughout his love poems so vigorously assails. Melchior is right in telling Berthold that he lets his life slip, evades the adventure, denies his soul. Yet Berthold does not consider the possibility of a refusal: Colombe will surely wed him, for his rank's sake and her advancement's sake. The Duchess appears, followed by her attendants, Adolf and Sabyne, and the courtiers. Colombe thanks Berthold in humble yet queenly fashion, and gently tries him. Does he love her? she questions and repeats.

"Are you not over-curious in love-lore?"

replies the cool and courtly Berthold. Which, now, will you become, "the earth's first woman" or—for the original claim must stand—less than the Duchess again? At this point the courtiers break in with their tale of discovered love, of Colombe's certain loss of Juliers if she wed with Valence, and of Berthold's consequent accession. The Prince impatiently rejects their officious interference, which yet serves the purpose of clearing the issue for both Colombe and himself. Valence is sent for, and is met by Melchior with the intimation that Colombe's fortunes depend upon his present unselfishness and that she inclines towards Berthold. After a silent struggle, Valence congratulates the Prince in words whose truth Berthold feels but cannot meet:—

"Prince, how fortunate are you,
Wedding her as you will, in spite of
noise,
To show belief in love! Let her but
love you,
All else you disregard! What else can be?
You know how love is incompatible
With falsehood—purifies, assimilates
All other passions to itself."

A noble passage that finds its peers in *The Flight of the Duchess*:—

"How love is the only good in the
world;"

and in *In a Balcony*:—

"There is no good of life but love—
but love!
What else looks good, is some shade
flung from love;
Love gilds it, gives it worth."

With quiet invitation Colombe draws
from Valence further speech,—a private
farewell meant for her and fully
understood by her alone:—

"Lady, should such an one have looked
on you,
Ne'er wrong yourself so far as quote the
world
And say, love can go unrequited here!
You will have blessed him to his whole
life's end—

Low passions hindered, baser cares kept
back,
All goodness cherished where you dwelt
—and dwell.

What would he have? He holds you—
you, both form
And mind, in his,—where self-love makes
such room

For love of you, he would not serve you
now

The vulgar way,—repulse your enemies,
Win you new realms, or best, to save the
old,

Die blissfully—that's past so long ago!
He wishes you no need, thought, care
of him—

Your good, by any means, himself un-
seen,

Away, forgotten!—He gives that life's
task up,
As it were."

To Berthold he commends Cleves'
wrongs, and turns to go.

The finale is rapid and effective.
Colombe bids Valence, as her representative, read her subscription to the original requisition, whereby she yields Berthold her Duchy that she may make Valence her own forever. Berthold's finer nature rises to meet and approve her choice. Like a statuesque Justice, he commends Colombe and Valence, strips off the gauds from his own scheme of life, and punishes the courtiers, from among whom Guibert starts forth at last to see and follow his duty with Colombe. The lovers seek God's earth together.

The play's power depends upon its direct, appealing sincerity; upon its simplicity of movement (for it observes all three unities, and follows Browning's favourite time-scheme);

upon its whole-souled criticisms of political craft and empirical success; but most of all upon its movingly eloquent love-passages and its subtly sympathetic analyses of the characters of Colombe and Valence, who have loved each other before conscious of the genesis and imperative virtue of their love, and who have trusted instinctively in the divine power of love to express and justify itself when its moment should come, whether now or in eternity. That Valence, with all his worth, is yet unworthy of Colombe, and that this difference constitutes a dramatic flaw, is the contention of Stedman and of Sharp. Says the former:—

"Valence seems too harsh and dry to win her, and her choice, despite his loyalty and intellect, is hardly defensible."

And Sharp declares that one

"feels a perception of the radical divergence, for all Valence's greatness of mind and spirit, between the fair young Duchess and her chosen lover."

It is, perhaps, natural enough that a critic should find Colombe so lovable as to begrudge her to Valence, or to Berthold, or to any other; and yet it is surely not Colombe's choice, but this contention, that cannot be defended. For if it were true, the drama would not only be seriously marred, but, from Browning's point of view, it would be a failure. The poet's whole ardour here is bent on showing us how love is born, and grows, and triumphs; how it changes the blank and doubtful into the clear and confident; how it transforms and redeems even the high over into the higher, evoking the self-controlled, life-knowing woman Colombe from the timidly happy girl, the master-soul of the man Valence from the pale advocate's student-like effacement, the complete from the incomplete, the infinite from the finite, God from less than God. For it is God that joins these two together, that each may honour and worship Him in the other, and if we do not see the movement of His hand

traced for us in all this drama, then indeed it has failed of its meaning and benediction for us. It is better to say, with Chorley, that for Colombe

"there was victory; and after having fathomed to its most secret depths one of the truest and noblest hearts which ever God created—finding at every touch a new and answering fountain of high thoughts and unselfish purposes upspringing in her own—Colombe, the Duchess, ended her birthday by choosing the better part—yielding up empty power, and embracing life with its duties, love with its rewards."

Browning's own political sympathies come out finely in this play. Guibert—best of the courtiers—araigns, and not with complete injustice, the fickleness and obduracy of the mob; but Valence—best of the People—reveals in his life and his word alike their dim, patient aspirations and their final faith:—

"There is a vision in the heart of each
Of justice, mercy, wisdom, tenderness,
To wrong and pain, and knowledge of its
cure:

And these embodied in a woman's form
That best transmits them, pure as first
received,
From God above her, to mankind below."

One is reminded of the great passage in the last part of *Paracelsus*, that begins:

"To trace love's faint beginning in mankind,"

and of Browning's own sonnet-confession of belief in the democratic idea (where that means, not a sheer, crass equality, but opportunity for virtue to live and for vice to die)—*Why I am a Liberal*:—

" 'Why'? Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now, all I hope to be,—
Whence comes it save from fortune
setting free

Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,

Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
These shall I bid men—each in his degree

Also God-guided—bear, and gayly, too?

But little do or can the best of us:

That little is achieved through Liberty.
Who, then, dares hold, emancipated thus,
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,
Who live, love, labour freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom. That is
'Why.' "

Of the acting qualities of the play let a word be said. Although Mrs. Browning—then Miss Barrett—found it "subtle and refined for pits and galleries," it has had large stage success, qualitatively at least. The part of Colombe has been essayed by Miss Helen Faucit, the successful Mildred of Drury Lane; by Miss Alma Murray; and by Julia Marlowe Tabor. The play was first presented at the Haymarket Theatre, London, April 25th, 1853, with Helen Faucit as Colombe and Barry Sullivan as Valence, and ran for a fortnight. The *Athenæum* thus commented on its first night:—

"Its movements, for the most part, occur in the chambers of the mind. Such themes are evidently not of the usual stage-sort, and will fail of attraction to all who insist on the ordinary dramatic motion and action. To the worn-out and wearied playgoer, who can turn for a moment out of the beaten path, nothing could well be more delicious. The involuntary tear was often felt upon the cheek. We feared that, on performance, this fine poem would scarcely be intelligible to a mixed audience. Miss Faucit, however, by her skill, made them perfectly understand it; and the applause came in the proper places. That the performance will become popular, it is not for the critic to determine,—but we can record its apparent perfect success on the first night."

And the *Examiner* reported that

"the applause was unmixed at the close of the play, and many passages as it proceeded had excited evident admiration and sympathy. If it remains on the stage longer than we have ventured to anticipate, we shall think all the better of the audiences of the Haymarket."

Quiet as its movement is, behind that quietness there is an unforgettable intensity. "If it be too fine for the stage," says Chorley, "the fault is that our actors are too coarse, not that our audiences are incapable of relishing fancies so 'chaste and noble.' "

A BROKEN PATHWAY

BY E. S. KIRKPATRICK

Illustrations by Maude McLaren

THE beginning lies far back among the misty memories of early childhood. From my home on an elevated plain, near the outskirts of the manufacturing town of Shenton, I could look far off to its smoking chimneys and motley array of houses and steeples; could hear the whistles, tuned to many keys, calling and dismissing the busy workmen; or, climbing the ladder to the roof of the house, I could watch, for hours, the heavily-laden trains winding around the great plain which barred their direct passage to the town. A well-worn path led to the home of our only neighbours on the plain, forty rods away.

When Robert Harding and his friend Jim Brown jointly bought this tract of land, they were young and unmarried and lived in our present home, which they built and shared together. But one day "Bob," as Jim always called his comrade, went to the town and brought home a bride, and in due time I, Robert Harding, junior, appeared on the scene. Whether my presence awakened within Jim longings of his own, or drove him away in despair, is immaterial, but, when I was two years old, he and father went out on the plain, set up a boundary line between their respective lands, and Jim built a house and got a bride for himself.

I had no companions in those days and my earliest memory is one of loneliness. Sometimes father would take me with him to the town, and I

would coax him to get me a playmate such as the little boys in town had. I grew tired of waiting for the great trains to come to me over the plain. It seemed each day that they were surely coming, but always they turned off at a certain point, as though I frightened them, and made such a wide circuit to keep out of my way.

But at last I got a playmate, and did not bother so much about the trains. One night father was away from home, and in the evening Jim Brown came over and whispered something in mother's ear. Then she got my cap, blew out the light, and, taking me by the hand, we walked home with him, and mother tucked me away in a cot. In the morning she showed me a bundle, with a red and wrinkled face inside, and told me it was my little playmate.

I cannot say that I rejoiced much over my new companion. The thought of going through life with such a companion as this was not much of an attraction for a boy, and I soon went back to my old occupation of watching for the trains to come over the plain.

I did not become interested in my playmate until I first saw her toddling along the path to our home. Then I left my perch on the roof, not caring whether the trains came to meet me or not. I realised that at last I had something human for a companion, and, from then on, I became Margaret's friend and guardian.

Not long after this the work began

of digging the great cut through the plain, which was to make a straight line of railway to the town, and thus avoid that big bend of several miles the road had always made. First there came men, with strange looking instruments, who drove a line of stakes across the plain between my home and Margaret's. Then, away off on the edge of the plain, a gang of men, with big shovels swinging from wooden arms, began tearing away the bank, and trains crept farther and farther into the gap, carrying off the earth and rock as fast as it was dug.

Every day I took Margaret by the hand, and we went out to see the men at work. They were still a long way off and it seemed that they should never complete that big task of bringing those trains to us through the cut. Then, another gang of men, with other big shovels, began to dig on the opposite side of the plain, and we knew that some day these two forces would meet, and the work would be done.

But it was weary waiting. Three years passed before they reached the path that led from my home to Margaret's, and then, for the first time, I realised what this would mean to us. When I saw the well-worn path crumbling away, leaving Margaret and me on opposite banks, I felt a sense of loneliness such as I had never known before. All that we could do was to gaze in mute agony, as we saw the gulf widen between us and realised that we were completely separated.

"Margaret!" I shouted across the cutting, "when I grow to be a man I'll build a bridge across to you. Don't cry, little girl, it won't be long now!"

Then I sat down to wait for manhood and to lay plans for my bridge. I wondered if I could find a tree tall enough to reach across, and what I would do if it should be too short and fall into the cut. Then it occurred to me that I would need two trees, for we could never walk over on one; but there were no big trees

within miles of our homes and, all things considered, the problem seemed a hard one to solve. At last an inspiration came to me. I would plant two small trees side by side on the bank, and when they grew big enough I would chop them down; they would fall across the gap—and my bridge would be built. I shouted across to Margaret my plan and she clapped her hands in glee and planted two sticks of her own on the opposite bank, and watered and cared for them as faithfully as I my slightly more hopeful trees.

One day a large waggon stopped at Margaret's home and I saw them pile all their furniture on board and drive away. I asked father what it meant, and he said they were moving away to town. Margaret's papa had been paid a big sum of money by the company for their road through his land and he had sold the farm and would not live there any longer, as he was rich now.

I felt hurt at Margaret for going away without saying a word, and thought that if my father were rich he would stay there and build a bridge; but father took me to town to see her and she was so glad that she promised to go back to the old home to live after my bridge was built.

We did not remain long on the plain after Margaret left. Father became dissatisfied. Perhaps it was due to the thought that he might have become rich instead of his friend if the cutting had but crossed his land, so we moved to town, where I was sent to school and father rented one of Jim Brown's new houses and got employment in the shops of the company in which Brown already had an interest.

The next ten years of my life were as uneventful as are those of the average boy. I made good progress with my studies and saw Margaret frequently; but, as the years went by, it gradually dawned on me that there are other gulfs in this world than

those of a physical nature, and that it would require a big bridge to span the gulf between the daughter of James Brown, the wealthy railway director, and the son of one of his many employees.

Through all the years that passed, however, I never fully abandoned my dream of bridging that gulf. I laughed now at the crudity of my childhood's plans, but I never forgot the vow I had made to Margaret when we were first divided. My faith was as strong as ever that I should accomplish the task, but the carrying of it out still remained the same difficult problem that it had been in bygone years.

It seemed to me that the first step towards that end should be to go to college, and when I left High school, at sixteen years of age, father got me employment in the round-house to earn money to take me there. At seventeen I went out on the road as fireman, and hoped in another year to have sufficient money to put me through.

Then came a day when all my bridge-building was utterly overthrown. They carried father home from the shops, a hopeless cripple, with both legs crushed, and I became the sole support of the family. My little pile of savings dwindled away in the fight to save father's life, and hungry little brothers and sisters looked to me for food and shelter.

James Brown came to see us frequently and was deeply touched with father's misfortune. Through his influence he was placed, after a time, on a pension for life, and I became an engineer at eighteen years of age.

Back and forth, day after day, I dragged groaning and creaking trains of freight through the cut that seemed to have been the source of all my misfortunes. There ended the path which I had trod so often with Margaret; there still stood the trees I had planted with such faith—large ones now they were, but as hopeless of bridging the gulf as were my shat-

tered dreams of maturer years.

In time I left the slow freights behind and at twenty was pulling the fastest trains on the division. At twenty-two I was known as the most reckless engineer on the road, but it was a recklessness born but of despair and not of any thought of bravado or winning fame. Whenever a difficult run was to be made or a speed record broken I was entrusted with the task and but seldom failed in carrying it out.

Margaret was by this time the spoiled and petted idol of the town; a wilful, saucy, radiant and laughing girl of sixteen; utterly indifferent alike to physical danger or social distinctions. Sometimes, as, with a group of friends on their way to school, I would pass them at the crossing at full speed to make the grade in the cut beyond, she would stand on the track as if daring me to run over her. But, always, I shut off steam the moment I saw her and would keep the throttle closed until she got out of the way. Though I knew she was in no danger and would step off in time, I could not bear the thought of rushing deliberately upon her as she stood there.

One morning, when I had a frosty rail and a heavy train, Margaret stood on the track and laughingly brought me almost to a standstill before she moved, in spite of the protests of her companions. I felt that I should look stern and scold her as I crept slowly by, trying to regain speed again, but the mischievous twinkle in her eye brought forth a smile instead. Then I strained every effort to make the grade but the wheels would not grip that frosty rail. They spun vainly round like lightning every time I tried to coax them to take hold. After half an hour spent in the attempt, I was forced to back up a mile for a run.

Margaret was still standing by the crossing as we backed over, but tears were in her eyes and a penitent face looked up to mine.

"I am so sorry!" she cried. "I did not realise what I was doing."

I looked down at her tear-stained face and assured her that she was forgiven, and her face lighted up like a sunbeam as she sped away to school.

Margaret never stood on the track again, but very often she was beside it with a group of friends either going or coming from school and waved her slender hand in greeting as I rushed by.

Is it to be wondered that I became reckless as I so often passed that radiant vision and then ran through that mocking gulf with those two pitiful trees on its crest beyond. Every deafening echo within its depths seemed a wail of shattered hopes and unfulfilled vows until I cursed the fate that had so parted me from my childhood's companion.

In time it occurred to me that if I could but literally carry out my childhood's promise made to Margaret I would prove to her that, at least, I had not forgotten and had fulfilled my vow as far as it lay in my power. I made a careful estimate of how long it would probably take to save sufficient money to buy the land on either side of the cut, and began hoarding every cent I could save with this end in view.

Little by little my small savings grew for two years, when one morning I received an order to take out a special with a party of directors who were going over the road on a tour of inspection. James Brown was to be one of the number, and, as I backed down to couple onto the waiting coaches, Margaret and he were standing on the platform.

Margaret greeted me with a merry "good morning," as I wiped my hands on a piece of waste, and added: "papa says that I may ride with you this morning, if you will let me."

"With me!" I gasped. "You don't mean in this dirty cab?"

"Yes, why not? The black will wash off, and I don't care anything about this old dress. Please help me

up," and she held out a beautiful white hand for assistance.

I have often prided myself on being cool in a sudden emergency, but here was one on which I had never counted, and I lost my head completely. I looked at my greasy hands, greasy overalls and greasy surroundings; groped wildly around for a piece of clean waste, and the next thing I knew that apparition was sitting on my seat in the cab, with her hand on the throttle.

"Please let me start the engine," she said. "I think I know how."

I stared at her and stammered: "Yes, go ahead; do anything you like. I don't remember whether I got the signal or not. I don't believe I can remember even my own name."

"Your name used to be 'Bob,' but I don't know whether it is now or not," and turning suddenly she leaned out the window.

"There's the signal now! Shall I blow the whistle?"

"I think you had better," I answered, with a smile; and two shrieking blasts warned every one within a radius of two miles that something was going to happen.

When she pulled the throttle wide open with a jerk I don't know whether those directors thought they had a lunatic for an engineer or not, but for the first five minutes after Margaret got in the cab I was not far removed from one. I roused myself, though, when she started off at such a mad rate and grasping the throttle beside her hand I closed it to a reasonable limit.

I stood before her as in a dream as we rapidly left the town behind us, but she beckoned me to take my seat beside her. How that grimy, greasy, rattling old cab was transformed by her presence, as we flew along as on the wings of the winds! Oh, what a picture it would have made for an artist; that fair, white hand on the throttle; those pink cheeks, dancing eyes and wind-blown hair! Margaret laughed aloud in glee as some sudden

jolt would almost throw her from her seat, and several times during that memorable run I was obliged to catch her to save her from a fall. Into the cutting we dashed at forty miles an hour, and its deafening noises made talking impossible, but Margaret looked around, with a twinkle in her eye and pointed to the two trees on its summit.

"When are you going to commence your bridge?" said Margaret, as we emerged from the cutting.

"Just as soon as the trees are big enough," I replied.

"When do you suppose that will be?"

"Oh, probably in a hundred years. You know that you promised to go back there to live after it is done, and I don't think you will be ready much sooner than that."

Margaret laughed as she replied:

"I think that if I were a man I could build one in less time than that."

"Yes, you would build it when those two sticks you planted have grown big enough to reach across. Do you ever water them now?"

"It is mean of you to make fun of me," said she, "but I guess neither of us is likely to build it now. I met Jennie Briggs the other day, and she told me that her father had had a fine offer for the land and was likely to accept it. She says that some wealthy men are interested in it but she does not know what it means. What do you suppose any one would want with such a lonely place as that?"

I might have told her that I wanted it very badly myself, but I showed no surprise at the news. I knew that I could never hope to buy the land in competition with a wealthy bidder, and it probably was as well that I should, first as last, give up this my foolish dream.

Margaret kept her place at the throttle during the entire trip, excepting for a short time when her father brought a luncheon to us as we were

taking water. And what a merry luncheon that was! I protested that I dared not touch it as I showed her my grimy hands, though she tried to assure me that hers were not much better; but when she placed a dainty pastry in my black hands and then spread a spotless napkin over my greasy lap she became almost convulsed with laughter and I thought my fireman would have a fit. The poor fellow seemed to be half dazed during the entire trip and each time that he turned with a shovel of coal and caught sight of Margaret I fancied that he pinched himself to see if he were awake. Oh, that was a run, the memory of which time can never efface, and I gave an involuntary sigh as the end of the division came into view and the fair engineer resigned her place at the throttle.

On a siding, waiting for us to cross, was number twenty-one, the through express for Shenton. After I had bade Margaret a reluctant farewell, as a new engine and crew were waiting to carry them on, two portly gentlemen, who were evidently waiting for twenty-one to start, approached me and asked who those people were I had just brought in on the special. When I replied that they were the directors of the road on a tour of inspection, one of the two winked at the other and muttered something about the coast now being clear, and then they turned and boarded twenty-one as it started.

Having nothing further to do, I wandered into the despatcher's office, looking for orders. The chief despatcher, Harry York (who was an old friend of mine), came over to me as soon as I went in and asked me to follow him into another room, closing the door behind us.

"Bob," said he, "I want to give you a tip and you can take it for what you think it's worth. You know that when twenty-one came in we had to hold them here twenty-five minutes for your special. There were two pompous looking men who got off the



Drawn by Maude McLaren

"I WOULD PLANT TWO TREES SIDE BY SIDE"

train and in a short time came in here and asked in rather an insolent way how long we proposed keeping them waiting. I probably gave them a pretty short answer, for I did not like the way they talked, and then one of them flared up and said that the P. and Q. would bring us to time some day, and then they blustered out. This thing set me thinking and I sent one of the boys after them to try and overhear any conversation that passed between them. I have just been talking to him now and he tells me that he heard one of them mention Jim Briggs and something about closing a deal with him in time to get back on to-night's train. My idea is that they are employees of the P. and Q. Company and are after the Briggs farm. Now I know that is the land your father and Mr. Brown once owned and I also know that the P. and Q. would be the last concern in the world that Brown would want to see get hold of it. They have been trying to butt our road for all they're worth and this thing means trouble. Now, I may be wrong, but I believe that the person who blocks their game and gets that land is going to make a fortune."

Instantly the whole thing flashed through my mind: what Ruth had told me of the conversation she had had with Jennie Briggs, the remark made by the two men on the platform and the connecting links as related by Harry York.

"Oh, Harry!" I said, "I wish I could have known of this sooner. It has been my dream for years to buy that land myself."

"Perhaps, Bob, it is not too late yet. Can't you think of some way to head them off?"

I waited to hear no more but rushed out on the platform to tell Mr. Brown, and saw his special rounding the curve in the distance. I ran to the semaphore, hoping to throw it against them, but was too late. The next telegraph station was fifty miles ahead and I knew that before reach-

ing there they were to stop to inspect some construction work, and that sale must be stopped during the next two hours, if at all. Standing fifty feet away was my engine, and I flew to it as a last hope. I looked around for my fireman, but he was not to be found.

"Perhaps it is just as well," I thought, and I pulled out alone in a wild race after the directors' train.

In less than five minutes I was following them at sixty miles an hour. In another ten minutes I saw them in the distance, and whistled madly for them to stop, but they, apparently, did not hear or understand my signals, and I soon saw that instead they were making every effort to keep out of my way. On the rear platform of their train I could see a group of directors, with Margaret standing among them.

"Margaret! Margaret!" I shouted, and waved my hand to her to make them stop, but without avail, and they disappeared around a curve at terrific speed. Just beyond the curve was a high bridge over a creek, and I hoped to catch sight of them again when I had crossed it.

"To-day, Margaret, or never, I must bridge the gulf between us!" I cried, as the engine swayed like a drunken man around the curve. I leaned far out the window and called her name as I caught a fleeting glimpse of her again. At the same instant the old cab swayed for the last time and plunged over the bridge into twenty feet of water below.

Margaret's sharp eyes had seen that fearful leap and, with a scream, she called to her father to stop the train. As quickly as possible they backed up to the bridge, and the only visible sign of a wreck was a dripping object crawling painfully up the bank.

Eager hands soon lent assistance, but my strength was gone, and muttering only "Home, quick; the P. and Q.," I was carried unconscious to the train.

It was from Harry York the direc-



Drawn by Maude McLaren

“‘JUST AS SOON AS THE TREES ARE BIG ENOUGH,’ I REPLIED”

tors learned the cause of that wild ride I had taken, and from Margaret I learned what happened during the next twenty-four hours.

Harry was standing on the platform when the special backed up to the station which I had left such a short time before. He had seen me when I pulled out of the yard and could not fathom the problem of the special returning without my engine leading, for there were no sidings on which we might pass.

"Where is Bob Harding and his engine?" he cried as Mr. Brown sprang from the train before it stopped.

"Bob is in that car — probably dead — and his engine is at the bottom of Bush Creek. Get us a doctor, quick!"

Harry shouted to one of the boys to run quickly for the nearest physician and then followed Mr. Brown into his private car.

He found me lying on a sofa. My face was clean now, but ghastly pale, and a fair girl was bending tenderly over me.

"Oh, papa, has the doctor not come yet?" she cried when she saw him coming. "He will die soon if we do not get some one—if he is not already dead. Oh, what shall I do! What shall I do!"

"Hush, child, hush," said the father; "a doctor will be here in a minute. Harry, can you tell us the cause of this mad race after us? We were all sure that he had lost control of his engine and that we should be killed."

"I know the cause only too well, Mr. Brown, and I fear that it is all my fault. I told him after he brought your train in that a couple of men were on twenty-one on their way to buy Jim Briggs' farm for the P. and Q. Company. I told him that they had some big scheme on foot and that I believed the person who blocked them would make a fortune. He told me that he had been saving money for two years, hoping to buy that farm.

and then he rushed out and started after you, but I don't know what his intentions were."

"Papa," said Margaret, "do you remember when we lived on that farm and Bob was my first play-mate and they made that cut that divided us? Robert promised me then that, when he became a man, he would build a bridge across it to me. I was teasing him about his promise to-day as we went through the cut. Oh, papa, I believe that he has never forgotten his childhood's promise and that he meant to fulfil it yet. Can't you stop them before it's too late?"

"Where is twenty-one now, Harry?"

"She was reported at Preston fifteen minutes ago, sir. There's the doctor coming now!"

"Well, he must come home with us and we won't lose a minute after he's on board. Harry, I want you to hold twenty-one at Orton until we have passed them. Wire anything you like, but don't let them get by there."

When the doctor said that I would live, Margaret—as she told me long afterwards—"lost her head" worse than I did mine that morning when she got on board the engine. She laughed and wept until the doctor was obliged to leave me and attend to her.

Mr. Brown was perplexed. He could not but see that in Margaret's hysterical fear and joy there was something more than a mere expression of friendship and I have now good reason to believe that the discovery was not altogether a displeasing one to him.

When I awoke to consciousness the next day in my own home, I found Margaret and the doctor standing by my bedside. Margaret had never left me for an instant after I was carried on board the train, and her smiling eyes looked into mine as I asked her what had happened.

"Never mind what's happened," said she. "Everything is all right

now. You must not try to talk any at present."

"How did I get here? Where's my engine? Oh, I remember now. Just answer one question and then I'll be quiet: Did your father shut out the P. and Q.?"

"Oh, yes, he did with a vengeance, thanks to you; but I will tell you all about it again."

I looked up into his smiling face in surprise and asked: "Why didn't you stop when I whistled to you?"

"How could we stop with you trying to run us down at seventy miles an hour? But never mind that now; you've got your farm."

"My farm!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, I know all about it; but you



Drawn by Maude McLaren

"THE ONLY VISIBLE SIGN OF A WRECK WAS A DRIPPING
OBJECT CRAWLING PAINFULLY UP THE BANK"

The next day I insisted on sitting up, when I heard that Mr. Brown was coming to see me.

"Well, Bob, old boy," said he, grasping my hand, "you're going to stay with us awhile longer, aren't you? But I don't think we'll trust you with an engine again."

were going the wrong way to get it. What were you chasing us for?"

"Why, to tell you to buy that land for our road and shut out the P. and Q."

"That's not what Harry York said. He told me you wanted it yourself."

"Oh, that's all nonsense. I couldn't

buy it in twenty years, but I wanted you to, for I knew there was a big thing in it."

"Well, it's yours now. I bought it in your name yesterday and I have come over to see if you would care to part with any of it. By the way, perhaps I had better tell you that we appointed you superintendent of this division yesterday, and perhaps you will consider the company's interests as well as your own in coming to a decision."

"Mr. Brown, please do not trifle with me. I know that I did a foolish thing yesterday but, believe me, I meant it all for the best."

"Margaret does not think it foolish; neither does she think the promise you made to her when a child a foolish one either. I fear that she is impatient to have you begin your bridge."

My cheeks turned crimson at this reference to my folly, but Mr. Brown continued:

"My boy, what I have said is all true. I have known you from your infancy and your father was my earliest friend. I have long known something of your self-sacrifice and of your thwarted ambition. Our road needs you badly, but not in the cab

of an engine, and, as I have said, the directors have appointed you superintendent of this division. There is a fortune for you in that Briggs farm, and I hope ere long you and the company will build there a new Shenton.

Mr. Brown's dream has been fulfilled beyond even our wildest expectations. That bare plain is now a prosperous city. Waving fields of grain have given place to broad and shady streets and beautiful houses. It is a city of homes to which the myriad toilers in the many manufacturing plants in the old town beyond its borders return after the day's work is done.

You may travel its streets from end to end and see no signs of the cutting, for over its entire length is now an asphalt street. Only at a point where ended once a narrow path is a broad flight of stone steps leading to a subway station underneath.

As my wife or I step on or off the general-manager's car, which always stops here for us now, we can rarely resist looking up to the immense stone arches overhead and smile at the comparison between my finished structure and the trees that once grew on the bank overhead.



TENNYSON'S TREATMENT OF THE WORTH OF LIFE

BY W. T. ALLISON

LIFE opened bright and fair for Alfred Tennyson. He was born in the rectory at Somersby, Lincolnshire, one of the most beautiful counties in England. All the forces of heredity operated in his favour. His father, the rector, was a liberal-minded theologian and a skilful poet. His mother wrote no verse, but she was a very saintly woman. His aunt was something of a poet, and even his grandfather cultivated the Muses. It is not surprising, therefore, that a child born in such a home, of such literary stock, should have written a poem at the tender age of seven and from this time on should have displayed a keen poetic imagination, a love for the books in his father's well-stored library, a great fondness for nature, which he developed particularly every summer when the family spent their holidays on the coast of Lincoln. As far as religious instruction and influence went, Tennyson's boyhood was as blessed in this regard as even that of Milton. A pious, gentle mother and a father who took upon himself the education of his boys, together with the influence which came down to him from God-fearing forefathers, enabled him to look out upon life as *sub specie æternitatis* and filled his soul with a traditional faith in God.

We find in his earliest poems a naïve dogmatism. He delights to write on such subjects as, "Why should we weep for those who die?"

"Remorse," "The Dying Christian," and "The Dying Man to His Friend." In none of these early pieces is there any reflective or speculative consideration of death. The mind is not yet awakened from its dogmatic slumber; the youthful poet is simply giving expression to the views of an orthodox Christian household. More interesting, however, than the views that he expresses on death and hell is the fact that a boy should meditate so much on the future life. Certainly in this case the boy was father to the man; for the Future Life was to be Tennyson's great problem of thought throughout his long and brilliant career. In these early poems, however, his mind is as yet untroubled by any doubt as to the truth of those teachings which his father and mother and early training had instilled into his mind. There had not come to him the faintest suspicion that life was not worth living, or that there was no God or immortality for the soul.

But the spirit of inquiry abroad in his age, soon awakened the young poet from his early faith, his happy views of life. He was destined to fight doubts in an age of intellectual ferment, of wild unrest. When Tennyson was ready to go up to Cambridge, scientists were beginning to assert a mechanical conception of the universe, such a revolutionary teaching as the co-relation of forces, and Darwin was already dreaming of his epoch-making theory of organic evolution. Philoso-



From a drawing, after an engraving, by A. J. Clark

ALFRED TENNYSON

phers also were making bold speculations. Some held that man was a willy-nilly current of sensations, and Immanuel Kant had launched his thunder-bolt at human reason, declaring, and proving conclusively, that we know things outside the mind only through the native forms of the mind, that we know the thing only as it appears, instead of the thing itself, that the human mind, therefore, is always dealing with a subjective world and can have no sure and certain knowledge of the world, the self

or God. The materialism of science and the transcendentalism of philosophy exerted a tremendous influence on religious thought. The very foundations of religion seemed to be undermined. Under this condition of affairs new ideas of the Bible and radicalism in theology were inevitable. Tennyson's age saw the rise of the Oriel School, which denied the doctrines of apostolic succession and scriptural inerrancy, and set up the authority of reason. This radicalism was followed by the Oxford Move-

ment, in which Newman and his followers swung to the opposite extreme and clung to the authority of tradition. Other movements followed rapidly, such as the liberal teaching of Maurice and Robertson, the essays and reviews controversy, the movement of higher criticism and the inevitable outcome of all these controversies, the rise of a party of scientists who proclaimed themselves agnostics, men unable to believe in the Christian faith at all, whose creed was "Behold we know not anything."

Although the majority of these movements had not developed when Tennyson entered Cambridge, the spirit of questioning was in the air. Men's minds were seething with new ideas; the old landmarks were being destroyed, and even the fundamentals of religion were supposed to be in peril. At college the young poet became steeped in the problems of science and philosophy; the Apostles' Club, of which he was a member, met regularly to discuss with the greatest freedom such topics as "The Origin of Evil," "Prayer," and "The Personality of God." His fellow-students were alert to the new ideas of the age and Tennyson was infected with the prevalent spirit of doubt and speculation. In 1830, before leaving the University, he published a volume entitled "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical," in which we observe his new mental attitude to the meaning and worth of life. The most remarkable poem in this volume is the "Supposed Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind." This production shows a transition from the dogmatic to the reflective period in Tennyson's life. He has lost his early faith, and disquietude of spirit is the result. The immortality of the soul is what concerns him most; this is, in fact, the first problem which his reflective mind discusses. He longs again for the old-time belief which he imbibed from his serene mother. The poem closes in a state of vacillation; the poet is all at sea; he cries out in agony of mind, "Oh,

damned vacillating state!"

It was not until 1833, however, that Tennyson sounded the depths of despair. The death of his college friend Arthur Hallam was the great sorrow of his life. From this time we find him engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with doubt. Henceforth the great subject of his thought and the richest product of his muse was to be his treatment of the worth of life. Life could only be worth living if he could establish his faith once more in God, in the freedom of the will, and in the immortality of the soul. Chiefly in "In Memoriam," but also in "The Two Voices," "The Ancient Sage," "De Profundis," and in many other poems, we find that Tennyson's poetry is at bottom a criticism of life, and he argues the worth of life largely from the standpoint of God, freedom and immortality. In analysing his views on these great problems of philosophy we realise that he boldly grappled with all the negations of the nineteenth century.

Turning first of all to an examination of his thought of God, we discover that he affirms the reality of spirit as opposed to materialism. "God is a Spirit"—this doctrine is clearly set forth in his poem on "The Higher Pantheism":

"Speak to Him thou, for He heareth, and
Spirit with Spirit can meet—
Closer is He than breathing, and nearer
than hands and feet."

In this poem he asserts his belief that matter is a mere shadow, all seeming. Outside our souls all is spirit, all is God:

"For is He not all but that which has
power to feel I am I?"

The only reality to Tennyson is that which is spiritual, the infinite God and the soul of man. Time and space are but illusions. In "The Princess" he denies the objectivity of time. Time is an eternal now:

"For was, and is, and will be, are but is;
And all creation is one act at once."

Again:

"Our weakness somehow shapes the shadow, Time."

In "God and the Universe" he speaks of "the myriad world His shadow." In "De Profundis" he calls

"Finite—infinite Time—our mortal veil
And shatter'd phantom of that Infinite One."

In "The Ancient Sage" he rebukes those

"Thin minds, who creep from thought to thought,
Break into 'Thens' and 'Whens' the
Eternal Now:
This double seeming of the single world!"

His closing prayer in "In Memoriam" begins:

"O living will that shalt endure
When all that seems shall suffer shock."

In "De Profundis" he describes the physical world as merely a shadow, a dream:

"This shore lit by suns and moons and
all the shadows."

To Tennyson God is also an infinite Personality. He is the eternal Father. In "Doubt and Prayer" we read,

"That Love, which is, and was
My Father, and my brother and my God."

God is the father of Jesus Christ, "Strong Son of God, immortal love." He is a personal God, who hears and answers prayer. Man, therefore, the finite spirit, has free communion with the infinite Spirit. Tennyson addresses prayers to God in "Confessions of a Sensitive Mind," in Poem 131 and in the Epilogue to "In Memoriam," in "The Human Cry," and in "Doubt and Prayer." The living soul of God touched him also in a trance experience. The poet is not a Pantheist; if he speaks of the Higher Pantheism, it is with the distinct understanding that the Infinite Spirit hears human prayer.

Furthermore God is Nameless, but He is not far away or hidden from us

altogether; He has not left the human soul, the temple-cave of self, without the comfort of His voice. Both in "In Memoriam" and in "The Ancient Sage" Tennyson re-echoes the Kantian philosophy that we cannot know God through the reason, but He is attainable through the faculty of faith. We cannot prove the existence of God, "for knowledge is of things we see." We cannot know, but we have faith. This is, in brief, Tennyson's theory of knowledge by which he opposed agnosticism, and which he shares in common with Kant, Coleridge, Carlyle and Browning. Throughout the intense reflection of "In Memoriam," he tries to prove the existence of God by the reason, but is forced at last to fall back upon simple faith in the revelation of Christ. Poem 124, in "In Memoriam," tells how he "finds him not in world, or sun, or eagle's wing or insect's eye," but his heart persuades him of the presence of God.

Finally Tennyson holds to the belief that God is love. It is mainly because of his faith in Christ, who is "immortal love," that he is able to cling to this intuition of the soul. In face of the physical and moral evil of the world, it would be more consonant with reason to believe that "Some lesser god had made the world," after the teaching of the Gnostics. The presence of sorrow, of physical and moral evil, of the relentless processes of nature, are dwelt upon in his darker and more hopeless moods, which find voice in the poems of "In Memoriam." It is hard for him to hold to the reality of love when his soul is mourning for the loss of his dearest friend, but he endeavours to prove the persistence of love. His conclusion is that love is immortal, and it is worth while to live because of love. When he comes to consider the survival of the fittest, when he sees nature "red in tooth and claw," he falters. Yet he trusts the larger hope that not one life shall be destroyed, "when God

hath made the pile complete." All that he can do is to trust that "God is love indeed, and love Creation's final law."

It is in the last stanza of "In Memoriam" and in the Prologue, which is really the epilogue and the conclusion of the whole matter, that we have a summary of Tennyson's views on God. In this last stanza he speaks of his friend who lives in God,

"That God, which ever lives and loves,
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

God lives, therefore He is above materialism; He loves, therefore He is personal. He is one God; the unity of God is emphasised as against polytheism. One law; that is, God is a rational, intelligent being. One element; by this he means one kind of reality, not dualism. One divine event; God is Himself a divine event. All things are moving towards the realisation of an end. All things are being done to the glory of God.

In the Prologue to "In Memoriam," written in 1849, we have the sum-total of Tennyson's belief, arrived at after seventeen years of reflection. In this poem he recognises the Incarnation. He addresses himself to God in Christ and calls Him "Immortal love," which is his highest conception of God. We cannot prove the existence of this God, he says, but we can believe on Him through another capacity in the human soul, even faith. God in Christ as the source of all things is a further teaching in this creed. God has made death, but He is superior to death. He now asserts the justice of God, and declares that because God is just He will not leave us in the dust. Moreover our wills are ours, but we know not how; we cannot prove that we enjoy freedom of the will, but we know that "Our wills are ours to make them Thine."

In the second division of our subject Tennyson bases the worth of life on the freedom of the will. He never

questions the fact that man is a self-determining being. How to explain the freedom of the will on rational grounds is beyond him; it is a great mystery, but he believes in it thoroughly. His most characteristic statement is that which we have just quoted above: "Our wills are ours we know not how, our wills are ours to make them Thine." God has given man power to shape his own life in this world, and power to react on others. The independent activity of each free spirit was to Tennyson the greatest miracle to be contemplated by the mind of man. In "De Profundis" he says that God has

"Made thee unconceivably Thyself
Out of His whole World-self and all in
all—
Live thou! and of the grain and husk,
the grape
And ivyberry choose; and still depart
From death to death thro' life and life
and find
Nearer and ever nearer Him, who
wrought
Not matter, nor the finite-infinite,
But this main miracle, that thou art
thou,
With power on thine own act and on the
world."

A more emphatic statement of the freedom of the will could scarcely be conceived. In his short poem "Will," he contrasts the condition of the man whose will is strong to that of him who,

"Bettering not with time
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descend-
ed will,
And ever weaker grows thro' acted
crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault!"

One of Tennyson's fundamental teachings, therefore, is this: man has power over his own fate, his life is ore to shape and use as he sees best. He can show

"That life is not an idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dip't in baths of hissing tears,
And batter'd with the shocks of doom
To shape and use."

In reviewing Tennyson's arguments for the immortality of the soul, to him

the question of questions, we find that he has incorporated his leading thoughts in three poems, which are the ablest philosophical verse contributions of the nineteenth century to this problem. We refer to "The Two Voices," "In Memoriam," and "The Ancient Sage." The first-mentioned poem is extremely subtle yet natural; it is a debate between a man's soul and a tempting voice which urges him to commit suicide. The tempter argues against immortality, basing his contentions upon the external evidence against life after death. The soul, despairing, yet longing to believe in immortality, urges as his main answer the heat of inward evidence by which man believes against the senses. The following are the leading arguments in this poem in favour of the immortality of the soul: (1) Man is a spirit; he is endowed with something more than physical being; (2) man has aspirations, forebodings, conceptions of eternal life; (3) he has the conception of perfection, which implies a perfect life, and this can only be attained in another world; (4) man is a religious being; he has ideas of God and of man's relation to Him; (6) man is a rational being, "the end and the beginning vex his reason," while the animal, on the contrary, lives without thought of beginning or end; (6) man is a moral being, and the moral life cannot complete itself without the conception of immortality; (7) man has intimations of immortality, mystic gleams, visions and trance experiences; (8) lastly, the very fact that man can doubt his own mortality is an argument. Towards the close of the poem, although he does not feel that he has triumphed over the tempting voice, the soul finds joy in the hidden hope which a Christian voice whispers in his ear. When speculation has failed, revelation steps in. The poem closes with triumphant optimism. The conclusion is that love is at the heart of the universe. But this fact cannot be proved; it is a matter for faith. This is sub-

stantially Tennyson's conclusion to his other great reflective poems. "He feels he is not born to die," "We have but faith, we cannot know."

Turning to "In Memoriam," which is a collection of poems written during various moods over a period of seventeen years, the quest after an assurance of immortality is not only the grand theme but supplies a thread of unity to the whole. After discussing in Poem 34 the ministry of sorrow to love, the poet begins to reason, and we have the first series of philosophical arguments for the immortality of the soul: (1) We believe in it on the basis of human life itself; if there is no eternal life this world is a dark, meaningless enigma; its beauty is absolutely fantastic, not rational; (2) the religious nature of man implies immortality; (3) love predicates immortality, else it would scarcely arise above sensual passion; (4) we have hints of pre-existence; (5) man's religious investiture entitles him to immortality; (6) immortality is an implication of the eternal process; death is merely a stage by which the soul enters upon a higher life; (7) the poet's trance experience, beautifully described in Poem 95, makes death seem to him a laughable impossibility; (8) the law of evolution, especially the long process of preparation for man's life upon the earth, prophesies that man here and now is herald of a higher race in heaven; (9) in the prologue, wherein he sums up the whole question, he puts forward the justice of God as the supreme argument:—

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And Thou hast made him: Thou art just."

Tennyson's closing note here is the same as in "The Two Voices." He trusts that Hallam lives in God; he cannot disprove the objections of the materialist; all he can do is to fall back upon faith. Reason is unreliable, for at best man's intellect can give him a system of thought which is

but for a day, which is but a broken light of God.

"The Ancient Sage" covers much the same line of reasoning as "The Two Voices." It is a philosophical poem and one of the most complete expositions of Tennyson's thought on God and Immortality; moreover, it has this additional value that it represents his latest systematised views. "The Ancient Sage" is said on the authority of Miss Wells, the poet's niece, to be even more subjective a poem than "In Memoriam." The splendid passages on "Faith" and "the passion of the past" are more especially the expression of Tennyson's own personal feelings. When the youthful agnostic brings forward the argument of the worthlessness of life, the Sage replies that this narrow life may be but the yolk forming in the shell. This life is but a preparation for a higher form of life. The shell must break before the bird can fly. Death, therefore, is only an event in the life of the soul. The Sage admits that death is a terrible reality but who knows whether this darkness may not be in man? May this not be only our own mistaken interpretation of death? These doors of death, which seem to open into darkness, may be gates of life. Man may be blind and deaf to many things; he awaits a larger sense to see that the world, including death, is wholly fair. Tennyson tells us here to look beyond our narrow limits of sense and reason and lay hold upon the eternal verities, "those mighty hopes which make us men." When the youth declares that men are worse than worms and maggots, because without their hope of wings, the Sage replies that there is a silent Word within man which prophesies immortality; there is something in the spirit of man which declares that death does not end all. One of the most interesting arguments in this poem is Tennyson's reference to evidence gained in a trance condition, which alludes to the poet's own experience. The Sage as-

serts that he has had pre-existence, selfhood and immortality revealed to him while rapt above the earth, in what he calls "The Passion of the Past." Tennyson tells us that he used to gain access to this super-normal condition by simply reciting his name over and over again. While "loosed from the mortal limit of the self," he had not the slightest doubt of the immortality of the soul. In the last argumentative passage of the poem he cites the celebrated doctrine of opposites. "Day and Night are children of the Sun." There could not be one without the other, so "No ill, no good." There is night enough, the Sage admits, but engage in earnest moral service and you will climb the Mount of Blessing, where, "past the range of Night and Shadow," you will get a vision of "The high-heaven dawn of more than mortal day," even eternal life. This great poem is rich in its assertions of Tennyson's belief in a personal God, in Faith, in the reality of Virtue, in the worth of human life, and in the reality of immortality, which is the solution of life. In "The Two Voices" and in "In Memoriam" the poet was fain to fall back upon Christian faith, but here we have, in addition to faith, a rational optimism as the outcome of his argument.

Among many scattered references to Immortality of the soul in Tennyson's poems, outside the three philosophical compositions already analysed, the teachings of "De Profundis" and of the epilogue to "Tiresias" are worthy of special mention. The latter poem contains a magnificent assertion that man will not die and that all good deeds will form part of the life to come, will be a moulding force in the eternal life. There the soul will be subject to the same laws of progress and degeneration; we shall go from grace to grace, and from glory to glory. Life would not be worth living were man not immortal is the poet's conclusion in this epilogue. In "De Profundis" he asserts: (1) that man

exists prior to his own incarnation; (2) in this life we are subject to constant change, but are moving on to perfection; (3) we are moving through a life of change to an immortal world where we shall become perfect.

The evidence against immortality, which Tennyson used his great gifts as a philosophical poet to refute, may be summed up in a few lines: (1) the crude argument of sense, the body perishes so does the soul; (2) the sceptical argument, to begin implies to end; genesis implies nemesis; (3) the argument of materialism, the psychic state is a higher form of brain motion; (4) the argument of pantheism, all is God and God is all, at death the soul reemerges in the general soul; (5) the argument of agnosticism; we have no certain knowledge of the future; all is a great perhaps.

Tennyson has long since passed "to where beyond these voices there is peace." The voices of the agnostic and the materialist, which rang out so loud a challenge to the Christian apologists of his day, are also hushed in the eternal silence. We are living in an age when religious truth is no longer considered to be rocking on its foundations, but when the greatest of scientists avow their belief in God, in the Freedom of the Will, and in the Immortality of the Soul, when even those who have not arrived at serenity of faith "cling ever to the sunnier side of doubt." And in this happier day, which we may call a new age of faith, our debt to Tennyson, who more than any theologian of the nineteenth century, was an effectual witness to God in a world of keen unrest, should not be forgotten. He lives with God, but he still speaks to men in eternal accents of strength and hope.

THE LILY-POND

BY VIRNA SHEARD

On this little pool where the sunbeams lie,
This tawny gold ring where the shadows die,
God doth enamel the blue of His sky.

Through the scented dark when the night wind sighs,
He mirrors His stars where the ripples rise,
Till they glitter like prisoned fireflies.

'Tis here that the beryl-green leaves uncurl,
And here the lilies uplift and unfurl
Their golden-lined goblets of carven pearl.

When the gray of the eastern sky turns pink,
Through the silver sedge at the pond's low brink
The little lone field-mouse creeps down to drink.

And creatures to whom only God is kind,
The loveless small things, the slow, and the blind,
Soft steal through the rushes, and comfort find.

Oh, restless the river, restless the sea!
Where the great ships go, and the dead men be.
The lily-pond giveth but peace to me.

THE MOTORIST'S STRATEGY

BY FRED JARMAN

"I HAVEN'T a ghost of a chance."

It was Harry Templeton's summing up of his own case—a love affair—audibly expressed as he stood in the library of Baybridge Manor awaiting the coming of Colonel Henley Nugent.

The Colonel had an only daughter, a very beautiful girl, and young Templeton had come to formally ask for her hand in marriage. Of course, he had already obtained the lady's consent; in fact, they were as devoted a couple of lovers as one could find anywhere, but—ah! why is there so often a "but"?—but they both knew that Colonel Nugent would never give his consent to their union.

It was not because Templeton lacked the qualifications that make a man desirable as a son-in-law. On the contrary, he possessed most of them, if not all. He was healthy, handsome, well born, and fairly well provided with the good things that go a long way to make life worth living. His rent roll yielded, even in these bad times, some ten thousand a year, and many a worthy matron with marriageable daughters sighed enviously when she thought of him as the Colonel's prospective son-in-law.

And yet he knew his request would be emphatically refused. Not for any fault of his own, but because his dead father had gone to law with the Colonel, his neighbour, over the possession of a tree—and beaten him.

This wretched stick of timber, which for two or three centuries had grown almost unnoticed in the hedge that marked the boundary of the es-

tates, was uprooted one stormy night, and suddenly became a bone of contention between the two landlords. Both claimed it, but as both couldn't have it, they took their case into the law courts and wasted hundreds of pounds on its almost worthless trunk. Harry's father won a Pyrrhic victory—a success the Colonel never forgave, and though the victor was long since dead, his neighbour obstinately refused to be reconciled with the son. Hence Harry Templeton's verdict on his chance of success.

Presently the Colonel entered the library. He was a square-set, powerful man of fifty, whose iron-gray hair and military moustache enhanced the determined look of his rugged face that stamped him as a regular tenacious bull-dog Briton.

His greeting to Templeton was cold, but courteous, and there was the suspicion of a malevolent smile on his lips as he asked what it was that had procured him the honour of a visit.

Templeton came straight to the point. In a few well chosen words he told the father that he loved his daughter and asked for his consent to their marriage.

"You know my financial standing sufficiently well, sir, to know that I can give your daughter a home and position worthy of her, so I won't go into details, which would be useless."

"Quite useless," was the dry response. "Such matters are quite beside the question. My refusal of your request—and I do refuse most emphatically—rests on an entirely different basis."

"The family feud," Templeton suggested, with a weary smile. "You are visiting the father's sin upon the son. That may have been very good ethics in ancient Judæa, but it's not English, Colonel. It's not English."

The Colonel flushed with annoyance. "I have other reasons, sir," he said quickly. "I would wish to see my daughter married to a soldier—a man who is ready to serve his country and his king. A man who is not afraid to look death boldly in the face without changing colour. Can you claim to be such a man?"

"I don't know that I can, sir, or that I can't," Templeton answered thoughtfully. "You see I've never been put to the test. I should like to have been beside you when you held the Zulus at bay at Rorke's Drift. I don't think I should have disgraced the old country."

"Oh, you don't, eh?" The Colonel's tone was ironical, almost insulting. "It's well to have a good opinion of oneself, and, of course, you may be justified in holding it. But as far as my child is concerned, Mr. Templeton, I'd prefer to give her to a man who has already demonstrated his ability to laugh at death, and that, on your own admission, is not you."

"True, sir, but if you'll consent to my engagement with Mabel, I'll join the army or the navy—"

"Or the volunteers — or a rifle club," broke in the irate listener. "No, sir, I won't consent. I have endeavoured to keep my child away from you in the past, not very successfully, it seems; but in the future I may manage better. I'll begin to-day by sending an excuse to Wharton Court, where you are doubtless dining—"

"No, colonel, I'm due in London to-night, so I reluctantly had to decline Lady Banby's dinner. You will not meet me there."

"I thank you, and instead of refusing her dinner, I'll again decline the honour of your alliance, and wish you good morning."

"Well, that's over," said Templeton with a deep breath of satisfaction as he jumped into his motor and glided rapidly away from the inhospitable door. "I knew he'd refuse, but I didn't think he'd be so rude about it. Well, there's only one thing to be done now, I must run away with Mabel. But I would like to get even with the old buffer for insinuating that I'm a coward. Confound him!"

"Poor old boy, did he feel so bad as all that," cried the girl as she hurried to him from her hiding-place behind a thick rhododendron bush. "You must have had a dreadful time?"

"I have, Mab, beastly."

"You must forgive him, Harry, he's—he's my dad, you know."

"I'd forgive him a hundred times as much, for your sake."

"Thank you, Harry," she said, putting her hand lovingly on his shoulder. Templeton profited by the opportunity and kissed her.

"I think I've got the best of him at present," he remarked with a happy laugh. "The very best—and I keep it, too. Well, love, he refused. I didn't mind that, because we expected it. What I objected to was the insinuation that he refused his consent because I've no pluck. Dash it, we can't all fight Zulus. Soldiering is not the only way in which a man can show his courage. I'd like to have him on my new motor for half an hour, I'd show him all about pluck."

"Has the new motor arrived, then?"

"Yes, dear. My chauffeur brought it home last night. It's a beauty—a forty-five horse-power six cylinder Napier. I'm not going to use it, though, until you're ready. When you say the word, Mab, I'll whisk you off to London and we'll be married by special license before your dad is awake to the fact that you've left the Manor. You're not afraid to trust me, Mab?"

"Oh! no, Harry, I'll go with you wherever you please, though I wish

we could be married here, and with dad's consent."

"So do I, dearest, but—but—wait a minute, love, I'm thinking. Perhaps—yes; hanged if I don't try it. Mab, what's Rollins, your coachman, like? I mean, would he help us?"

"He'd do anything on earth for me—anything that's possible, of course. He worships me more than you do, Harry."

"Impossible! But if he'll help us I think I can do it."

"Do what?"

"Get your father's consent to our marriage."

"Oh, that's splendid; but how, dear?"

"I've not planned it all out yet, but this is your part of the scheme. You dine at Wharton Court this evening?"

"Yes."

"You'll drive over, of course. Well, get Rollins to arrange that the carriage breaks down at the cross roads, near Hunter's Farm. The axle or spring must break—something that will render it impossible to proceed. Well, when you've broken down, a—Frenchman in a new motor-car will come along and offer to give you a lift to Wharton Court. Get your father to accept, but manage somehow not to come with us."

"Us! Then you will be the Frenchman?"

"Yes, and I'll give your dad such a ride that he'll wish himself back at Rorke's Drift with the Zulus. It's light till nine o'clock, so I can see to do it."

"But you'll be careful, Harry, of yourself—of dad?"

"Don't fear, Mab. The knowledge that I'm driving to win all I love on earth will nerve me for the task. I'll bring him safely back to you."

"I trust you, Harry. Now I must be off or we shall be caught. I'll square Rollins. Good-bye."

It was close to the cross roads that evening, as Colonel Nugent and his daughter were driving to Wharton Court, that the carriage broke down.

"I'm sorry, sir," said Rollins, apologetically, "but in trying to fix the wheel on again I've made things worse."

The Colonel was furious. He fumed and raged at the man's stupidity, whilst the latter stood humbly by, a picture of abject despair.

"Don't stand there doing nothing," growled his irate master in conclusion. "Go back at once and get the dog-cart. Do you fancy I'm going to walk the remaining two and a half miles to Wharton Court?"

"No, sir, certainly not, sir," stammered his coachman, "but the dog-cart, sir——"

"Well!" and the Colonel glared savagely at Rollins, already scenting some fresh trouble.

"I sent it to the coachbuilder's to be varnished this afternoon."

"You idiot! Of course you would do that when you knew it would be wanted."

"What are we to do, my dear?"

"I don't know, dad, I'm sure," replied Mabel, who was looking intently and rather anxiously down the main road. Then she added almost joyously. "Oh, look. Whose carriage is that coming yonder?"

"It's not a carriage, it's a — a motor-car." The Colonel almost got in a strong adjective. He was very conservative in his ideas, and he hated motors.

Sweeping along the road, with a silent, easy grace, came a beautiful silver gray car. The driver, who was alone, was attired in the regulation summer motor coat and cap, and sported an aggressively large pair of goggles, which completely hid his merry gray eyes, and also covered a considerable portion of his face.

"Pardon, Monsieur, mais—zat is—you have—comment à dire. Ah, yes—you have breaked up your carriage?"

"We've broken down, if that's what you mean," said the Colonel ungraciously.

"Ah, oui! Up and down, I mix

zem always. But if you permeet eet—my automobile is to you, Monsieur. I vill take you—and madame—to—to—to chez vous."

"Thank you, sir, but we don't wish to go home."

"Non? You rest here—zis night? Ah! non. Je comprend, you go oser-vise. I shall take you zere—vere it is—if permeet me?"

"Confound the fellow!" growled the Colonel to Mabel. Why doesn't he go?"

"But, dad, if you don't accept his offer of a lift, how are we to get to Wharton Court?"

The Colonel saw the force of her reasoning, and turning to the new arrival, he said in a more friendly tone:

"I'm afraid we should take you too far out of your way, sir. You see, we are dining at Wharton Court to-night, and it's nearly three miles from here."

"Tree miles! I make zat in ze same minutes—if you vish."

"Well, I don't," snapped the Colonel promptly.

"Vere goot! Zen ve shall go slow. Come! Permeet me, Mademoiselle," and the ubiquitous one held out his hand to Mabel, who, after a glance at her father, entered the tonneau, but at a sign from the spurious Frenchman she slipped noiselessly from the car, which the moment after glided swiftly away.

Almost immediately the Colonel noticed his daughter's absence.

"Stop, sir! Stop! We've left my daughter behind."

"All right, Colonel, we don't want her. You and I are going to have a spin together. Mabel will be *safer* there," and Templeton removed his goggles and gave the Colonel a look that added point to the grimness of the last two words of his speech. Both, however, were wasted on the Colonel, who was too astonished and too indignant to notice either.

"You!" he gasped. "You! Then this is some trick—some dastardly trick to—to—to what, sir?"

"To convince you, Colonel, that though I'm not a soldier, I'm not afraid to look death in the face without turning a hair."

Though Templeton spoke in an easy and flippant way, the Colonel felt a cold shiver run through his frame. Then for the first time he realised that the car was travelling at a racing pace.

"Yes, that is one reason, sir; but there's another," continued Templeton. "I love your daughter Mabel, and she loves me. But to gratify your insane hatred of my family, you are trying to keep us apart. You're going to give your consent to our marriage to-night."

"Never!" cried the Colonel fiercely. "Never!"

Templeton laughed a bit sardonically.

"Think not? We'll see. She travels well, doesn't she?" he said, turning the conversation, but without looking at his victim. He was too busy with the car for that, his eyes being glued to the track ahead, where a loaded timber waggon showed in the distance. "Thirty-five miles an hour at present, but she'll do fifty easily. I'll show you when we're past this waggon."

"No, no," gasped he Colonel. "You'll smash us up."

"Oh, never fear," laughed Templeton.

Toot! toot!! toot!! went the horn as they neared the lumbering thing ahead.

"Confound the fellow," muttered Templeton audibly. "Why doesn't he keep his side of the road? I don't think there's room to squeeze past. Ye-es, I'll try it anyway. Sit tight!"

And the car seemed to rush to its certain destruction.

The Colonel shut his eyes involuntarily. When he opened them again the waggon was a quarter of a mile behind. Templeton was speaking in the same nonchalant manner:

"Heaps of room after all — a good foot to spare. It's wonderful how

close you can drive these things at the highest speed. We're doing forty-five now. There's a telegraph post two miles ahead that abuts on the road, on your side—just watch how close I can shave it."

"Are you a madman? Stop the car this instant, and let me get down, or, by heaven, you shall suffer for this, sir, when I get back."

"When you do, Colonel. But don't talk now, here's the post. Keep your elbow in, or I may bark it. Now!!! There! I believe it grazed our mudguards, didn't it?"

"It did," said the Colonel faintly, with a shudder. "It's all right, Templeton. I was wrong—you've nerve and pluck enough for six men. Stop the confounded thing, do!"

"What about Mabel?" asked the other, ignoring the request to stop. "Are you going to give her to me?"

"No, sir, I will not, and after this scandalous attempt on my life, I'll see you—. Ah! you're going to stop eh?"

Templeton had reached down and opened the throttle, at the same time advancing the speed lever to its highest capacity.

"On the contrary, Colonel, I've put her at full speed, and I won't alter it till you say Mabel is mine. There's a sharp corner, with a nasty wall either side three miles from here, and if you make me take that on this speed, heaven help us."

"You—you scoundrel! Would you kill me? It's murder."

Templeton shook his head.

"The jury always find a verdict of 'Accidental death' in these cases. Only two miles more. Don't run me too close or I shan't be able to pull up. Gad! doesn't she go beautifully?"

"You won't dare to do it!"

"Dare! I'd dare anything for Mab, and if I can't have her, well — don't reckon on that, Colonel, for I'll take that corner unless you give your consent. You've—only—one—minute—to—make—up—your—mind."

The Colonel looked at the young man beside him and saw that his face was hard set, with the determination he'd seen on the faces of his companions at Rorke's Drift, and he knew that unless he spoke — and spoke quickly—the car would be rushed at what might—in all probability would—prove certain destruction.

Half a minute had gone.

Templeton nodded ahead. "It's there," he said, in a cold, passionless voice. "Must I take it, or will you—?"

"Yes, yes, I'll consent. She's yours, Mab's yours! Stop the thing, there's a good fellow, or I shall lose my reason."

Templeton stopped the car at the corner, turned it, and at an easy pace took the Colonel back to his daughter.

During the return journey neither of the men spoke a word.

"He's won you, my girl, by fair strategy. Take her, you villain, and don't you ever drive her at the pace you did me to-night. My boy, you made me *quake*. Gad! Rorke's Drift was a fool to it. And that corner—"

"Oh, it's not a very bad one, Colonel; we should have negotiated it safely enough."

"You young scoundrel, so you tricked me over that, too, did you? You're a born strategist. You ought to have been a General, my boy—I'm—I'm proud of you."

"So am I, dad."

And in the jolly, friendly laugh that followed, the family feud was buried for ever.



"POT-LUCK"

BY LILIAN VAUX MACKINNON

"MOTHER, guess whom I met in the car to-day?"

Mrs. Ernst looked up swiftly from a fine darn in her muslin slip-waist. "Don't keep me waiting Evelyn, who was it?"

Evelyn laughed mischievously. She had managed to rouse her mother's apprehension. It wasn't much of a feat! Mrs. Ernst was disturbed by anything that broke in upon the even tenor of her way. She frankly told you she "disliked surprises."

"Quickly, Evelyn, who was it?"

Evelyn's eyes twinkled dangerously, but the rising flush on her mother's face stopped her. "Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin," she announced. "They're staying until Saturday at the *Queen*, and they said they were coming up to see you—likely to-morrow."

Mr. Ernst, supposedly deep in his newspaper, faced around at the news.

"The Baldwins!" he cried in unfeigned delight. "Well, isn't that a treat! You'll have to ask them up to tea, Helen."

Mrs. Ernst snipped off her thread.

"I suppose I shall," she said briefly.

Her husband pulled off his eye-glasses and gazed at her in complete surprise. Accustomed as he was to the variety of his wife's moods, this attitude seemed unaccountable.

"Don't you want to see them?" he queried, a full second later. "I thought you and Mrs. Baldwin were old cronies. You used to be, down in Lakeville."

Mrs. Ernst moved testily on her chair. "I never said I didn't want to see them, Henry. But you say so easily 'have them to tea,' without ever considering the effort it will cost me."

"Oh, pshaw!" said her husband. "You don't need to make it an effort. They'll enjoy it much better if you don't. Just give them some cold meat and a good cup of tea. That's all they want."

His wife smiled her little acrid smile, her head still bent doggedly over the bit of darning. Evelyn sat on the edge of the couch, turning the leaves of a magazine and listening to the argument.

Presently the mother gathered all her implements of attack, and fronted the easy-going Henry.

"Now, you know very well that I would never give *any* guest a 'bit of cold meat,' as you put it. Certainly not people we know as well as the Baldwins. I *had* intended to invite Mrs. Baldwin for two days at Easter, and then I would have had everything prepared. But as they have come up in this sudden fashion, why I shall just have to arrange things for to-morrow night, I suppose. It will be dinner, of course. And I hope, Henry, you will not forget your *Tuxedo*. This is the first time the Baldwins have come to our home, and I certainly want to have them see everything at its best. It is most unfortunate that I should only have Nellie, just when I want a competent maid, but then if people *will*

bob up unexpectedly, they must not look for perfection."

"Of course not!" said her husband soothingly. "I'm sure Bob Baldwin isn't that sort, or Mrs. Bob, either. But I shall enjoy a chat with them over things in Lakeville. I'm sorry if it's going to put you out, though."

"Oh, well, I can't help it, that's all," was the reply in the tone of a martyr. The vexed question of the soup had just been mentally laid low.

"Perhaps you ought to ring them up to-night," her husband suggested mildly.

"Let me do it, mother," said Evelyn, jumping up from the couch.

"No, dear, I prefer to attend to it myself."

As Mrs. Ernst went to the telephone, her eldest daughter, Beatrice, came in from choir-practice.

"What's up?" she enquired, sauntering into the sitting-room. "Who's mother telephoning?"

"The Baldwins. I met them on the car. Mother's asking them for dinner to-morrow night."

Beatrice looked blank. "Isn't that the worst! Here I was going to have the sewing-girl in to make my blue waist."

"Well, my dear girl, and can't you?" said her father, looking up at her affectionately. "I don't suppose the friends will put in an appearance till half-past six."

"Oh, but I'll have to help mother! I couldn't have dressmaking done with visitors coming to dinner."

Her father sighed regretfully.

"I do wish," he said, crossing his slippered feet, "that your mother would get into the way of entertaining informally; having people drop in for supper and take 'pot-luck,' as we used to call it at home."

Beatrice smiled her mother's superior, tolerating smile, but Evelyn rolled back on the couch, laughing. "Fancy mother doing anything like that," she cried.

The next morning Mrs. Ernst had

them all up, bright and early. Needless to say the Baldwins had been "delighted to come." Indeed the heartiness of their acceptance, and the warmth in Mrs. Baldwin's tone had mollified their prospective hostess to a considerable extent. So that when she wakened up refreshed at six o'clock on a spotless morning, she felt a certain animation in the prospect before her. She would show them, one and all, what she could do when occasion demanded! She slipped out of bed with firm-set lips and bright eyes. When her husband wakened an hour later, he beheld his wife in dressing-gown and slippers, just leaving her desk, where she had compiled and written down a complete menu, also a list of "things to be ordered," and "things to be attended to."

She called Hattie at a quarter-past seven. Hattie was the youngest daughter, twelve years old, and the runner of errands. Hattie slept heavily in her little hall bed-room, and she was deep in sleep when her mother bent over her. The child stirred, and opened heavy, vacant eyes.

"Hattie!" said her mother, "Hattie! I want you to get up *at once* and polish the silver before school. There are visitors coming in for dinner. Do you hear me? Now, don't go to sleep again! Are you awake? Sit up!"

The child struggled obediently into a sitting posture, her head still wobbling.

"The silver?" she repeated vacantly.

"Yes," said her mother, incisively, "*the silver*. I want you to clean it before school. You can if you hurry. And if you have time, wash the leaves of the rubber-plant. If not, leave it till noon."

"All right, mother," said the little girl, dutifully slipping out of bed. "I'll hurry. Who's coming?"

"The Baldwins."

"Jessie's father and mother? Are they up here? Oh, good!"

But her mother had departed.

All day long the Ernst family toiled in preparation. Mr. Ernst found an improvised luncheon set for him in the pantry at noon, which he ate in solitary state. The rest of the family "had theirs already," so they said, though no traces of the repast were to be seen. Beatrice was putting the flowers in little vases, a heap of chopped carnation stems and rose leaves around them. Evelyn was rearranging the ornaments in the drawing-room and disposing the furniture to advantage, a duster tucked under one arm. Mrs. Ernst was standing with flushed cheeks, receiving piles of the gold and white dinner-set from Hattie. Hattie stood on the pantry shelf, before the opened door of the "best china cupboard."

"Carefully, Hattie, the soup tureen! Guard the ladle. That's right! Now the plates, six. The dinner-plates, too. Yes, six of them. And the vegetable dishes? No, I'll use my silver ones. What is that you say, Beatrice? Yes, I think I would. Mix the pink and white. Well, put the crimson ones in that cut glass bowl!"

Nellie came bouncing in from the kitchen, her red face strained with excitement. "Mrs. Ernst, there's no sage for the turkey dressin'. Yes'm, *savoury*. Oh, all right. Yes, I s'pose I can. Put my jacket over this? Well, all right. I'll hurry. Is it the store on the corner?"

Mrs. Ernst's stifled sigh brought an answering sigh from her much-refreshed husband, who was ashamed to be eating in the midst of such abstemious activity.

"Can I do anything?" he ventured.

The fervour with which his offer was pounced upon almost upset him.

"Yes, Henry," came the reply. "I wish you would unscrew the electric bulbs and shades in the dining-room and hall, and take them out to Nellie to wash. And then I'll get you to move the palm from the dining-room to the landing. Evelyn will show you

the place I mean. And, Henry, you'll be back early?"

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin arrived at a quarter-past six, a pleasant, kindly-faced couple, happy at meeting old friends again. They hadn't been expected quite so soon, but Nellie was hastily screwed into apron and cap (revolting every inch of her against the latter) and nervously jerked open the door.

"Please go upstairs, first door to the right?" she ventured, in a tremulous voice.

The soft stillness of the new, padded carpet, the majestic palm waving on the landing, the faultless guest-room, with its silver toilet appointments (Hattie had done her work well), stilled Mrs. Baldwin's exuberance of spirits. Her husband fell into the same subdued mood.

In the drawing-room, Mrs. Ernst, in radiant attire, advanced with outstretched hand, "Tuxedoed" Henry in her wake; Beatrice and Evelyn following.

"But where is Hattie?" asked Mrs. Baldwin, glancing around. "Jessie told me to be sure to bring news of her and if she wore her hair braided. She's not sick, is she?"

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Ernst hastened to say, lest her husband should speak unadvisedly. "Hattie is studying her lessons. She'll be in to see you before she goes to sleep."

The dinner passed off perfectly. From the oysters to the ice-cream, everything was above reproach. Even Nellie "acted up." She had been charged to have everything "piping hot," and pipe it did. The turkey could be heard sizzling from the moment the oven door was opened. "Siz-z-z" it came into the dining-room, borne aloft by Nellie's red arms. But, as she passed behind Mrs. Baldwin's chair, she gave one agonised glance at Evelyn, opposite. The piping hot platter had left a deep burn on one wrist.

But she took her stand heroically at Mr. Ernst's left hand. He was

slowly making headway with the portly bird. Carving was not his *forte*, and his wife had charged him not to stand. Nellie, seeing the delay, suddenly astonished the company by a curt bow in his direction.

"Excuse me a minute, Mr. Ernst, till I fix this cap. It's all to one side," and bounced out of the room.

Mrs. Ernst's face was curiously repressed. But Mr. Ernst, catching Mr. Baldwin's eye, laid down the carving knife and roared with laughter.

It was nearly eleven when the guests departed, eager in their praise of the beautiful home and delightful evening. Mrs. Ernst, "weary and content and undishonoured," came slowly up the front stairs, calling to Beatrice to put the flowers on the swinging shelf in the cellar. At the top she met Hattie in her nightgown.

"Nellie burnt her arm with the turkey! Did you know, mother?" the child burst out.

"Why, no! I am extremely sorry. I'll get her some cold cream."

"I got it, mother, and some cotton to tie round it. I fixed it for her. She cried a lot."

"Poor girl!" said Mrs. Ernst. Then, her eye lighting on the floor, "do you mean to say you forgot to take up the rag-carpet pieces from the hall, Hattie? I'm very much vexed with you! I thought you would have attended to *that*! You have grieved me a great deal!"

It was exactly a month after this that Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ernst were returning from a day's expedition to a neighbouring city where Mr. Ernst had business. Mrs. Ernst had improved the hours by shopping. As they arrived at the station, the last train departed.

"Next train 9.30 a.m.," said the ticket-agent.

Mrs. Ernst looked blank.

"We'll have to telephone home before we go to the hotel," she said.

"What money have you?" her husband asked.

"Only eighty-five cents. I know, Henry, I spent a good deal, but they were all necessary things. Remember, I got a new coat for Hattie!"

"Well, I've only got a dollar. We're in rather a pretty fix!" Then a light broke over his face. "Why, this is where Tom Connors lives, if I remember right. Of course, he does. The very thing. We'll go there."

"But, Henry, who is this Connors? I don't know him. Has he a family?"

"Tom? Yes, a fine wife and three or four children. Tom has a shoe-store—one of the best men you ever met. He'll be delighted to see us."

"Why Henry, you wouldn't have me go to a perfect stranger's home at this hour, almost six o'clock, and ask shelter for the night? Why not go to a hotel, and telephone one of those business men to lend you money?"

Mr. Ernst was running his finger up the list of "C's" in the directory. "Connors, Thomas, res. 81 Maple Street." He looked up frowning. "What nonsense, Helen! I wouldn't go to a hotel for the world, with Connors in town! He'd never forgive me!"

"But Mrs. Connors! And without any warning!"

"She'll give us the best she's got. That's all! Come along."

They engaged a cab with a part of their money, and drove to Maple Street. Mrs. Ernst was nervously peering out of the windows every block of the way, anticipating all sorts of awkward situations.

"Whoa!" called the driver. "No. 81?"

A flood of light poured out of the door of a snug red house. A thin bright-eyed man ran down the steps. Mr. Ernst sprang out of the cab.

"Harry Ernst! What good fortune!"

"Awfully glad to see you, Tom!" They were wringing each other's hands. "This is my wife. We missed our train and I thought—"

"Come in! Come in! What luck for us! You're just in time for supper.

This way, Mrs. Ernst. My wife will be so pleased!"

A dancing grate-fire in the front parlour! From behind the folding-doors the sound of plates and children's voices.

"Harriet, dear, some friends!"

Mrs. Connors bustled out, cheerily.

"Just at the right moment," she exclaimed. "Why, Mrs. Ernst, how often I've heard your name and wanted to meet you! Missed your train? Why, I'm so sorry for *you*, but we're so glad to have you. Jeanie, dear" (to a little seven-year-old), "take Mrs. Ernst's things upstairs to the prophet's chamber. That's what we call our spare room, it's so small. Now, do come right in while the tea is hot."

The tea *was* hot, and so were the baked beans and muffins. And the children, four of them, were pretty and well-behaved. And they all "moved up" in a magical way to make room. And in a trice, Marion, the eldest, brought fresh napkins, knives, forks, and "the Japanese cups," and there was plenty of everything. And "Harry" Ernst and "Tom" Connors were having the time of their lives with reminiscences of old school-days; and Mrs. Connors was beaming with friendly interest in finding that Mrs. Ernst had a "Hattie" the same age as her "Claire"; and the children were waiting their turn to talk "school." In the midst of it all, Mrs. Ernst felt

her heart grow big with genuine pleasure. Never had she been entertained this way before. Most of her friends were too well aware of her perfection in entertaining to venture to invite her informally.

And how genuinely enjoyable it was!

They spent the evening around the grate fire, after the little girls had washed the tea-things and retired. A school-teacher who boarded near ran in to play the piano for half an hour and "get cheered up." A gentleman and his wife from across the way "dropped in" for a little chat, and Mr. Connors brought a dish of apples from the cellar.

When eleven o'clock came—was it really eleven?—Mr. and Mrs. Ernst were shown upstairs into the prophet's chamber, neat and cosy. Marion must have fixed it after tea, or was it always ready?

Mrs. Ernst said very little to her husband that night. He was so taken up with the old school days that he hardly noticed her silence. But the next morning, when they were leaving for the station, overwhelmed with thanks for having come "even for so short a stay," Henry Ernst could hardly believe his ears when his wife turned to Mrs. Connors, saying:

"Now, be sure to come to us the first time you are in town. We'll be delighted to have you! Just drop in informally and take 'pot-luck' with us."



IN THE LAND OF WINDMILLS

Illustrations from photographs by the author

BY E. M. YEOMAN

WHILST in London with a Canadian friend, not long ago, we resolved to visit Holland, knowing that it would be highly interesting to see a land so totally unlike Canada, and so famous for its picturesqueness and quaint scenery. So, having chosen the most convenient steamship line, we fared one morning down busy Ludgate Hill and past the Tower to purchase our tickets at the Customs Docks, an operation that was by no means as simple as might be imagined; for our way lay through some of the narrowest and busiest streets in London, where the pedestrian has the paltry choice of walking on narrow sidewalks amongst thousands of tons of merchandise, strewn about, or being hoisted into warehouses, and of sometimes dropping, or risking his life and limbs in the middle of the street, in the midst of the tremendous traffic that congests that part of London. But surviving these dangers, we purchased our tickets; and in the afternoon of that day proceeded to Fenchurch Street Station, to travel by rail to the steamer at Tilbury, perhaps twenty miles down the Thames.

A great London railway station is surely one of the most interesting places in the world. Trains come in and go out every few minutes laden with multitudes which include every manner of man, from kings and potentates to pickpockets and miserable creatures, who, with all their possessions tied up in a sack, journey hither

and thither in their desperate quest for bread.

But our train soon bore us away from these scenes of mingling affluence and poverty, and, after rumbling through a noisome series of slums, indescribably wretched, carried us through the sweet beauties of rural English landscapes, where green fields spread, dotted every here and there with a farmhouse, an old-fashioned white village, or a prosperous red-brick town.

Finally Tilbury was reached, and, with the other passengers for Rotterdam, we were speedily conveyed to the waiting steamer, which, immediately upon our arrival, steamed on its way down the Thames.

Once on board, the Thames with its historic interest engaged our attention; but ere long dinner was announced, and upon descending to the dining-saloon, we had our first introduction to the Dutchman, for most of the passengers were Dutch. Deliberate and heavy-visaged men they were, mostly fair-haired, but not greatly differing from Englishmen in their general appearance and manners, but, of course, in the hideous jargon which they spoke.

Each took a profound interest in his bottle of wine and his dinner, the mere contemplation of which, so vast was its quantity, might quite upset an ordinary Canadian. I was much interested to watch one man in particular, a bridegroom, who, with a prowess



CHILDREN OF VOLENDAM

worthy of some admiration, was slashing up great beefsteaks with savage back-handed strokes of his knife.

The Dutch character, inured as it has been for centuries to bitter struggles for existence against powerful human enemies, and against that greater menace, the ever-encroaching sea, is a brave and resolute one. But that evening on deck, as the water grew rougher, and as the ship began to roll, I saw an uncommon phase of Dutch character, when a huge, elderly man, evidently unaccustomed to the sea, descended to his knees in a paroxysm of terror, and, every time the ship rolled, hoarsely commended his soul to God. Doubtless he was a very exceptional Dutchman.

Next morning I was awakened at daybreak by a terrific thundering at the stateroom door.

"You will be at Rotterdam in half-an-hour," cried a Dutch voice; "and you must have breakfast now."

I understood. It was expedient that I should pay three prices for a breakfast on board the steamer rather than get it later at a hotel. So I arose, and looked through the port-hole; but I saw only low, gray coasts, with, to all appearance, no land behind them. But a moment later I descried a wind-mill, far away in the morning mist; so that, after all, my first glimpse of Holland was a picturesque one.

Perhaps half-an-hour later, having breakfasted, I ascended to the dock, and was astonished to find our steamer in the very midst of Rotterdam, being pulled alongside the notable Boom-pjes, a landing-stage extensive enough to accommodate a whole fleet of steamers.

A moment later, as we stood ready to disembark, there was a sudden commotion, and the customs officer clambered aboard — a strange, gray-bearded little man in a blue great-coat. He hopped about with a highly important bearing, and, bowing gra-



A PROMENADE IN MARKEN, HOLLAND

ciously to each passenger, ceremoniously put a chalk-mark on every portmanteau without examining it. Nor were we allowed to go ashore without this chalk-mark.

Upon landing, we found ourselves in a wide tree-bordered street, with the river Maas on one side, and lofty buildings on the other, and with roaring traffic and a horde of busy Dutchmen in the middle. Along this busy thoroughfare we took our way, passing the fine bridge that spans the Maas; until finally we came upon a hotel that we had seen advertised.

The traveller in Europe is more than likely to suffer many things at the hands of hotel-keepers; but in this instance we were fortunate enough to come upon both honesty and comfort; and we had the additional good fortune to find a waiter, a cadaverous individual with a sympathetic woe-begone face, who could speak good English, and who straightway led us to comfortable rooms, passing on the

way the proprietor, a wild-eyed, dark-faced, black-haired man, who protruded his head and coatless shoulders from the doorway of his room, and scrutinised us with bright eyes and an ecstatic smile. His appearance seemed to suggest that he had just been conjuring up enough courage to cut his throat when we interrupted him.

Rotterdam is a city of innumerable canals. Indeed, in the many miles that I travelled in Holland, I doubt if at any time I was more than a hundred yards from a canal of some sort. Nearly all these canals are busy commercial highways, with thousands of heavily-laden scows on them, most of which are poled along by two or three stolid Dutchmen. It is one of the commonest of all occurrences in the streets of Rotterdam and Amsterdam to be held up for ten or twenty minutes, where a canal and a street intersect, whilst the bridge is swung up for a line of scows to crawl



A DUTCH PEDDLER, WITH DOG-CART

past. But the Dutch people are not ill-tempered; and with great patience they wait until the scows have passed, and the owners have placed their toll of a few coppers in the little bag that is held out to them at the end of a long staff.

The streets are generally clean and in good repair, and the houses very tall and pretentious. Dutchmen have a fondness for lofty and impressive buildings, but only for the sake of appearances; for on many occasions, being struck with the height of the houses, I discovered that a great number of them had false fronts, what seemed to be upper storeys being merely deceptive fronts with nothing behind them.

Doubtless the Dutch are the most cleanly people in the world. For example, it is no uncommon sight to see industrious housewives and maids scrubbing the fronts of their houses

and the sidewalks too. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu noticed this custom two hundred years ago, and wrote to a friend that "You may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bed-chambers."

The traffic in the streets is very heavy and very noisy; but it was pleasant to find that there were few automobiles—those deadly pests that prey in every road and street in England, harassing the pedestrian almost beyond endurance. Nor do I remember having seen any omnibuses; but there was an abundance of fast electric-cars.

As the stranger fares along the streets of a Dutch town, numerous quaint sights meet his eye. In many places, in front of hotels and public-houses, nearly the whole sidewalk is blocked with chairs and tables, under an awning, where beer and wine are



A PUBLIC HIGHWAY IN AMSTERDAM

sold, and where placid Dutchmen refresh themselves with great leisure and satisfaction. Every here and there, too, there is an attractive little booth where passing dames regale themselves with cups of rich cocoa. It is by no means safe to drink water in Holland, as deadly fevers are likely to be the reward of such righteousness.

Then again, the little milk-waggons and peddlers' carts, drawn by dogs, are interesting. The man or woman walks behind or at one side, and directs the vehicle, to the under part of which the dogs, generally two or three in number, are attached. The dogs always keep one eye on their master, and invariably reduce their exertions when he is not watching.

During my first morning in Rotterdam, whilst I was looking upon these things, I was suddenly accosted with polished grace by a short young man

of perhaps five-and-twenty years, freckled and light-haired and dressed in English clothes.

"It is a fine day," said he, in very good English. "I am employed by the Government to give information to strangers; and it is with great pleasure that I will tell you anything. But I am not allowed to take money."

"Thank you," I replied; "but I have a guide-book."

The young man looked guileless enough, but his story was suspicious.

"But the guide-books are no good," he cried with great enthusiasm. "I will show you around. But I will take no money. I will show you what you call the Stock Exchange, where men dance in great excitement and shout, and the flower-market, and the baths, where you may see beautiful ladies swimming; and they will talk to you."

"But thank you," I replied. "I



A CANAL BOAT IN HOLLAND

have no time. I must see the statue of Erasmus now."

"But you do not know the way!" he cried. "And you do not believe that I am of the Government. Look!"

So saying, he produced a paper covered with Dutch writing, which was unintelligible to me.

Just at that moment my eye was attracted by an approaching procession, which proved to be a Dutch funeral. It was indeed a weird sight; for the horses and drivers, and hearse and cabs were almost invisible, so heavily were they draped in deep black and arranged in deathly pomp. But all Dutch funerals are not like this one; for, before leaving Holland, I saw another, in Haarlem, I think, which was not unlike a Canadian funeral.

My obliging friend recalled my thoughts with his untiring garrulity.

"Then how may I get to the statue of Erasmus?" I asked him, whereupon a keen joy lighted up his face.

He stepped forward a pace and returned. "It is with great pleasure that I tell you this!" he said. Then, pointing in a certain direction with both his head and his arm, he strode away, and I followed.

Most Dutchmen are heavy smokers, and seem to have an especial love for bad cigars. The abominable fumes of their cigars may not be forgotten readily.

"Do you smoke?" asked my friend, with breathless interest, as we walked; and when I answered that I did, he earnestly told me that Dutch cigars were the best and cheapest in the world, and that all strangers carried one or two hundred away with them. Then he stood still, and told me with increased earnestness that the strangers were usually cheated; but that he knew of the best cigar-shop in Holland, where I could get the finest cigars and not be cheated. He spoke much of some *fabrique*, which, I judge, meant either shop or factory.



A STREET SCENE IN MARKEN

"But I have too many cigars now," I replied.

"But you must come to the *fabrique*!" he cried. "No? But you need not buy! You will not come? Then come just to look in the window! No?" By that time his voice was piercingly shrill with supplication. "But you will come around the corner and I will show you the *fabrique* in the distance? You will not? Then," he cried, taking me by the hand, "come across the street and I will show you the *roof* of it in the distance!"

But I would not; and my refusal seemed to crush his spirit; for, as we kept our way, his shoulders drooped, and he fell to sighing very plaintively.

As we fared, we stopped to watch a police-officer ordering a group of young idlers to move along. Dutch police-officers are prettily uniformed, and are very gentlemanly in appearance; some might even be described as elegant. Many of them are small,

slender men, with beards, and they carry at their sides what seemed to be daggers. This particular officer, in so many ways differing from the stalwart Canadian constable with his gruff "move along," was addressing a savage harangue to the idlers. He talked with marvellous rapidity, his hand upon his dagger, snarling like a wolf in agony, opening his mouth very wide, and darting his head and shoulders backwards and forwards with deadly suggestions of springing upon his victims. Meanwhile the idlers stood listening with horrid attention, their eyes and mouths gaping painfully; but not until the officer had quite exhausted his eloquence did they dare to slink away.

My friend led me to the statue of Erasmus, and the flower-market, which is not unlike the well-known green-market of Halifax, save that only flowers are vended; and thereafter he led me back to the hotel, continuously and very craftily endea-



QUAINT OLD MARKEN

vouring, *en route*, to lead my unsuspecting steps to his *fabrique*.

On the way we passed a cattle-market, which was nothing more or less than a company of about fifty sturdy yokels, each with one or two black-and-white cows, which they led around in a certain district, shouting mightily the while.

That night at dinner I saw an elderly Dutchman who was much given to wretched sighings, and who evidently was very sick, for he rubbed his waistcoat piteously, and complained long and loudly to the sympathetic waiter. But thereafter he set to work and devoured the most prodigious meal that I have ever seen a human being eat.

But nearly all Dutch people are great eaters; and they are very good cooks—much better, indeed, than the English.

The *menu* that night was written in a conglomeration of Dutch, German, French, Italian, and sundry unknown tongues; so that when the sympathetic waiter had escaped from the complaints of the sick but glut-

tonous guest, I asked him to read the list in English.

The poor fellow looked at it intently; but it was too much for him.

"I cannot," he said. "But you can take it all. Everybody does. There is not much."

I agreed to this proposal, and presently was supplied with about thirty dishes. But by no means did I partake of them all, somewhat to the concern of the sympathetic waiter, who adjudged me to be grievously unwell.

This waiter had no means of knowing whence I came, and as I had never known of any particular Canadian deportment, I was interested that night when, whilst asking him questions about Rotterdam, he remarked: "You are from Canada, sir."

"I am," I answered; "but how did you know?"

"You are not an American, and you are not English," he said. "I know you are from Canada."

An evening walk in Rotterdam is diverting. The famous High Street,

built on a vast dyke, is the finest shopping centre. Nevertheless it is not particularly impressive. In the evening it is closed to all horses and vehicles; for it is not broad, and by night it is densely thronged with multitudes of idling men, women and children. A noticeable feature is the great number of lowly but thrifty housewives, who stroll about in their aprons, doubtless ever on the watch for a newsy friend.

It is very easy for the stranger to lose his way in Rotterdam, so irregular are the streets, and so puzzling are the canals. I had the misfortune to lose my way that night, and probably walked ten miles before I reached the hotel again. I knew no Dutch, and so could not inquire my way, although several times I endeavoured to do so in English, and upon one occasion was rewarded for my pains by the company of a miserable old Dutchman, who hobbled along beside me for three full miles, chewing garlic meanwhile, and every ten minutes vociferating to himself, each time in a shriller tone, and each time with a more decided attempt at recollection, "Ho-tel Smits! Ho-tel Smits! Ho-tel Smits!" and so forth, *ad infinitum*, and always crescendo. But finally I espied the hotel, and hastened towards it, incidentally bumping into a young man whose eyes protruded with joy when he saw me.

"The *fabrique!*" he cried. "You are right by it. Will you come?"

But I was still unobliging.

Rotterdam is perhaps the most interesting city in Holland; but it is surpassed in many ways by other Dutch towns.

Leyden and Haarlem are charmingly quaint and beautiful cities, both rich with fame and historic interest. The Hague is a fine modern city, and has a very notable picture-gallery, with many of the best works of the Dutch masters. Some of these masters had a fondness for picturing the death of Christ, and their paintings on that subject are executed with such re-

lentless realism that they are highly impressive.

The journey from Rotterdam affords what is perhaps some of the quaintest scenery in the world. The land is perfectly level, and everywhere intersected by tree-bordered canals, along which many a sailing-vessel fares, seemingly like a phantom ship gliding over the fields. The green fields feed numerous cattle, nearly all of which are black-and-white, with sackcloth coats on their backs, although why I know not.

Every field has a windmill in it. Indeed, frequently whilst in Holland I endeavoured to find a general view that had no windmill in it. But I found none. These picturesque machines are used to pump the ever-encroaching water from the fields into the canals.

Holland supplies the world with flower-bulbs; and surely one of the most remarkable sights in Holland is the tulip and hyacinth gardens. Especially near Harlem, as far as the eye can see, stretch neat beds of these flowers, coloured pink, red, yellow, purple, and white. It is a beautiful and a wonderful sight to see these painted gardens spreading into the horizon.

Amsterdam is an opulent city built on ninety islands. It has many points of interest, including the Royal Palace, founded on about fourteen thousand piles. The Palace is a plain building, in the centre of the city, and has no grounds about it. Some of the Amsterdam hotels are particularly magnificent; but the managers of some of them are unscrupulous thieves and rascals. *A la carte*, they will charge about six prices for a dish, and thereafter treble the amount in the bill. And what may argument or invective avail if the stranger knows no word of Dutch and the clerk no word of English?

The stranger should not neglect to visit the theatres of Holland, where, for a moderate fee, on frequent occasions he may share his Dutch friends'

ecstatic joy in seeing some "Hans from Haarlem" dance.

From Amsterdam, one day, we journeyed with a small party of English tourists to see the "Dead Cities of the Zuyder-Zee," where we saw the Holland and the Dutchman of the children's picture-books. Indeed, travelling in Holland is at all times like looking into a child's brightly-coloured picture-book.

In these dead cities the people have not changed their customs perhaps for centuries. There men, as in the picture-book, wear vast breeches, wooden shoes, and strange head-coverings. The women are fair-haired and broad-hipped, and far from beautiful. Often, affixed to their hair, they wear pendants of gold, or even of diamonds. These pendants are generally heirlooms, and are highly prized.

The children, too, wear little wooden shoes; and the heels of their stockings are always worn out, and show every time they take a step. The fronts of their jackets are covered with brightly-coloured decorations, and on their heads they wear white caps. Moreover, many of them have learned enough English to be able to grasp the stranger by the arm, and surround him, and cry with shrill voices: "Give me money! Give me money!" But if the stranger gives them money, they follow him about, crying all the louder: "Give me money! Give me money!"

In one of these villages, Volendam, I think, there is a beautifully-situated hotel, where many artists resort. The proprietor must be a genial man; for every artist that has stayed with him has left him a specimen of his work; so that the walls of the hotel are adorned with scores of paintings. Another adornment of his hotel was his comely, fair-haired daughter, who, by the way, was the only "tipable" person I met with in Europe who would not take a tip. She spoke English well, and conversed with each of her guests in turn. In answer to her

inquiries, I told her that I was from Canada. "Ah," said she, "I have many friends in Canada. It is far away."

After dinner, this damsel led our party to an upper room, which was furnished in the fashion of two or three centuries ago and with aged furniture and odds-and-ends preserved since those days. All sorts of spinning contrivances were there, old chinaware, and a thousand other curious things, including some cloth three hundred years old, but which looked fresh and felt like tough linen paper. The family bed, too, was there—a cavity about two feet high and six long, set in the wall, four or five feet from the floor. To this day the people of these villages sleep in beds like it. But generally the bed is divided into an upper and a lower compartment: the upper part for the father and mother and baby, as our fair hostess explained, and the lower for the family. "Why," said she, "I know an old woman who is my friend, and her bed has only one compartment, and she sleeps in it with her nine sons; and they are all grown up."

In these villages there are many quaint churches, and here and there a stately cathedral, centuries old. Each pew has its huge Bible with glaring yellow leaves.

While in Volendam, at our request, our guide took us into a typical cottage. The Dutch family in these districts has only one room for all purposes. But the one room is simply furnished, and is kept scrupulously clean. In this particular cottage there was a little girl of thirteen who had met with an accident months before, and whose swollen hands lay on her lap forever useless. Sweet-faced she was; but the hand of Death could be seen stealing over her brow. Our guide talked with the mother, and then told us that a great American doctor had visited the little girl when he was in the village and had said that she could never get better. But

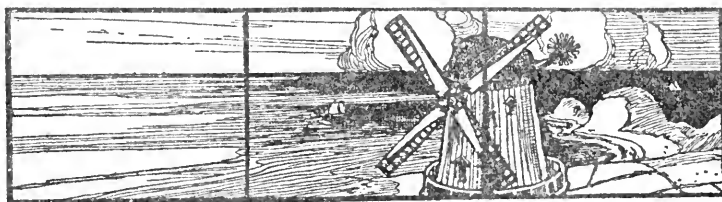
he had given her a magnificent present—enough money to buy an egg every day for six months. This magnificent present might amount to a Canadian dollar.

Walking by a narrow canal in Volendam that day, we came upon two old hags sitting over a bucket of eels, the wriggling contents of which they were decapitating and cleaning with some skill. When they saw us, they immediately set up a great chattering, and cast looks of the bitterest malignance upon us. I surmised that this was because we were English-speaking, and that perhaps they had lost sons in the Boer War. Who knows? When we had passed, one of them, thinking herself unobserved, threw a great eel's head across the canal at our little party, but happily, with the usual feminine precision or lack of it, she missed the mark.

A few days after that, we returned to Rotterdam; and I remember that I had just stepped off the train when I was joyously greeted by a well-known young man, who made a final but futile attempt to beguile me to the *fabrique*.

While on the way to the steamer next day, I met this worthy for the last time. He confidentially told me that he was very thirsty. Would I give him enough money for a glass of beer? He had rendered me several services, and I gladly offered him the equivalent of a Canadian dollar for beer. But he would not take it. He would only take enough for one glass—about two Canadian cents; and gleefully putting the coin into his pocket, he bade me farewell, with some show of affection, and hastened away to get his beer, and to pursue his calling, which, I have every reason to think, was not "of the Government," but was to lead unsuspecting strangers to his employer's cigar-shop.

These, then, are a few superficial glimpses of Holland; and surely it is a quaint and charming land. Nevertheless, when, one morning, we steamed up the Thames, and under the great Tower Bridge, which was uplifted to let us pass, it was indeed pleasant to be again in a land where we could hear on all sides the music of our own tongue.



THE LOST ORCHARD

A Legend of French Canada

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

MONSIEUR will have had a good day?" said old Grégoire, opening the gate.

The young man, coming up through the willows with a load of sketching materials on his sturdy shoulders and the notes of a tender little song on his lips, spread his fine hands abroad in a gesture of despair. "Can I paint all this, my excellent père Grégoire?" he asked. "Can I, with a few poor colours in little tubes and a square of paper or canvas, catch and hold the red of the young oaks, the green of the young grass, the blue of the young sky, and every tint of silver and carmine, umber and yellow that was ever displayed for the delight and humiliation of mankind? I have done nothing but lie on the warm earth, eat fresh water-cress, and whistle to the thrushes, — nothing, that is, which counts. But there is one,—just a little one,—which catches the spirit of the time and the place not so ill, I think—"

He showed the old man a rapid water-colour of a lost orchard: rows of little wild-grown apple trees all aslant in the young spring dusk, as if still bending before an unfelt wind, and nowhere any heap or hollow left that might have been a home.

"It looks as if it had a story, that place," said the young artist. "When I came upon it, hidden away in the merry woods, it was as if the soft hands of old memories had been laid upon me, pleading with me to stay. So I stayed, and painted this in the

half-light. Those trees look as if they had been great and fruitful once, and had shrunken through years and sorrows."

Père Grégoire nodded slowly as he handed back the sketch. "It is the very place itself. Eh, yes! There is a story, an all but forgotten one. It happened so long ago that their names are lost, the names of those who planted the trees and made the orchard in the forest. It is only remembered of them that they lived, and loved; and at the end died, m'sieur.

"Before there were any settlements near they came, these two, the young man and the girl, running from some great fear that was on their track. They fled, as it were, with eyes that looked to see death following, but they laughed and loved in the face of death. It is said that the lady was slim and very beautiful, wrapped in soft wine-coloured cloths that were stained with forest travel, with lace upon her like river-foam; and that he was a gallant lad in a green cloak and a sword with a brightness of jewels at the hilt. They had with them a half-breed servant, but he ran away; and some poor farm-tools, seeds and saplings; they reclaimed that clearing from the woods, living there like Adam and his Eve—my faith, yes!—in a little log hut the man built, and always looking to see some fiery sword of vengeance casting them out of their poor paradise. It seemed they never doubted it would

come; but only asked "How long!" and went on with their laughing and loving.

"Picture them to yourself, m'sieur, these unknown dead, growing less and less of the life of their kind. Hunger of the lone snows, silence of the long nights, the fiery fear of the dry hot woods when the bird is hushed and the leaf falls heavily, all these they knew, counting them light and little in the weight of that fear that followed them. They were afraid and they were happy. The lady,—the lady learned to fish through the ice and soften the deerskin like a squaw, to cook, and weed their straggling rows of beans and watch the sprouting of the corn; to grind the grain and make bread and eat of it, she and her man. And he was a digger, a hunter, a snarer of birds, a trapper of muskrats. They wrested a little living from the wilderness by their infinite courage, but it took toll of them, heavily, heavily; scarring their smooth faces, roughening their hands, bending their gentle bodies. But always it was 'How goes it with you, my beloved?' 'Well, because I behold you again after many desolate hours.' 'There is only corn bread and herbs to set before my king.' 'There is love, my queen, would sweeten worsen fare.' Such fine courtesies and compliments, with the coarsened hand above the so faithful heart.

"Year by year that sword of vengeance delayed, but they did not forget. Such a bitter hard paradise, m'sieur! They were dressed like Indians, like savages of the woods, brown and lean and knotted with battling hunger. Yet still, they say, it was '*Madame, à votre beauté,*' and '*Monsieur, à votre cœur vaillant.*' Still they laughed and loved, and their roots multiplied and their little saplings grew.

"Of all things in that strange life, it is said, the little lady clung most to her apple trees. Perhaps she had known them before, in some great Normandy orchard, where the white

linens lay out to bleach, and the white clouds darkened the blossoming boughs to pearl and a shadow of red ruby.

"It was the year when the apple trees blossomed the first time, and the girl was moving softly among them; perhaps to lay her worn face upon the round sweet buds and think that her cheek had once been as fine, her hands as soft, her gowns as sweet. Who knows? Perhaps the loveliness touched her to some of her old lightness and grace; it was evening of young spring, a golden evening fading out to a clear purple dusk, full of stars, of wet winds creeping through the boughs, the song of thrushes, the smell of new leaves sweeter than wine. She sang as she went,—so the story has it,—sang a little rippling dance tune that maybe the horns and the violins had played many a time for her merry silken feet. And then the quiet of the woods broke to a thunderous sound, for those old pieces were noisy, m'sieur; a patch of white smoke floated a few minutes, for a few minutes the birds were afraid. And the poor lady lay under her apple boughs, and the blooms she held to her heart were redder than any rose—

"Is it so sad, this old tale? To the young, maybe, it is so. But look you, to the last hour she had her love and her laughter, and she paid her price in a moment. Not in slow years and slower tears, not in a sordid age, not in a fanning of cold ashes, but in a clean shot and a brave laugh cut short. He! I grieve, though, that her name is forgotten.

"Under the apple boughs the man found her, and he too laughed. The sword was falling, the gates were closing. Yet I cannot think of those two, m'sieur, as shut out of their paradise, but rather as closed eternally within it.

"He laughed, and kissed the hands that were spoiled with work, the little feet shapeless in moccasins. And laughing he stood up, looking towards the woods. '*J'ai le droit,*' he cried,

'j'ai le droit, monseigneur!' The second shot took him above the heart. He fell, and kissed her once, and died. But that vengeance never turned them out of their paradise. They were within forever, resting upon the compassion of God."

There was a silence, while the hermit-thrush fluted from the red maple and the winds were still.

"God's pity upon all true lovers," said the young artist gently. "I am sorry their names are lost. What a heart she had, that little lady of France! Does she ever come back, I wonder, to look at her orchard blossoming as I saw it this evening,—pearls breaking from a thin red sheath?"

Père Grégoire drew heavily upon his pipe.

"That orchard has not blossomed since my father was a boy, m'sieur," he said.

The young man stared.

"But I saw it, I felt it!" he answered. "The moony gleam lying along the boughs, the warm sweetness in my face. There is no scent

like the scent of apple trees, Père Grégoire."

"I also," said the old man quietly, "I also have seen the whiteness upon the branches, felt the fragrance in my face. Nevertheless those trees have known no bloom for eighty years. There is a dream, a shadow, a vision upon the place, m'sieur. And whoever sees those boughs in blossom, his happiness shall blossom, too, and he shall not long be parted from his beloved."

"O, happy vision!" said the young artist with a soft laugh. "I shall see Amélie this very week, maybe! But you, you also have seen this fair illusion, this sweet remembrance of old love and sorrow! Ah, ah, Père Grégoire! Are you going courting the Widow Lenoir?"

"O happy vision!" echoed the old man gravely. "Happy no less for the old than for the young. I also have loved, m'sieur, and it is not likely that we are to be parted much longer. For I am very old, and she has been dead these fifty years, my dear. Come, let us go in."



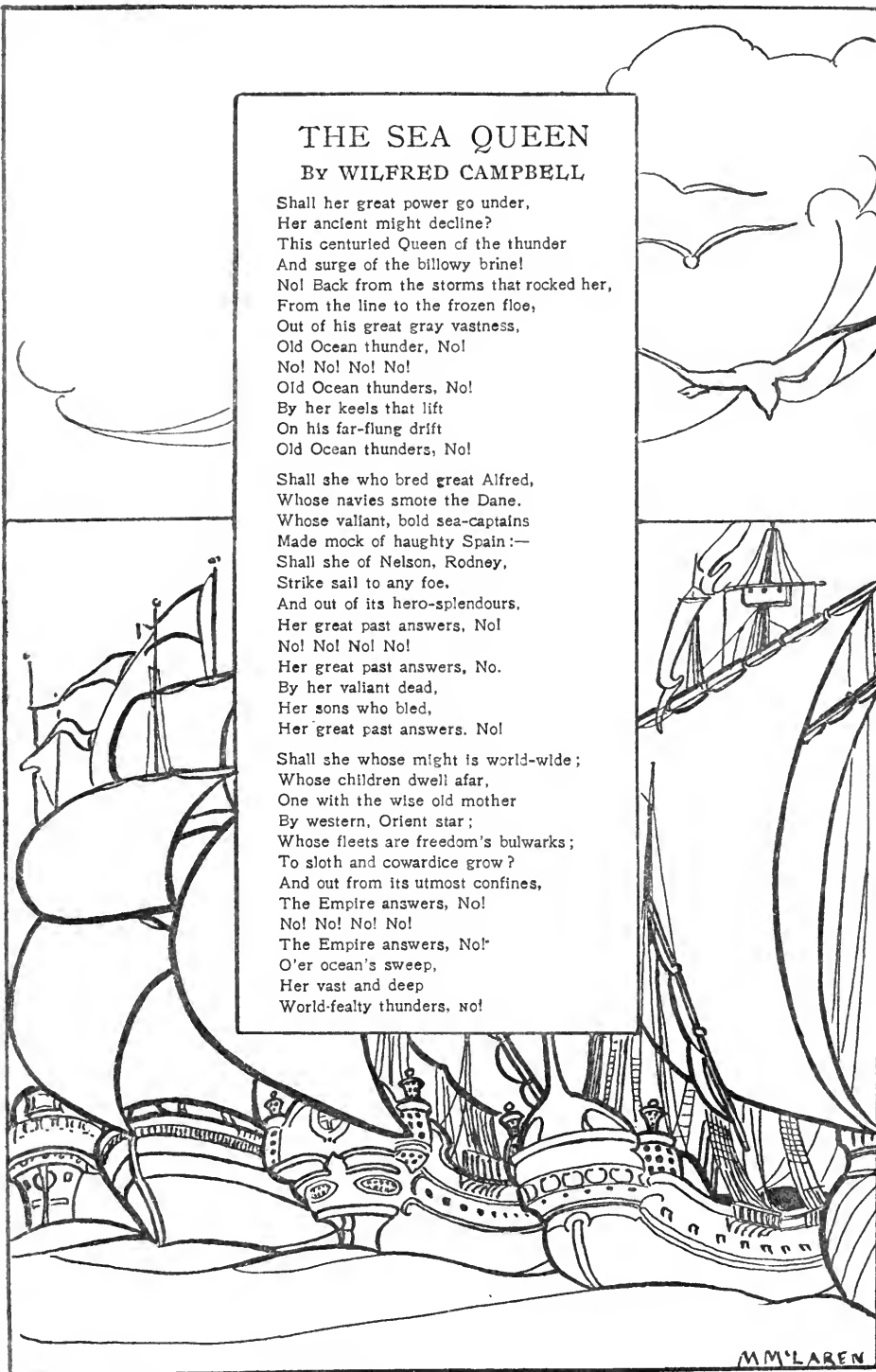
THE SEA QUEEN

By WILFRED CAMPBELL

Shall her great power go under,
Her ancient might decline?
This centuried Queen of the thunder
And surge of the billowy brine!
No! Back from the storms that rocked her,
From the line to the frozen floe,
Out of his great gray vastness,
Old Ocean thunder, No!
No! No! No! No!
Old Ocean thunders, No!
By her keels that lift
On his far-flung drift
Old Ocean thunders, No!

Shall she who bred great Alfred,
Whose navies smote the Dane,
Whose vallant, bold sea-captains
Made mock of haughty Spain:—
Shall she of Nelson, Rodney,
Strike sail to any foe,
And out of its hero-splendours,
Her great past answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
Her great past answers, No.
By her vallant dead,
Her sons who bled,
Her great past answers, No!

Shall she whose might is world-wide;
Whose children dwell afar,
One with the wise old mother
By western, Orient star;
Whose fleets are freedom's bulwarks;
To sloth and cowardice grow?
And out from its utmost confines,
The Empire answers, No!
No! No! No! No!
The Empire answers, No!
O'er ocean's sweep,
Her vast and deep
World-fealty thunders, no!



THE WITCHERY OF THE ALPS

BY HEDLEY P. SOMNER

SWITZERLAND, by her marvellous scenery of majestic mountains, her massive works of nature, is indeed the environment of all that is noble and lovely. Beauteous surroundings invariably create beautiful thoughts, and the inspiring scenery has left its indelible tracings, not only upon the people of the country but also upon the visitor.

The enchantments of the Alps are many and varied. There are the snow-caps, often hidden above the cloudland, a cloudland ever mysterious; the glaciers and their wonder work, the rivulets rising from the melting glaciers, the forest-clad sides of the lower shoulders of the mountains, the rivers, the gorges, the valleys and the lakes; and, back again, the Alpine meadows, pastures, and passes.

Amid its historic shrines, its places of old-time design and appointment, its venerable customs and ceremonies, its castellated walls and hoary monasteries, its sequestered haunts and hermitages, are to be found beautiful things that keep alive the spirit of the past in the present.

The national outgrowth of Swiss character and life, which has flourished and bloomed so wonderfully, has inspired human expressions of a native grandeur to be found nowhere else in the world. The most effective life exhibits itself in harmony with its environment, its *milieu*. It is this harmony that makes dominant the race and national character.

If there is any environment in the world that is capable of stimulating life and character to creative originality, beauty of thought and conduct, it is surely to be found in Switzerland, where human nature has, indeed, shaped itself in response to the abundant endowments of nature.

The rugged grandeur, and beauteous sublimities of its cloud-piercing heights, have brought forth a race of hardy men, strong, independent, reliant upon themselves and their own resources. The sons of liberty led by that prototype of heroism, William Tell, and followed by Walter Fürst of Uri, Werner Stauffacher of Schyz and Arnold Anderhalden of Unterwalden, the founders of the solemn league and covenant against the tyranny of the Hapsburgs, secured not only national freedom, but emancipation of thought and endeavour. That drama with its grand natural staging was actually a national epic, a poem, of which the people themselves were a part.

These heights have made of the people the most practical race in the world—not only in the things of the hand, but of the mind. The poetic genius of von Haller first revealed to us the intensity of the Alpine appeal to the imagination. And Calame of Geneva, the greatest of Swiss landscape painters, showed the world what an opportunity these inspirations to poet, painter, and philosopher have been. We have Shelley and Byron, Turner and Ruskin, Gibbon and Voltaire, and hosts of others.



THE FAMOUS ROSEG GLACIER, DESCENDING FROM THE TITANIC GIANTS OF THE ENGADINE

Truly here is the realm of inspiration where great minds and great thoughts have found and ever find expression.

The effect produced on individuals by Swiss scenery differs widely. The artist, the writer, and the painter; the scientist, the geologist or the physicist—scientific, imaginative, or merely practical—has a different story to tell, a view-point that is strange to the other. Hence one man's impression is not the point of interest of another. For each beholder yields to a different thrall—and he comes away with a different message to the world.

While gazing at these mighty Titans of the Alps, upon whose brows are sparkling diadems of snow, whose peaks are bathed in the azure of the morning sun, a feeling of adoration fills the inmost soul and one realises the presence of an omnipotence of whose might the very rocks preach eloquent sermons.

Illustrious poets have sung their praises. Some have taken for their theme the supreme majesty of the

mountains, while others have made verses of the landscapes so full of charm and fascinating loveliness. Goethe in his apostrophe to the Swiss Alps says:

"Yesterday, brown was still thy head, as
the locks of my loved one,
Whose sweet image so dear silently
beckons afar.
Silver gray is the early snow to-day on
thy summit,
Through the tempestuous night stream-
ing fast over thy brow."

The wild enthusiasm of writers on the Alps is catching. Alexandre Dumas, *père*, thus reflects his thoughts from the Rigi-Kulm:

"There are descriptions that the pen cannot describe and there are pictures that the painter cannot paint with his brush."

Byron's description of the Lake of Geneva is classic:

"Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted
lake
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to
forsake



A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF LAKE OF THUN, WITH A PANORAMA OF THE ALPS IN THE DISTANCE

Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.

This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring

Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice re-
proved

That I with stern delights should e'er
have been so moved."

A veritable word painting comes to us from the pen of Ruskin:

"Waves of clear sea are indeed lovely to watch, but they are always coming or gone, never in any taken shape to be seen for a second. But here was one mighty wave that was always itself, and every fluted swirl of it, constant as the wreathing of a shell. No wasting away of the fallen foam, no pause for gathering of power, no helpless ebb of discouraged recoil; but alike through bright day and lulling night, the never-pausing plunge, and never-fading flash, and never-hushing whisper and, while the sun was up, the ever-answering glow of unearthly aquamarine, ultramarine, violet-blue, gentian-blue, peacock-blue, river of paradise blue, glass of a painted window melted in the sun, and the witch of the Alps flinging the spun tresses of it forever from her snow."

Another description comes to mind of a view famous from Geneva:

"There's Saleve's own platform facing
glory which strikes greatness small,
Blanc supreme above his earth-brood
needles red and white and green,
Horns of silver, fangs of crystal set on
edge in his demesne."

A later poet, William Watson, describes the barque:

"The rose of eve steals up the snow;
On the waters far below
Strange sails like wings
Half-bodilessly come and go—
Fantastic things."

Chillon, a block of towers on a block of rocks, has for nearly ten centuries mirrored itself on the deep waters of the Lake of Geneva, calling up far-off memories, those of Peter of Savoy and of de Bonnavard the famous prisoner:

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnavard!—May none those marks
efface,
For they appeal from tyranny to God."



THE ROAD TO LOVELY ROSENLAUI, BERNESE OBERLAND

F. von Tschudi, the well-known Swiss naturalist and writer of the last century said :

"With its ever changing surroundings, the peculiar shape of its mountains, its beautiful valleys, its refreshing cascades, and its stately villages, the Simmenthal is one of the most interesting districts of the canton of Berne. A population remarkable alike for its physical vigour as for its intellectual qualities, has come to settle on the finest of Alpine lands, and devotes its energies to the rational breeding of cattle. It is indeed no easy task to minutely describe this country so richly endowed by nature."

Conrad Ferdinand Meyer thus sings of Engelberg :

"A sunlit Alpine valley,
Wandered through in my youth ,
Rose before me of a sudden
In its bitter loveliness,
With its heaven so pure and deep
Round sombre, abrupt cliffs—"

And his description of the dawn on Titlis :

" Silvery pale
The Titlis in the kingdoms of the air!
A gleam of rose gently hovers o'er it,

A sheen of joy thrills o'er it;
The monarch's pale head awakes
Kindled into the flush of life;
The blood mounts to his brow,
And glows ever warmer in its course;
The old man takes his purple mantle,
Then wakes the circle of his ministers;
And round the lofty, early ancient
The mountain forms are animated;
Those in darkness begin to glow;
They are the battlement of the Engel-
berg!"

Miss Havergal's sunrise is also inspiring :

"Now I have seen it at last, a real Alpine dawn and sunrise in perfection! When we came out we saw the 'daffodil sky,' which Tyndall describes, in the east, a calm glory of expectant light, as if something positively celestial must come next, instead of merely the usual sun. In the south-west the grandest mountains stood white and perfectly clear, as if they might be waiting for the resurrection, with the moon shining pale and yet radiant over them, the deep Rhone valley dark and gravelike in contrast below. As we got higher, the first rosy flush struck the Miscabel, and then the Weisshorn and Monte Leone came to life too; real rose, with something you had to persuade yourself was rose colour, only



THE MATTERHORN MIRRORED IN RIFFEL LAKE

it was rose fire, delicate yet intense. The Weisshorn was in its full glory, looking more perfectly lovely than any earthly thing I ever yet saw, when the tip of the Matterhorn caught the red light on its evil-looking rock peak. It was just like a volcano and looked rather awful than lovely, and gave me the impression of an evil angel impotently wrathful, shrinking away from the serene glory and utter purity of a holy angel which that Weisshorn at dawn might represent if anything earthly could."

Emil Yung describes Zermatt as :

"A little village surrounded by green pastures, many-coloured rocks and the dazzling whiteness of eternal snows,—one of the most striking and grandiose scenes in Switzerland. Here are sun-burnt faces, outlandish accents, gestures of surprise and eager bustle in search of a lodging. Nor is this always an easy quest during the months of July and August, when two thousand tourists are staying in Zermatt, whose native population does not exceed five hundred."

Alfred Müller, a Swiss poet, declares :

"No human soul is so degenerate, no mind so low as not to be overpowered here by the calm majesty of the spec-

tacle, the chain is built up in so extremely beautiful a manner, so bold is it in outline, so superb in detail, and at the same time, in spite of our closeness to it, more fully exposed to view here than anywhere else. Its beauty elevates our minds."

Sir Martin Conway, constant in his loyalty to the Alps, exclaims :

"What beauty there is in the great snow-fields that wearied waders through their soft envelope are in no condition to appreciate. For to be observed at their grandest they must be seen in the full glare of mid-daylight, when details are swallowed up in radiant, all-overpowering splendour. Great views are ennobled by the grandeur of full sunshine. So in the snow fields, when the eye can barely suffer to rest on them they are most impressive. If there be specks of dust upon the snow they disappear then from vision. With the brightness comes perfect purity, and the very idea of possible contamination vanishes away."

What makes the Alpine scenic and seasonal environment such a marvellous tonic to the depressed spirit of man? Mr. Frederic Harrison, the English essayist, has given this recurrent question a most appropriate answer :

"I find it in the immense range of the moods in which nature is seen in the Alps, at least by those who have fully absorbed all the forms, sights, sounds, wonders, and adventures they offer. An hour's walk will show them all in profound contrast and yet in exquisite harmony. The Alps form a book of nature as wide and as mysterious as life."

To him Switzerland is a rhythm, not only of nature, but of human life—to know the Alps is to know humanity. At seventy-five, Mr. Harrison finds as much joy, and sees as much beauty, in the Alps, as he did when his first gaze rested on them. He, too, declares, that the superlative beauties of these Titan peaks are to be obtained from the middle heights—looking down, for instance, upon one of the greeting lakes, in the foreground; and up, upon the rising grandeurs, of the background of the panorama.

"I am satisfied for the most part to go as high up as the mountain ash will thrive, with an occasional look from one of the central points, which can be reached without axes and ropes and yet command a vast range of snow-field, glacier, and peak."

And writing from Glion, his latest headquarters, he says:

"As I look down from the rocks which tower above Glion, I realise how those fierce fangs of the mighty Dent, of Diablerets, of d'Argentiere, the long spurs of Chablais in Savoy, are themselves but the débris of primeval Himalayas, from which monstrous glaciers descend to scoop out the lake."

To all, the call of the Alpine height is perpetual. The gentle Miss Havergal thus sings of the lure:

"Ho! for the Alps! The weary plains of France,
And the night-shadows leaving far behind,
For the pearl horizons with pure summits lined
On through the Jura-gorge, in swift advance—
The climber! with keen hope and buoyant glee,
On to the mountain land, home of the strong and free!

"On to the morning flush of gold and rose;

On! to the torrent and the hoary pine;
On! to the stillness of life's utmost line;

On! to the crimson fire of sunset snows.
Short star-lit rest, then with the dawn's first streak,

On! to the silent crown of some lone icy peak,

To emulate the chamois-hunter's leap
Or darkly climb the sharp arête, or slope of snow;

With Titan towers above and cloud-filled gulfs below."

The effect of this natural beauty, which encompasses the Swiss people in their home and national life, is seen in the beauty of their ideals, in their gladsome faces, and in their quaint costumes.

The costumes of these idyllic peasants, best seen on some festive occasion, are as picturesque as the scenery and in perfect harmony with their surroundings. They vary according to the different localities, but they are all distinctive and beautiful. In Appenzell the women are often seen in cantonal costume. The skirt is plain, of black or dark red, the glory being in the bodice and head dress. The bodice is of black velvet, strung across, back and front, with silver cord, and a deal of chainwork and jewellery is liberally used for the purpose of adornment. The bonnet worn at the back of the head, with streamers of black ribbon, has a pair of large black semi-circular wings. These wings are attached to the hair and made to come to a point over the forehead and are always *en évidence*, although the bonnet is often discarded.

The Bernese peasant girl is beautiful, with her snow-white shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder, exposing to view a sunburnt, strong arm, the red stays laced with black in front and adorned with silver chains and buckles. The skirts are short enough to make walking comfortable and to display a well-turned ankle and a neat homemade white stocking. It is a costume at once practical and simple



PANORAMA FROM THE ROTHORN, SHOWING THE BERNESE TITANS—EIGER, MONCH, JUNGFRAU, GROSSHORN AND BREITHORN

While many of the antique fashions have disappeared, there is still a quaint reminiscence of the old style worn by the men, especially in the higher regions of the Alpine valleys, among the herders. Such costume consists of knee pants, a broad belt, heavy, short stockings, a jacket, something of yellow material, with short sleeves, and a small round "kappi." The strong deep-chested muscular body of the mountaineer fits this costume to perfection, and he and his kirtled companions fill the scene with a life that is appropriate to the environment surrounding the Alpine *châlets*.

Many of these *châlets* are perched on shelves of rock high upon the mountain side, as if ready to tumble over, as it appears to the beholder in the valley. Sometimes they do tumble over when an avalanche or tremour of the earth temporarily unsettles the mountain. The Swiss mountaineer is accustomed to this danger. He is fearless in the storms

that suddenly project masses of snow with unresisting force against his shelter. Always prepared for them, he is provident in season. The thunder-claps are as music to his ear, in accord with the wild rhythm of nature in which he has his being.

True to nature, one finds the inhabitants of this little Eden spot cherishing thoughts as noble as the mountains are majestic and as beautiful as the scenery is magnificent. Miss Havergal refers in one of her visits to the beautiful words of the Swiss national songs: "A school came on board going to Fluellen and struck up some uncommonly pretty Swiss national songs in three parts. The effect of one in particular was quite upsetting, it was so sweet and charming."

The mountaineer's response to the sound of the herder's joyous yodel, is the "alpenhorn," a long horn, the effect of which must be heard in the Alps to be appreciated. The mountains echo it with infinite sweetness,



A ROMANTIC PASTORAL SCENE NEAR ADELBOLDEN, IN THE BERNESE OBERLAND

and the effect is thrilling. The farther the distance from which its tones are heard, the more flute-like seems its answer — powerful, yet mellow. Strong and sweet, it fills the valleys, while the echoes are flung weirdly and strangely from the mountain walls. In olden times, when the sturdy Schweitzer had often to leave his cattle and repel an intruding force, the alpenhorn was the means of summoning him to arms. Even now the melody has a haunting sound that seems to speak of martial deeds.

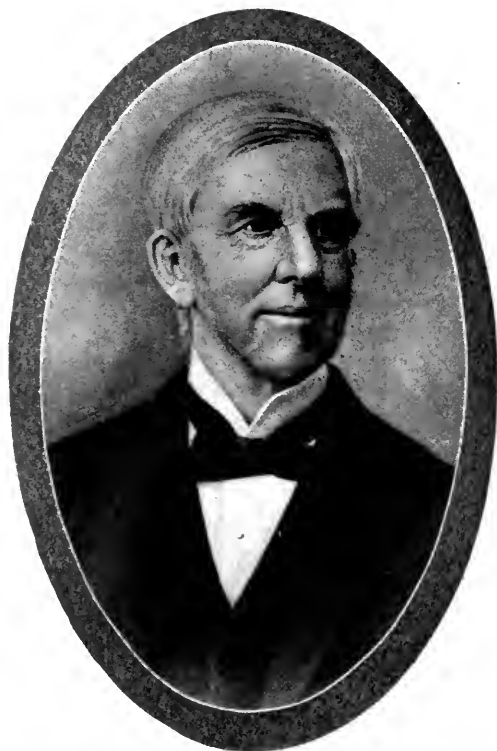
"No wonder the sound of the alpenhorn was forbidden during the days when Swiss served as mercenaries to France and Italy and other countries," says a writer. "Its sound would cause hundreds of otherwise faithful soldiers to desert for their Alps. And the songs with which Alpine herders call their companions from hill to hill,

from crag to crag, are of the same nature. There is no melody that will rouse the blood of a Swiss as the 'Kuhreihen.' The words of the song vary in different parts of Switzerland, but the effect is the same. It is a song of extreme melancholy, "of the homesickness in which the absent Swiss sees again, as in a musical vision, the *châlet* in which he was born, the mountains where the herds shake their mellow bells as they graze."

Happy indeed is Switzerland for she is forever blessed by nature and appreciated by man.

"It is a land, a happy land;
A beauteous sky, aye smiling on its
 plains,
And, bathed by lakes so blue and grand,
Its soil rests 'gainst the mountains
 white,
An image sweet of paradise
That is my land, my own dear land!"





OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

THE CENTENARY OF HIS BIRTH IS BEING CELEBRATED THIS MONTH

AN HOUR WITH OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES BY GRACE McLEOD ROGERS

TO begin at the beginning, I must tell you that "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" was my first Primer, my mother remembering that I would follow her about the house with the book in hand, asking letters, and words, till I had mastered from it the alphabet and easy reading. It would be gratifying to believe that this was a love for good literature thus early manifested. But the bright yellow cover of the Routledge edition in which the book was then

issued, with Holmes' own kindly face on the outside page, was doubtless the true attraction.

It proved a primer from which I never care to grade. The Breakfast-Series books were read aloud in our home, and very early we children learned that inside their yellow covers lived young Benjamin, and John, and Iris, and the dear Little Gentleman. We learned by heart "The Chambered Nautilus," "Old Ironsides," Aunt Tabitha," "The Deacon and His One

Horse Shay," and the little poem on the Katyids. As soon as parental permission was granted I eagerly read through the whole series for myself, and though I could not have understood half the contents I recall very vividly my keen enjoyment, and the equally keen envious pain I felt, to know that one man could write so charmingly and that all mortals could not be alike gifted.

Having thus cherished so long an admiration for Dr. Holmes, it was not wonderful that on my first visit to Boston I should make a pilgrimage to King's Chapel where he worshipped—to the old Copp Hill burying-ground to see if I might trace the place of the Little Gentleman's grave—to the great elms on the Common, and up the Mall called the "Long Path" which led to the ginkgo tree where the Autocrat and Schoolmistress stood the morning he told her his love. I was even emboldened to venture an interview with the Autocrat himself.

Friends in the city advised me not to attempt it, said he had of late grown rather testy in manner to the curious public, and impatient of interruption; that his recent trip abroad with all its triumphal progress, received and fêted by nobility and royalty, had made him less desirous of general admiration, and that if I did not want to risk finding my "idol's feet were clay," I had better not seek the interview. But resenting the imputation upon his kindness and daring the cold and indifferent reception, I started out on an afternoon in mid-October, for his home.

The leaves were falling in brown and yellow showers, soft, and fast over the green sward and dark malls as I crossed the Common, wending my way up the Long Path and past the "ginkgo tree" to get myself as it were *en rapport* with the occasion. Soon I reached Beacon Street, and the "brown stone front" which bore on its door-plate the name of Oliver Wendell Holmes. How many of the great and wise of earth had stood at

that portal: Agassiz, Ruskin, Emerson, all that famous galaxy of New England writers, with Matthew and Sir Edwin Arnold, Carlyle, and every literary guest of importance from Old England—each with right of wit or friendship, for entrance. I became abashed at thought of venturing my unknown petty self over so storied a threshold.

But the bell had already sounded. There could now be no retreat. A maid promptly answered my summons, ushered me into the reception-room, took my card, and vanished. Before I had time to become apprehensive or agitated, she returned, saying that "Dr. Holmes was at leisure and would receive me in the library."

I followed her up the long stair, and in a few seconds was in his presence, making my greeting. His pictured face had hung above my desk for ten years. He did not seem a stranger to my sight.

At first glance his appearance was somewhat feeble, just a

"General flavour of mild decay,
Nothing local as one might say."

This vanished when he spoke, his countenance lighting wonderfully. He talked in an easy, kindly fashion, with a deep rich voice, and you saw that he retained to a remarkable degree his full faculties, nowhere a break, sight, hearing and understanding yet keen. But he told me that though he had "worn well," he feared his memory was failing him. He had that day "found a volume of poems sent him by Tennyson, with an accompanying letter, unacknowledged." The death of the poet had just now brought it to his recollection.

In this connection he pointed to a large bundle of letters on his desk, saying that they were "the accumulation of but one week, a few from friends, but the greater number from strangers, that he could not attempt to read them all personally, nor even through his secretary could he answer

them all, though he was grateful for the words of praise they contained."

Just then I caught a note of the testy manner I had been warned of, and I felt myself to be one of these strangers who had no proper claim upon a great man. For I had myself written him a note a few days previously, with a presentation copy of my "Acadian Tales," not expecting a reply from him, but intending it more as a preliminary hearing to lead up to my visit.

No one likes to be "one of a bunch," so I made no allusion to the letter and the book when he presently asked me about my native province. He talked pleasantly and familiarly of its history, and of the poem "his friend Longfellow had written on the exiled Acadians," and said that he had "once projected a trip to Nova Scotia himself, but had been prevented from carrying it out."

This led him to speak of his recent journey abroad, its many incidents of interest, and of the "warm receptions accorded him by folk of high estate, and the enthusiasm of the general public."

By this time I judged twenty minutes must have elapsed, the limit for a formal call, and I rose to take my leave, venturing as I made my farewell to tell him of the many years I had cherished a desire to see him, and that my assurance in thus intruding upon him was born only of that desire and not of idle curiosity.

To which he replied that he was "gratified for all admiration and interest in himself and his writing, and was sorry he had not a better personality to show his friends but that was not his fault!"

He also spoke again of his failing memory, said it was "but the result of living unduly long, that all the people of his time had left him, his friend Samuel Francis Smith alone remaining of all the brilliant assemblage of the past generations." Then, extending his delicate white hand, he bade me a kindly good-bye.

Certainly, I had nothing to complain of. He had received me. He had conversed pleasantly with me, and yet in my heart I was not fully pleased, neither with my hero, nor my interview. It was satisfactory, but not satisfying.

As I passed out the door-way, he spoke my name, saying, "I suppose you would like my autograph."

Now I did not especially desire it, had not even thought of it, and I "spoke the truth in love" and told him so. He gave me a quick, pleasant glance, and held out his hand again in greeting.

"Come back," he said, "stay a little while, I want to show you the view from my window. But first I am really going to give you *that autograph*. It was presumption for me to suppose you did want it, but they all do, strangers, and often friends, and ask for it too."

"I am going to write it for you on your own card," he continued, seating himself at his desk, "and you shall have a sample of my very best writing, with my very best pen."

When he had finished he added quizzically, as he passed me the card, "Now some day for some reason you may want to specially remember the date of this visit to Boston, and failing to fix the time you will say 'Let me see, I went to call on an Old Dr. Holmes that trip, and his name and date of the call are written on a card somewhere'; that will settle it."

I had nothing more to complain of, for in very truth my host was now the genial Autocrat,—the bright twinkling eyes, the magnetic presence, the felicitous power to adapt himself to every occasion, and to say the right thing in the right place and in the happiest way—the one and only Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Now come to my window," he said, "and when you remember me again you can think of what I look out upon each day."

The house was situated on the water side of Beacon Street, and the library

is at the back, facing the broad river front and commanding a view up and down as well as across the river. Brighton, Cambridge, and Chelsea are in the distance, the tower of old Memorial Hall looming above the trees, off to the right the gilded dome of the State House—beyond all these, the hills, crowned that day in autumn glory. But the Charles River, full, and gray, and still, was where his gaze fell most often, he said, and he quoted from Longfellow's poem as he traced me the river's silver way:

"Friends I loved have dwelt beside it,
And have made its margin dear."

And when I added the rest of the stanza he seemed pleased that I too knew the verses and we repeated them together, to the end.

I told him that one of his poems was included in our Canadian Baptist Hymnal, and he said it had never been a special ambition of his to be known as a writer of hymns, that he left that for his friend and classmate Dr. Smith, but he "recognised the wide field his words would have in such a setting, and was glad if they could minister comfort and strength."

This led him to speak of King's Chapel, and Dr. Peabody, and the form of worship there, and the "value of worship everywhere." He said he "had his own thoughts about it all, but that it rested him to sit in the fine old place, because he had worshipped there when he was young himself, when his children were young, when they were grown, when they were gone, and he should go there to the end."

Then he showed me his books, exquisite volumes of poetry, science and art, presentation copies from the greatest writers of the age, a superb edition of his own works lately given him as a birthday gift by his publishers, and many a rare set showing the

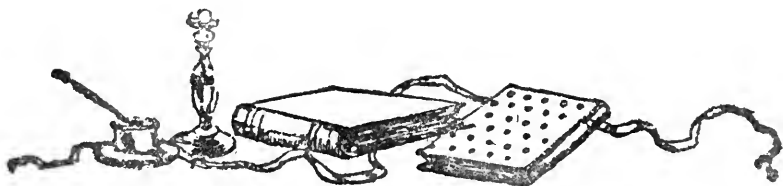
"Red morocco's brilliant gleam
And vellum rich as country cream."

Half an hour passed delightfully away. Once again I rose to make my departure. This time he accompanied me to the door, and down the hall to the steps, standing there till I had reached the door below—perhaps because he wanted to "really see the last of me," in illustration of his own professor's way of "helping people off!"—perhaps to have an "eye on the spoons," for the rooms downstairs were open and vacant; but in truth I believe it was because of his genial, chivalrous spirit, for as I glanced upward he gave me a gracious bow, and returned to his study.

Two days later I received a letter from him, a closely covered page, in his own fine handwriting, so kindly worded—the crown and seal of my pleasant visit.

And on the following day came another letter from him, an acknowledgment of the "Acadian Tales," sent to the care of my publishers, D. Lothrop Company, and written *before I had visited him, but written by himself*. I had not been "one of a bunch," after all.

Treasured sheets they are, and precious the memory of that October afternoon in the Autocrat's library.



THE WAY OF THE WEST

BY HELEN GUTHRIE

MEADOWVILLE must have a church. There was no doubt about that. Apart from all moral and religious considerations (which should count, perhaps, in some measure), it was quite obvious that any self-respecting western prairie town, boasting of three elevators, a school, six shops and a livery-stable, ought to be able to point to a church-steeple among its other possessions. Public opinion, both in Meadowville and in the surrounding country, was quite unanimous.

In accordance with this generally felt sentiment, the Presbyterians, led by a young and ardent Scotch minister, fresh from the heather, called a congregational meeting to discuss ways and means. Everybody was invited to be present, whether English, Scotch, Irish or Dutch as to creed, and everybody turned up, imbued with the true western idea that creeds count for little and that the strongest "has it." "Might is right!"

It was on a certain Wednesday evening that the farm waggons and buggies of the country folk drove into town and "hitched up" before "The Icelanders' Hall," a building not so bleak and cold as its name might imply, and which for several years had done duty for church services, dances, box-socials, and various other entertainments. In fact, the Hall was the pulse of the community, all things solemn and all things festive being held within its all-embracing walls.

As no sort of gathering in the West is complete without "inward cheer,"

each lady, as she entered the Hall, walked proudly up the aisle to the front, disappeared into a room behind the platform, and there deposited her donation to the "supper," before taking her seat among the audience. If, therefore, one were sitting next the aisle, one's nostrils were regaled with appetising whiffs of hot scones, fresh gingerbread, etc., as all sorts of napkin-crowned dainties found their way into the Icelandic kitchen.

Finally the meeting was called to order; the absorbing topics of wheat, oats, and summer-fallow were suspended, and the Man of Heather opened the proceedings with a speech, setting forth the need of a church in such a community as Meadowville, and asking for an expression of opinion.

Silence reigned.

Soon, however, a murmur arose, emphatic nods and winks were exchanged; audible suggestions that "Lorrimer would do it" were made, whereupon up rose the said Lorrimer.

He was a typical Englishman, from the toe of his English-made boots to the crown of his English-clipped hair. It was, in western language, a "dead cert" that his forbears, to the tenth generation, had been Episcopalians; and, yet, with the Thirty-Nine Articles fairly written on his forehead, this Lorrimer, in a neat, sensible little speech, begged leave to move that a *Presbyterian church* be built in the village of Meadowville! This was duly seconded by a Baptist, and passed with great acclaim.

It then became necessary to appoint a building committee, which was done with expedition, and was found to consist of Lorrimer (Episcopalian), Wesley (Methodist), Cheviot (Presbyterian), Brown (Congregationalist), and the parson himself. The men were evidently not chosen because of their allegiance to the Westminster Confession, or even as lineal descendants of John Knox. The question of denomination never seemed to enter into the matter at all. In fact, none of the people, in the least, realised the diversity of creeds represented.

At this juncture, a stout, comfortable old lady, apparently feeling the need of inward support, rose, and on squeaky boots, which she vainly strove to tip-toe into silence, stepped forth to the kitchen. The carpenter, who was expatiating on the wood, etc., to be used in the construction of this cosmopolitan church, paused amid his "2 x 4 scantlings" to remark, in an audible aside, to the Lady of the Squeaks, "Wait a minute, Mrs. Moore, and I'll light the fire for you." But Madam Moore, Presbyterially persistent, kept on in the even tenor of her way, scratching a match on the lintel of the door as she disappeared into the kitchen, and soon a roar up the chimney proclaimed the fact that the fire was under way.

Speeches were various, pointed, distinguished by non-sectarianism, and interspersed with all sorts of unexpected and characteristic touches. The station-master, in full tide of enlarging upon the superiority of "concrete blocks" over bricks, paused, and, in an aside, remarked that "If supper is ready, don't mind me, for I can talk my pile afterwards!"

On being assured, however, that "the coffee hadn't boiled yet," he expeditiously shunted on to his concrete blocks again, with undiminished complacency.

They had got as far in the new building as the pulpit, when, by a series of nods and beckonings and

expressive gesticulations, the Lady of the Kitchen conveyed the information to one Jimmy Jones in the audience, that the cups had been forgotten, and that it would be necessary for him to retire and procure them. Meanwhile, as Jimmy rose to the occasion, the aroma of the impending "supper" became appetisingly apparent. The prospective pulpit was enshrouded in a mist of coffee-steam, and imagination was busy conjecturing as to the speed of the cup-messenger's feet.

The steeple was being built to a surprising height, when footsteps were heard approaching on the plank sidewalk. Nearer they came, until the accompanying click, click, of china could be also heard, as fifty odd cups rattled together in a friendly spirit. Then in came Jimmy, red and shining with mingled perspiration and embarrassment, and deposited his burden, with a thud, on the kitchen table.

This was the signal for various dames to join the presiding genius at the coffee-boiler, and the aspiring steeple came to an untimely end as the young men bore in the refreshments.

There is certainly nothing mean about the West! Huge coffee-cups were handed around, and filled with giant portions. Enormous trays held the edibles—bread and butter gracing one end, shading up to biscuits and scones, then through the cookie and doughnut family, until, in ever-increasing richness, the far end of the trays culminated in layer-cakes of numberless heights and colours, as well as frosted fruit-cakes. It was, indeed, an effort, and one was in a quandary as to which point to begin at in the succession of culinary triumphs. It was a soulful moment, requiring discrimination and wise consideration, and happy was he whose digestion warranted a full course. It was indeed a time of rejoicing for the many bachelors present—"Theirs but to do or die!" And they did.

After an incredible amount had been

consumed, and when everybody was feeling soothed and comforted and uplifted by sociability and coffee, the subscription list went around! Beginning at Lorrimer, who seemed to be the Man of Might, it circulated everywhere, on the principle that where coffee and layer-cake went, money must come—and come it did! There was a prospect of good crops, so the purse-strings of the farmers were untied. A hundred here, a hundred there, and a hundred the other place—some in cash, some on paper, some, again, in work, until two thousand was “in sight,” and more to come! Enthusiasm reigned, and men who had not entered a church for years were eagerly discussing ways and means, contributing money, and offering suggestions with as much genuine interest as though they were deacons.

Finally, first with the doxology, sung lustily by all, then the benediction, pronounced by the Man of Heather, and accepted devoutly by the motley western crowd, and followed

up with “He’s a Jolly Good Fellow!” the meeting closed. Thus was inaugurated the Meadowville Presbyterian Church.

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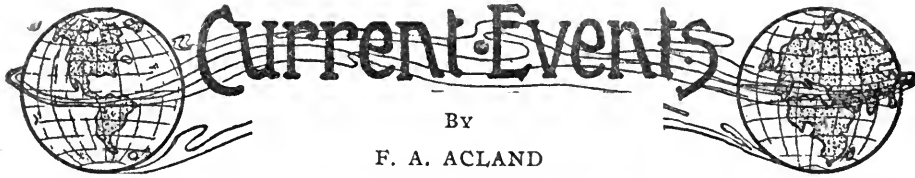
It is no cathedral. York Minster and Westminster Abbey may still hold up their heads in conscious might and superiority; but, while very few of the Meadowville folk can ever see the abbeys and cathedrals of the old land, they can all have a pride and pleasure in the humble little structure which they built themselves. Solomon’s Temple might inspire more pride, but it would lack the inestimable adjunct of personal effort.

All honour to the diversity of creeds and countries which can assimilate so marvellously in such an object as this. All honour to the Lorrimers and Mrs. Moores of the West, who, in their own way, help on the public spiritedness which should characterise a new land. And, the best of good wishes to the Meadowville Presbyterian Church!

SWALLOWS

By BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE

When daylight fades, and sunset colours dim,
The meadow-land is sweet with evening scent;
And there where flows the brook, in calm content
The cattle wander, grazing by the brim.
Then, joyously the swallows lightly skim,
No longer far up in the firmament,
But, low along the brook, with one consent
Fly back and forth, and oft beneath the rim
Bend darting wing. With twitter soft and sweet,
Up stream and down they go in sheer delight.
So late they linger, dipping thus below
The gleaming surface, they would fain repeat
The joy of that day’s gladness in their flight,
By bathing in the very sunset glow.



Current Events

By
F. A. ACLAND

THE Imperial Press Conference has more than justified the hopes of those who promoted it if their object was to place it in the eye of the world, and so make the subjects discussed before it themes of world-wide debate. Quite naturally, however, the themes that have appealed to the world and which the press of the Empire is debating are not the semi-technical matters of means and methods of communication, transmission of news, etc., but the overpowering sense of impending peril, impending calamity almost, according to Lord Rosebery, which agitates the minds of the public men of Great Britain. The greatest orator of our times — so the Earl of Rosebery is admitted to be — appears to have exerted himself to the utmost to make his words impressive and to have them reverberate throughout the Empire, and, in fact, throughout the world. His suggestion that the hush that rests now over Europe is the lull that precedes the storm is a chilling, mournful and unwelcome thought; but this is not a reason for lightly setting aside the ripest reflections of one of the finest minds of Europe. And it is to be noted that Sir Edward Grey, the most gifted member perhaps of the present Government and the statesman who is by virtue of his office peculiarly in touch with foreign politics, endorsed all that Lord Rosebery had said, while to give solemnity almost to the occasion, the words of Mr. Balfour,

leader of the Opposition, hardly less momentous than those of the former Liberal Premier, were cordially endorsed by Mr. Haldane, the War Secretary in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet. There is some disagreement as to the precise measures to be taken to meet the situation, but there seems to be no doubt that in their view of the situation itself, leaders of all parties are in essential agreement.

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It is impossible to pierce the veil that diplomacy casts over passing events, or there would, of course, be no mysterious undercurrent of danger, and one does not wish to believe that any nation in these days deliberately conceives and cherishes nefarious designs against another, but it is not yet fifty years since Prussia united with Austria to strip Denmark of two provinces, keeping Schleswig for herself, then in a year or two turning on unready Austria and snatching Holstein; and it is not yet forty years since France was the victim of a war of conquest. It was not until the old Emperor William, and Von Moltke, and Bismarck had all passed away that Dr. Busch gave to the world his remarkable and wholly authenticated story, showing how Bismarck had played with Napoleon, how he corrupted and controlled the German press, and how skilfully — treacherously one would say were it not diplomacy — and successfully he

worked to make France appear the aggressor in the war on which he had determined.

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Critics who wish to be strictly impartial may say that Germany's conduct on these occasions was not inconsistent with that of other nations at various critical or exciting points in their career, and history supplies ample evidence of this truth as against every nation which has left its impress on the world. England, France, Spain, Austria, the United States, Japan, none are exempt, not even little Denmark, if the plea of the Icelder is observed. If Germany is secretly cherishing aggressive designs at the present time—if that can indeed be termed secret of which all the world is talking, there is plenty of historical precedent. It is the way of the world. There does not, it is true, appear now to be any Bismarck controlling affairs in Germany. The Emperor William is himself perhaps the nearest approach to a man of blood and iron, but there is reason to believe that he has made quite vigorous, if not always tactful, efforts to stem the tide of anti-British feeling among his people, as in the case of that celebrated interview in the *London Daily Telegraph*, for instance, which caused the clipping of his wings. Prince von Bülow, the Imperial Chancellor, makes the most friendly references to Great Britain and pooh-poohs the talk of war and the gossip about German designs; but the great naval programme goes on and the shipyards are building and building and building. The finances of the German Empire are almost a wreck, and the very latest scheme propounded for meeting the existing deficit—death duties after the British system—has been defeated; but the building does not slacken.

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Those who believe, therefore, that Germany is to be turned from her

purpose by kind words and tactful messages have not realised the intensity of purpose that persists in creating under such difficulties a navy that shall be able to defy the power of Britain on the sea. Meanwhile, wars that have threatened have not always occurred. Russia and Britain were on the verge of a struggle for years in the early eighties. The British Parliament voted money for war purposes, but diplomacy conquered in the end and the two countries are now warm friends. So with France. It is not many years since the Fashoda incident, when wrath in each country flared to the fighting point. Again statesmanship triumphed and to-day there is the utmost cordiality between France and Britain. We may be sure that powerful factors are working for peace on the present occasion also, certainly in Britain, and possibly, in spite of appearances, in Germany. It would be a magnificent vindication of twentieth-century civilisation if the present war cloud might also be dissolved and the two great and proud nations over whom it rests brought together in friendship. Every wise word uttered with that end in view may help to bring this about.

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To return to the more technical or professional aspects of the Press Conference, it would seem that a substantial reduction has been effected in the cable rates, with indications of further reductions in the near future. To Mr. P. D. Ross, of Ottawa, belongs in a large measure the credit for this achievement. It is sincerely to be hoped that the reduction in cable rates will bring the advantage expected to the Canadian press. It may seem churlish to question the utility of what is generally pronounced a boon, but it is nevertheless open to grave doubt whether newspaper readers will as a consequence of this cable rates reduction be any better informed regarding the affairs of the old world at large, or of

Great Britain in particular. The cable already bears a mass of matter for newspaper consumption in which the average reader is but little interested. There is a vast amount of duplication and contradiction, a vast amount more of conjecture and prediction, from day to day, and cheaper cable tolls will probably have the effect of making this Babel of telegrams more disordered and confusing than ever. It is difficult to obtain ideal conditions in these matters, but there is some ground for believing that it is not so much cheapness as organisation that is needed.

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The cable report of the conference noted the suggestion of one speaker that the cable should be so cheapened that people in all parts of the Empire might learn the daily lives of the people of all other parts. No doubt the remark was based on a very laudable sentiment, but a moment of reflection will show how impracticable such an ambition would be even were cable tolls abolished. There is a limit to the capacity of mankind for absorbing information, particularly information of the kind suggested, and there is a limit to the capacity of newspapers to print it. The best articles in the average newspaper that deals with European affairs are not cabled at all, but are either the editorial quietly written by the trained hand, or the mailed letter discussing some particular feature of social life or some current of popular feeling which the cable correspondent would under no circumstances touch, and this will continue to be the case whether cable tolls are reduced or not. Cheaper tolls will perhaps lessen the expenditure of some newspapers in this direction and enable improvements for which there is always room, to be effected in other directions. It is only fair to remember, too, that there are other over-seas dependencies of Britain than Canada, some of them much farther away from the



JOHN BULL'S VISION

—Munich *Simplicissimus*

news centres of the world than is Canada. Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa are likely each to get the benefit of the lower rate and newspaper readers in those countries will doubtless appreciate the multiplication and expansion of the meagre dispatches that now reach their press, which is in this respect far less fortunate than that of Canada.

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The average Canadian is inclined to be apathetic with regard to the relations of the Dominion with other countries, but it is necessary that such relations should exist in increasing degree, and it is impossible that there should not be as between Canada and her great neighbour, the United States, relations of a most extensive and intricate character and requiring constant watching and regulation. It is gratifying, therefore, to learn that during the year no less than five agreements, which may, no doubt, be loosely described as "treaties," have been signed between this country and the United States, while yet others are on the way. It



HELPING MOTHER

New York *Life's* view of Colonial Contribution

is such a perfectly rational and business-like method of procedure that it hardly appears to call for any great degree of exultation; yet we know that a very few years ago such a state of irritation existed between the two countries that it was hardly practicable to discuss anything with a view to settlement. Now, thanks on the one hand to the activity and influence of Ambassador Bryce and the reasonableness and friendliness of Mr. Root, the Secretary of State in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet, and on the other hand to the untiring efforts of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, to settle all that exists of difference between us and our neighbours, one subject after another had been rapidly disposed of. First, on April 4, 1908, was signed an arbitration convention between Great Britain and the United States, agreeing to refer to the permanent court of arbitration at The Hague differences arising out of the interpretation of a treaty, in the event of such a question relating to an overseas state of the Empire, which in this case means Canada, the concurrence of the Dominion concerned is to be secured before any special agreement is to be concluded. A week later two other treaties directly affecting Canada were signed at Washington, one concerning the fisheries in waters contiguous to the international boundary, the other relating to the demarcation

of the boundary line. A fourth treaty comprised an agreement respecting the conveyance of persons in custody through the territory of the country to those concerned, and an agreement also arranging reciprocal rights in wrecking and salvage in waters along the boundary. The last treaty ratified in which Canada is interested was the agreement to refer to The Hague under the arbitration treaty of last year, questions in dispute relating to fisheries on the North Atlantic coast. The actual dispute exists as between the United States and Newfoundland and not as between the United States and Canada, but the reference to The Hague includes an interpretation of a clause of the treaty of 1818 in which Canada is keenly interested. In this important matter the British Government has left Canada's interests wholly in Canadian hands, Hon. A. B. Aylesworth, the Minister of Justice, being British agent, with Sir Robert Findlay, of Great Britain, as counsel, and Mr. J. S. Ewart, Ottawa, assisting in the preparation of the case. There remains the waterway convention, intended to prevent disputes regarding the use of boundary waters and to settle existing disputes between the United States and Canada on this subject. This treaty has been signed by the United States, but it will be remembered that the United States Senate in ratifying it attached a rider relating to the riparian rights along the St. Mary's River at Sault Ste. Marie, and the Canadian Government has not yet consented to the convention as amended. There is a further convention respecting pecuniary claims as between the two countries which is well under way. This is, on the whole, a very good record for one year. It does not follow, of course, that there will not arrive other disputes, that there may not be some time a dispute which cannot be managed in this comfortable way, but the fewer the differences left to vex neighbours the more cordial and agreeable, obvi-

ously, are likely to be the relations between them.

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It is to be hoped that the press reports of the social and moral reform section of the Women's International Council are substantially inaccurate, though it is to be feared such is not the case. The militant suffragists would appear to have reached Canada in their most rabid and obnoxious form when a woman stands before an audience of women and thanks God she has no daughter, and says had such a daughter existed and been made as unhappy by a husband as she had been herself she would have shot him on sight. There were other speeches to the same effect, betokening a morbid vanity and an almost savage antagonism of sex on the part of the speakers which would not afford much hope for the progress of society if we believed such crude bitter notions to be widespread. But the names of the speakers were, as a rule, never heard of in Canada before, and will probably never be heard of here again. If the Council had to be judged by a particular section, its quinquennial gatherings would become visitations of terror to the different capitals of the world, but happily there were other sections where the leaders were not those whose lives have been blighted, from whatever cause, and where some real benefit may have been gained from profitable discussion.

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The assassination of Lt.-Col. Sir W. H. Curzon-Wyllie, of Shanghai, and of Dr. Lalceca, by a disaffected Hindu student is the first political murder in the British Isles since the Phoenix Park tragedies in 1881. Deplorable, therefore, as the incident is, and vehemently as all right-minded persons must condemn such detestable warfare, it serves to draw attention to the long immunity which the mother country has enjoyed from crime of



SUSPENSE

Uncle Sam—"I can hold on, but I wish it was over"
—Williams in Boston Herald

this kind. Lord Morley was a member of the British Government at the time of the earlier tragedy at Dublin, as he is a member of the Government to-day, and there could be no more striking comment on the futility, as well as madness, of such a crime than that it should be perpetrated at a time when men such as he are using their utmost energies to secure for those concerned—the people of Ireland in the one case and those of India in the other—the fullest degree which practical statesmanship permits of the realisation of national aspirations. It is to be taken for granted that, with a humanitarian like Lord Morley in charge of the India office, this assassination will not be made an excuse for turning aside from the progressive policy regarding India which has lately been formulated: on the other hand, the anarchists and misguided patriots will no doubt learn that Britain is not to be by violence and crime intimidated into making unwise or unnecessary concessions.



THE MONTH OF GOLD.
The blue of waves is flecked afar
With sails of silver gleam;
The clouds adrift in August skies
Are shallops of a dream.

The poppies droop their silken heads
In weary, idle swoon,
And o'er the northern waters comes
The lonely note of loon.

But gold the August sunlight lies
On cliff and stream and spire,
While on the hillside glimmers fair
The golden-rod's soft fire.

The harvest wealth engilds the field
In radiance over all;
And shimmers gently through the dusk
When twilight shadows fall.

The year has filled its golden cup
With vintage all divine—
When sultry August gardens yield
The richest of their wine.

J. G.

*

THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS

IT is difficult for the modern girl to keep from considering herself an exceedingly important character, for magazines, newspapers and even advertisements are crammed with appeals to the Young Person. The education of the girl of the Twentieth Century appears to exercise greatly the minds of those who direct the training of the ascending generation. According to all that is said and discussed, the woman of the future is to be quite different from her great-grandmother. In spite of all the theorists, she will probably be

very much a Daughter of Eve and make as many mistakes as did our apple-loving ancestress. The latest Mentor to comment upon the modern system of education for girls is Mr. Reginald Kauffman, who says many things in *Hampton's Magazine* concerning the finishing school for girls.

"One student of my acquaintance," remarks the critic, "has, after a three years' course, managed to choke down enough French to translate, if there's a dictionary handy, the original Gallic phrases encountered in a popular novel; she knows what the menu is trying to say, though, of course, neither she nor anybody else can translate that verbatim. If she would take time to complete it—but she never takes time to complete anything—she might be able to make a fair copy of a Charles Dana Gibson line drawing. She can recite certain chapters of the Bible by heart, but knows about as much concerning them as the average actor knows about the lines of his part. And as for literature, she has acquired the exact date of every great English author's birth and death without having any conception of what any of them wrote, and without swerving one hair's breadth from her allegiance to the contemporary marshmallow school of fiction."

Mr. Kauffman proceeds to tell us what the girl *does* know; "The last time she was home I tried to talk

to her; we used to make mud pies together and, later, she chewed the spitballs that I threw at the teacher in the fourth reader; but now I am a mister to her and she is a mystery to me. Well, we talked, or rather she did, and what I received from her was simply a rapid, running description of all the season's plays on Broadway. It appears that the school is often taken to the theatre in a body, provided the drama to be produced is not too serious, and that the whole student body go as individuals to Saturday matinées. Consequently, this girl has twenty photographs of Robert Edeson, each in a different pose, on the dressing-table, which she used to call a bureau, and knows the private history and matrimonial record of all the idols of the stage."

Mr. Kauffman seems to be unlucky in his girl friend. No doubt he was "simply dying" to talk on the tariff, while she was absorbed in the stars. It was too bad for his conversational aspirations to be clipped by her stupidity. Is he telling the truth about the average "finishing" school? It must be remembered that many of these schools, indeed the most expensive, are intended as a preparation for fashionable society, not as an equipment for life itself. It is hardly necessary to know more than the graceful superficialities if a girl is to enter upon the social struggle ahead of the ordinary *débutante*. It is quite true that the girl, after all is said and done, prefers Mr. Chambers' "The Firing Line" to "Middlemarch" or "Vanity Fair" and considers the coloured heads on the magazine covers "perfectly cute." But is she more crude, more lacking in appreciation of art and literature, than her brother who is home from college? Mr. Kauffman may be assured that the average sophomore is even more impossible in the gentle art of conversation than his *matinée*-obsessed sister. Anything more painful than an attempt to carry on a coherent talk with a half-baked football hero is an experience not to

be craved. There is a lack of thoroughness in the instruction, or rather in the intellectual discipline of many of our schools. However, taste in literature and art should be inculcated in the home. The girl whose mother cares for good books and true pictures has had a "course" of instruction worth all the academies in the world.

There is one feature in which feminine education on this side of the Atlantic is noticeably backward—and that is the linguistic. How few Canadian women—even among the leaders of the National Council—are able to express themselves intelligibly in either French or German! We are decidedly timid and slothful about acquiring a practical acquaintance with modern languages. It is true that the Canadian is not brought in contact with the French or the Germans to a degree which makes this ignorance a positive disability. The English, Scotch and Irish are just across a channel or two from countries which demand bi-lingual accomplishments if any satisfactory intercourse is to be held. Travel in Europe may improve our lingual resources, in variety if not in volume.

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ECHOES OF THE QUINQUENNIAL

WHAT is the highest elective office which a woman can hold? Undoubtedly that of President of the International Council of Women, an honour which has been bestowed once more on the Countess of Aberdeen. Of course, the undiscerning may declare that it is because she is wife of the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland that Lady Aberdeen is once more the choice of the greatest feminine organisation in the world. Those who have seen this able presiding officer in the chair will doubt the justice of such a comment. Lady Aberdeen is the born leader and would dominate in any sphere. When Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of this Dominion, there were certain envious spirits who declared that his enterprising consort

was really the representative of the British Sovereign in this big section of the Empire and that Lord Aberdeen was merely an ornamental figure. But those were the early days of feminine activities and Canadians, it must be admitted, were too unaccustomed to women's clubs or societies to understand a *chatelaine* of Rideau Hall who concerned herself with something beyond garden parties and fancy balls and actually made obvious use of her brains in philanthropic effort. By the way, several Canadian women of the old school were discussing the other day the various distinguished women who have come and gone in our vice-regal records.

"I remember Lady Monck, the very first," said a white-haired visitor from Montreal. "I think she wore the most hideous garments I ever saw. She was rather popular in spite of her queer cloaks."

"The best of them was Lady Dufferin," said a Toronto woman with reminiscent warmth. "I'll never forget how good she was to me when I was a shy, awkward girl at a dance in Ottawa."

"There never was a Governor-General's household like Dufferin's," said a venerable delegate who had learned her Canada as few of us know this, our native land. "They were the very *dearest* people."

But to come back to the Quinquennial Congress! Five hundred women talked on two hundred subjects, according to official accounts, and great was the wisdom thereof. Everything was discussed, from tuberculosis to pure politics, and how the former may be fought and the latter attained. What good did all the talking do, is a question which will be asked, especially by the masculine inquirer. Just the good that is done, whenever a large assembly of earnest and intelligent human beings come together, with a desire to learn and to impart. The women of this Council are not impeccable and faultless creatures who neither make mistakes nor per-

petrate blunders. They have the kindest impulses towards distressed humanity, but have also an intellectual control of such disposition that keeps it from degenerating into the sickly sentimentalism which has too often characterised feminine "charities."

One of the newspapers of Toronto went so far as to hint at a dispute regarding the elections and a lack of union among the ranks. This statement aroused a natural resentment among the leading delegates and repudiation followed swiftly. Indeed, considering the alarming range of subjects and the many nationalities joining in the conference, it was carried on with an amiability quite surprising. Even the question of suffrage failed to create a disturbance between those who demand votes and those who do not care a single picayune for the ballot. The women of this remarkable Congress have departed, leaving in the capital of Ontario the impression of a momentous gathering and a remembrance of certain vivid and strong personalities.

A Canadian delegate, who was commenting on the lessons to be learned from the foreign members, remarked: "One quality I envy many of these European women is their repose of manner. They do not fidget, work their features in a convulsive fashion, or find it necessary to be constantly tapping fingers or feet. We Canadians—and the United States delegates as well—are too nervous and jerky. We lack restfulness."

Perhaps the Canadian delegate is right. Certainly repose is not the trait for which the woman of this continent and this age is most famous. But we are young yet and need not be absolutely discouraged about our nervous fidgety ways. After a century or so, we may grow up and learn not to overwork our features. The Editor of Toronto *Saturday Night* made a more serious charge—with a good show of justice. One of the Danish delegates used some curious expres-



MRS. W. E. SANFORD, OF HAMILTON,
TREASURER, INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN

sions which were not exactly idiomatic English, whereupon the audience gave way to loud mirth. The editorial critic considered this an act of deplorable rudeness on the part of the Canadians, who formed the majority of the audience.

There is one Canadian on the list of officers of the International Council of Women—Mrs. W. E. Sanford of Hamilton, who has been for years the treasurer of that world-wide organisation. Mrs. Sanford is the widow of the late Senator W. E. Sanford, who was known as a prominent manufacturer of the Dominion. Mrs. Sanford has always been devoted to philanthropic and benevolent undertakings, and, since the foundation of the Council of Women, has taken a profound and practical interest in its operations. Mrs. Sanford's work in

India has been especially valuable, as there is probably no country in the Orient whose women are in greater need of the science and enlightenment of more fortunate countries. Both time and money have been freely devoted by this Canadian official of the great Council to her chosen work, and her ability and generosity have met with ready recognition. Mrs. Sanford, in personal charm and dignity, is a worthy representative of her city and native land. One of her daughters is the wife of Major Tudor, an officer in the British army, and a younger daughter is Mrs. Gordon Henderson of Hamilton, while Winnipeg's clever young mayor, Mr. Sanford Evans, is a nephew. During the recent Congress in Canada, Mrs. Sanford entertained the delegates at her beautiful residence, "Wesanford."

JEAN GRAHAM.



The WAY of LETTERS

THE recent death of the novelist F.

Marion Crawford increases interest in his latest romance, "The White Sister." As might be surmised of a Crawford novel, the scene is laid in Italy, even in Rome itself, and the time is the present. Notwithstanding a somewhat laboured beginning, the story develops well, and soon involves the Roman Catholic religion. It purports to be a test of the power of the Church against the power of love, which is not a new theme, but the treatment and setting are attractive. *Angela Chiaromonte*, beautiful and intense, a daughter of an aristocratic Italian gentleman, becomes affianced to *Giovanna Sereri*, a promising young soldier. *Angela's* father dies, and because he had refused to have his wedding civilly acknowledged, the girl is left penniless. With aggravating ill-fortune, *Giovanna's* father suffers great financial loss. The youth decides to leave the army and engage in engineering work, so that he might earn enough money to justify him in marrying *Angela*. But the romantic maiden dissuades him, and urges that he accept a commission, full of danger, in a distant land, in order to prove his prowess instead of resigning and thereby arousing suspicion of cowardice. *Giovanna* accepts, but in a very short time a report is received that every member of the expedition has been killed. Then *Angela* enters a hospital conducted by one of the sisterhoods of Rome, and becomes a nurse. In time

she conceives the idea that if she were to devote her life to religious, or rather charitable, work and prayer she might thereby do something towards increasing the happiness of her departed lover. Accordingly she makes her vows, takes the veil, and becomes a nun. She is an ideal sister, but after five years in the service her lover returns, he having miraculously escaped, although he had been reported dead. Then follow a series of extremely dramatic situations, in which the young soldier, who is an agnostic, and the nun struggle for supremacy, the soldier wishing the girl to renounce her vows, the girl determined to stand true to the Church. The young nurse is subjected to persistent and almost overwhelming temptation, as she is convinced that the happiness of both herself and her lover throughout eternity depends on her not even suing for a release from her vows. The situation is a delicate one, but at the moment when it looks as if there is no solution the Cardinal takes things in his own hands, and tells the lovers that, although the nun has not asked for release, it will be granted. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

A MORTUARY ROMANCE

The matrimonial aspirations, cherished towards a deceased wife's sister, form the motive of "Gervase," a novel by Mabel Dearmer, which seems much agitation over a family

complication. To many, such a marriage appears to be repulsive, but the attitude of the Church of England towards such an alliance becomes a dreary bore ere the story of "Gervase" is disentangled. The young hero is neither profound nor entertaining and the reader is fain to give him in marriage to his deceased's wife's aunt, niece or second-cousin, if only to get rid of the incoherent and burdensome youth, who does not know his own mind—to say nothing of his heart. The heroine is no more attractive than her brother-in-law, and, if ecclesiastical law had not been opposed to the union, it is not at all likely that her deceased sister's widower would have been attracted to the lady. It is a tale of sentimental contrariness which is hardly worth while. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

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THE STORY OF A SILVER FOX

According to Ernest Thompson Seton's latest story of animal life, "The Biography of a Silver Fox," the silver fox is a freak of nature and not the offspring of parents similarly endowed. The author says:

"The silver fox is not of different kind, but a glorified freak of the red race. His parents may have been the commonest of red foxes, yet nature, in extravagant mood, may have showered all her gifts on this favoured one of the offspring, and not only clad him in a marvellous coat, but gifted him with speed and wind, and brains above his kind, to guard his perilous wealth."

The story is fascinating, and is delightful reading for children. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

*

A STORY OF EXILE

A new book of adventure, entitled, "A Flight from Siberia," by Vaclav Sieroszewski, has, as might be expected, many names that are decidedly unfamiliar to most Canadian readers, such as Krasuski, Arkanoff, Nichorski, Voronin, Tcherevin, Denizoff, Glicksberg and so on. The author has di-

vided the book into four sections, namely: "The Last Merry Making;" "Boglands, Woodlands, and Uplands;" "So Love Was Crowned," and "Breezes, Billows, and Breakers." The story deals with the lives of a number of political exiles in Siberia from Poland. It tells about the great difficulties these unfortunates encountered when secretly building a boat to assist them to escape from the country, and also describes vividly the hardships they underwent after leaving Jourjuy, their place of confinement. An insight is given into the homes, labours, fears and hopes of this band of exiles, who felt that the "Officialdom" to which they were subjected desired to have them treated as lepers or as the worst of outcasts. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company, Limited).

*

A BOOK ON BOYS

"In dealing with boys, to begin with it is a safe thing to say that in reality there are no bad boys. One should never despair of making a good citizen of any healthy lad—we will always have the diseased, the dwarfed and the degenerate, some of whom can never be reclaimed, but the boys whom we call bad we do not understand. The healthy boy is all right. If there are any shortcomings it is among the senior members of society."

The foregoing quotation is from the introduction to a book by Dr. George A. Dickinson, entitled "Your Boy: His Nature and Study." If this book were widely read, as it well deserves to be, there undoubtedly would be much less misunderstanding between boys and their parents than there is now. This book should not be confounded with the many repulsive volumes that are issued from time to time and that are intended to stimulate the morbid curiosity of boys. It is a book for parents, and it contains common sense, a result of long and patient observation by one well placed to observe. It contains twenty-



SIR GILBERT PARKER

The eminent Canadian novelist and member of the British House of Commons, who has been mentioned in the London *Daily Express* as one of the coming Ministers of the Crown

four illustrations. (Toronto: William Briggs).

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NOTES

—"The Canadian Annual Review for 1908," which is so ably edited by Mr. J. Castell Hopkins, is as replete as ever with a vast amount of information about the welfare and progress of the Dominion during a twelve-month. (Toronto: The Annual Review Publishing Company).

—"The Song of the Wahbeek" is the title of a love story in verse form by the late Henry Pelham Holmes Bromwell. It illustrates the life of the race that occupied some parts of the American West before the coming of the red man.

—"The Vision of His Face" is a work on religious experience that should appeal to all who are interested in Christian endeavour. The author is Mrs. Dora Farncomb. (London: The William Weld Company).

—Dr. J. D. Logan, who is a member of the Executive Committee, Toronto Branch of the Gaelic League, has made a valuable contribution to the discussion of Gaelic endeavour by the publication of an essay entitled "The Making of the New Ireland." The title is elaborated as "An Essay in social psychology, chiefly about the relation between the cultural studies conducted by the Gaelic League and the Social and Industrial Renaissance in Ireland, with a critical account of the contributions by the Irish Gaels to creative literature." This essay is distinguished by the keen appreciation and scholarly treatment that invariably mark whatever literary work Dr. Logan undertakes.

(Toronto: The Gaelic League. Paper, 25 cents).

—Mr. Thomas O'Hagan, who is well known as a Canadian *littérateur*, has published a volume entitled "Essays Literary, Critical and Historical." Some of these essays had already been published in periodical form. The book contains "A Study of Tennyson's 'Princess,'" "Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood," "The Study and Interpretation of Literature," "The Degradation of Scholarship," and "The Italian Renaissance and the Popes of Avignon." The perusal of these essays should encourage the cultivation of higher tastes in literature, and increase the readers' power of discrimination.

Within The Sanctum

THE women of the Quinquennial Congress at Toronto accounted man as their greatest antagonist. What a horrifying confession for them to make! The fact is not so horrifying as the acknowledgment; because ever since the first harvest in the Garden of Eden man himself has been antagonised and cajoled and bedevilled by his fair and sometimes unfair companion. It is chronicled that Solomon had a varied and intimate acquaintanceship with many women, and yet he had to abandon all hope of ever comprehending them as a sex. But Solomon was undoubtedly baffled by excessive numbers, nevertheless had he laboured diligently to fathom the emotions and scale the eccentricities of even one woman he would have failed quite as lamentably. Longfellow says that the men women marry and why they marry them will always be a marvel and a mystery to the world, while Thackeray avers that a woman with opportunities and without an absolute hump may marry whom she likes. There must be some truth in woman's power over man, because Oliver Wendell Holmes would have liked to see any kind of man, distinguished from a gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of: and Pope, keen, penetrating Pope, gives us this couplet:

"There swims no goose so gray but, soon
or late,
She finds some honest gander for her
mate."

Then, why, oh, why should our modern woman look on man as if he were the one great stumbling-block in her way? She does. And, more than that, she thinks that her chief function in life, or rather what has long been regarded as her chief function, is menial. She seems to think also that man is not respectful to her, or at least these women of the Quinquennial Congress have inclined that way. How ungrateful of them! Just think of the thousands of men who have risen in street cars, doffed their hats and politely offered their seats to standing woman! There is no law, not even a custom, to compel them to rise, but they have risen out of natural deference to The Sex. They help her to board the car and to alight therefrom. They suffer her to precede them down aisles of churches and into *foyers* of theatres. They raise their hats to her in the street, and they even turn around betimes to get a better look. They offer her the first helping of the jelly-cake at table, and refrain from breaking biscuit into the soup just because of the odium she attaches to such practice. They wear tight, encircling sock supporters, in order not to offend her delicate sensibilities, and they ask with grace and manifest concern whether she dislikes smoke. They are reckless with money when she is about, and readily support her wager at the races, provided the stake is not too high. They quarrel over her, go silly over her, lie over her, swear over her, starve over her, go "broke"

over her — in short, over her they commit all the offences against our moral, civil and religious codes.

When man remembers how much he has been dominated and is being dominated by woman, he can scarcely see where the charge of antagonism can rest. Surely man does not wish to prevent woman from doing the things that he does. But he naturally would not like to see her doing things that would detract from her womanliness and gentleness and loveliness and, above all else, from her feminineness. Woman must be, in order to maintain a proper balance, the counterpart of man, and man knows only too well that he cannot be the mother of even a small family. He knows also that he can scarcely wear number nineteen corsets, comb his hair like Cleo de Mérode, arch his instep, forbear openwork stockings in November, take an active part in nursing-at-home missions, eat chocolates all by himself, or appear *bien décolletée* between seven in the morning and midnight. But, on the other hand, he dare not say that woman does not possess most of man's attributes. He dare not say that she cannot take well the part of sovereign, for he must remember the Queen of Sheba, Cleopatra of Egypt, Catherine of Russia and Elizabeth of England. He dare not say that she cannot lead in war, for he must remember Boadicea, Deborah and Joan of Arc. He dare not say that she cannot excel on the stage, for he must remember Helen Faucit, Jenny Lind, Adelina Patti, Ristori, Mary Anderson, Sarah Bernhardt and Alla Nazimova. He dare not say that she cannot stand beside man in the making of literature, for he must remember Jane Austen, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë, George Sand and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He dare not say that she cannot do creative work at the easel, for he must remember Rosa Bonheur and Lady Butler. He dare not say that she cannot gain distinction as religious leader, because he

must remember Marie de l'Incarnation, Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Eddy. He dare not say that she cannot organise great reform movements, for he must remember Florence Nightingale, Frances E. Willard and Jane Addams. He dare not deny her subtle power and influence over man, for he must remember Salome, Helen of Troy, Delilah, du Barry, and Lady Hamilton. In short, he dare not refute the assertion that woman has distinguished herself in most branches of man's activity; but he can lay claim to the hope, and it is an honest and a manly hope, that she will refrain from seeking distinction in those pursuits that man likes to regard as his own, such as prize-fighting, saloon-smashing, street-brawling and loud declamation.

The source of discord between man and woman undoubtedly lies in the eternal quest for pleasure and happiness. Most of us, whether we are men or women, like all the pleasure we can get, but a wise man once remarked that there is a vast difference between pleasure and happiness. A person may be ecstatically happy and yet know very little of the pleasures of life, while, on the other hand, he may have run the whole gamut of the pleasures and yet never have experienced one single moment of real happiness. If we are frank, we must admit—that is, most of us—that we are not satisfied with happiness or with what should in primitive circumstances produce happiness. We want pleasure, and we are willing to make great and even romantic sacrifices in the hope of obtaining it. No matter how much of it we may obtain, we seem bound to obtain it at the cost of happiness. Although many of us may not have drunk of the dregs in either respect, it seems justifiable to conclude that those who can command what are commonly regarded as uncommon pleasures are far from happiness. Most persons have an equal chance in the quest after happiness, but there are im-

mense handicaps in the race for pleasure. Happiness is mental, while pleasure is physical, and, as happiness is sacrificed in favour of pleasure, most persons go through life unsatisfied.

This fact applies to man and woman alike, married and unmarried. Marriage is neither a great maker or a great marrer of happiness: it is merely a condition. Unmarried folk are just as liable to unhappiness as married folk, because they are equally prodigal in their purchase of pleasure. But they do not usually call their unmarried state to account for lack of happiness. Wedded folk trace the cause of their unhappiness to the marriage altar, or, if they do not, the thing is done for them by their friends. Therefore, when a woman physician at a quinquennial congress submits that eighty per cent. of our married people are unhappy she undoubtedly is quite within the bounds of a just estimate, but she might with equal justness say that eighty or even ninety per cent. of our unmarried people are likewise unhappy. Truly, the holy bonds of matrimony have a huge burden of responsibility. That there would be a good deal more unhappiness without the institution of marriage is quite thinkable. Then, why lay so much blame for unhappiness at the door of this sacred union?

One woman at the Congress thanked God that she had never been favoured with a daughter, because if she had a daughter whose experience with man were ever to be such as she herself had experienced, she would shoot the man. But she did

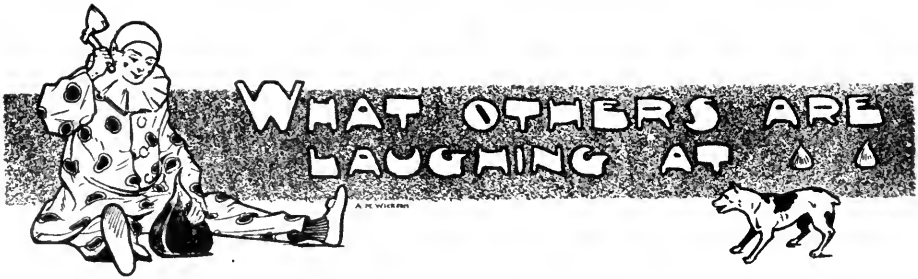
not outline her own experience. Some man must have been an atrocious villain. What could he have done to stir up an invective so terrible and so luckily irreflective? Could he have had an inborn antipathy against the music one hears at summer resorts? Perhaps he had no inclination to attend lectures on psychic phenomena, or to lie on his back and hammer upwards at a stalled automobile. Maybe he was not a zealot in behalf of the missionary movement in China, and it is just possible that he insisted on sleeping with the window open and the alarm-clock on the dresser-head. There is a chance that he was an all-round crank or that he simply permitted the boys to play shinney in the attic whenever the mother went out to choose the rib roast for Sunday. Ah! now we have it: he undoubtedly made a hobby of attending the birthday anniversaries of his club friends. But whatever that man was or was not, whatever he did or did not, he was a villain, and if the woman who suffered by him had free way his prototype would be shot down wherever found, bad luck to him.

Kipling says that

"Four things greater than all things are,
Women and horses and power and war."

It must be great to be great, and no one should wonder that woman, in these dog-days of chivalry, should want to *do things* herself. The only fear that man has, and surely it is not antagonistic, is that woman will cease to be attractive, for he does not care what she attempts, so long as it does not interfere with her supreme attributes of beauty and repose.

The Editor



A MARATHON RECORD IN CHURCH SERVICES

"After a service of about five years the Rev. Thos. Egerton Wilton Rudd has intimated his intention to resign the curacy of Northenden Parish Church."

—Manchester *Evening News*.

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"THE VACANCY AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON"

As this headline has given rise to a good deal of misapprehension and not a few false hopes, it is as well to state that the most illustrious living resident has no intention of removing elsewhere.—*Punch*.



FREEDOM OF THE PRESS

"Oh, woe is me! I see by this natural history that I am an extinct
—*Life*

THE POINT OF VIEW

"This man is not insane," said the lawyer, "and never has been. To keep him in an asylum is a blow, sir, directed against human rights, an assault upon the sacred institution of liberty, an——"

"But did you not prove last week, when he was on trial for murder, that he had been from birth a raving lunatic?" interposed the Court.

The lawyer smiled in a superior way. "Surely," he said, "your honour would not have it believed that this Court, is on the intellectual plane of that jury."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

*

REFORMED

"My lazy son has at last decided on a profession that he thinks he'll like."

"Good. What has he chosen?"

"He wants to be a lineman for a wireless telegraph company.—*Cleveland Leader*.

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THE HERO

"So Bliggins has written an historical novel?"

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Who is the hero of the book?"

"The man who has undertaken to publish it."—*Washington Star*

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HAPPY ENDING

He—"So you've read my new novel. How did you like it?"

She—"I laid down the volume with intense pleasure." — *Boston Transcript*.



R. M. L. I.

ROYAL MARINE (engaged in coaling ship). "When I joined the corps the sergeant 'e ses to me, 'it's 'ari soldierin' an' 'ari yachtin', 'e ses. I suppose this is the bloomin' yachtin'!" —*Punch*

THE MOTH

Checkers—"Years ago I had money to burn and I burned it!"

Neckers—"How?"

Checkers—"On an old flame of mine!"—*Lippincott's*.

✱

GRATIFYING

"One-half of the world does not know how the other half lives."

"Well, it is gratifying to think that one-half of the world attends to its own business."—*Puck*.

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DOMESTIC SCHEME

Mrs. H.—"Why are you so very fond of Oriental rugs?"

Mrs. R.—"I'll tell you a secret. The dirtier they get, the more genuine they look. You've no idea how much sweeping that saves." — *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

NOT AN URBAN DISH

Uncle Zeb (looking over the bill of fare)—"Henry, how do you order hog and hominy at a fust-class rest'rnt?"

City Nephew—"You don't, uncle." —*Chicago Tribune*.

✱

AS WILLIE SAW IT

Willie, accompanied by his father, was visiting a circus and menagerie. "Oh, papa," the boy exclaimed, as they passed before an elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth eating hay with her tail!" — *Christian Register*.

✱

BRILLIANT

"Does he know much?"

"Well, he not only knows that he doesn't know much, but he knows enough to keep others from knowing it."—*Judge*.

The Merry Muse

THE GARLEYVOG

My son, beware the Garleyvog,
A fearful beast is he,
His horns are long as a flamtious brog,
And he bangs them round, you see.

His gamling claws are sharp as
groaks;

His eyes like gleecing shails;
And the smashing of his worbous feet,
Sounds like huge, maseumbrails.

He eats the leaves of the chag-chag
tree,

He drinks the blazing bloots;
And children, too, who wander nights,
Get swoggled in his gloots.

And so, my son, if you should go
Near where this creature lies,
Be sure you have a zagrambo,
To poke into his eyes.

And, then, when he is trambling
round

With pain and aggrish smart,
Just take your keen lampashabound,
And swike his jimbul heart.

Donald A. Fraser.

*

BREAKFAST DISHES

Common and senseless things, whose
placid sides

I lave and lave again:
When round your rims the angry
soap-suds splash,

The wash-rag drave amain,—
What hope that of your hapless
pieces I

Could save a grain?
The dish-pan tips,—I do not mean
to plead

My wet and slippery hands;
Yet did I hold my apron 'neath the
flood.

With sound like ripping bands

The avalanche descends, through a
wreck

Of dripping-pans.

Ah, Breakfast Plates! Too brief the
hum-drum lives

That no one might make last.
Well were you named, and rightly are
you called,

For truly—you *break fast!*

Lorna Ingalls

*

LINES TO A HEN

O hen!

Thou bunch of feathered imbecility,
Disturber of the soul's tranquillity,
Whence comes thy consummate
ability

To rouse such wrath in me?

O hen!

Again!

Must I walk 'round that coop
And give an awkward scoop
To clutch the vacant air
And find that you're not there
Ner anywhere!

And then
Begin again,

O hen!

O hen!

Thou gem of animal depravity,
Thy skull naught but a witless cavity,
Philosophers assert with gravity
That I am kin to thee!

O hen!

What then?

Must I walk 'round the fence
Because you squawk pretence
You cannot find the hole
Through which you lately stole
In aimless stroll,

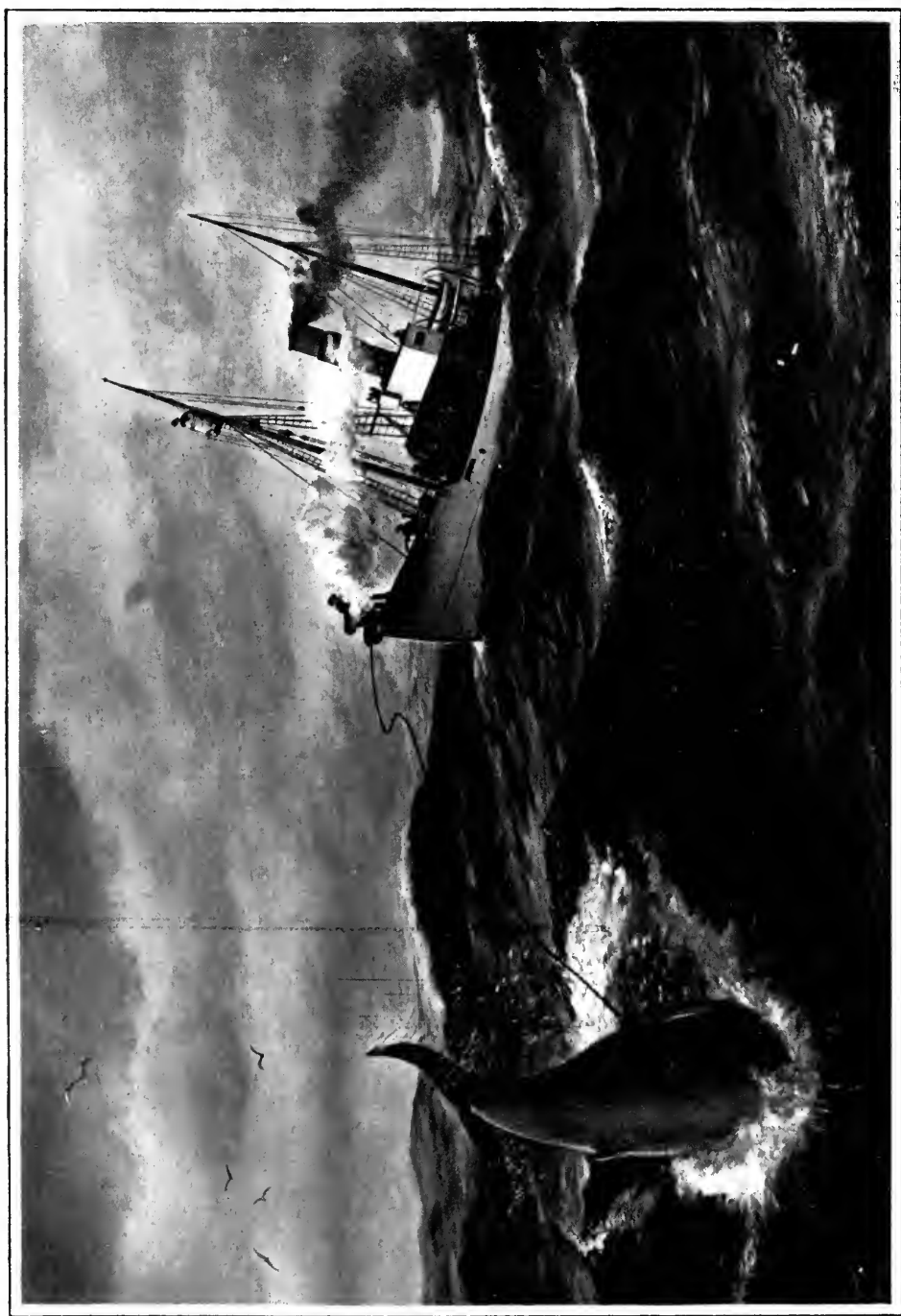
And then

Walk 'round again,

O hen!

—Susan F. Burbank, in *Woman's
Home Companion*.





From a drawing

HARPOONING A WHALE BY THE MODERN HARPOON-GUN METHOD

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No. 5

THE WHALE AND HIS HAUNTS

BY STURGEON STEWART

THE wonders of its dwelling place, the impossibility of knowing it as we know other animals, the mystery of its life, and its marvellous physical structure have made the study of the whale* a subject of peculiar interest. This interest has been increased by the conviction that the whale, including the various members of the cetacean family, is one of the most wonderful, and at the same time the least understood, of all the larger animals. This interest is perhaps added to because of the fact that there are strong evidences that it is a last remnant of the great animals that marked this world's earlier history and links the present with the past. There is much in its habits, structure and life that has set scientific men speculating as to its relation to mammals of prehistoric ages. It had not been our good fortune, however, until within the last few months to have our desires gratified regarding this animal and to enjoy the opportunity of a personal study of these

interesting creatures at close range and in their natural element.

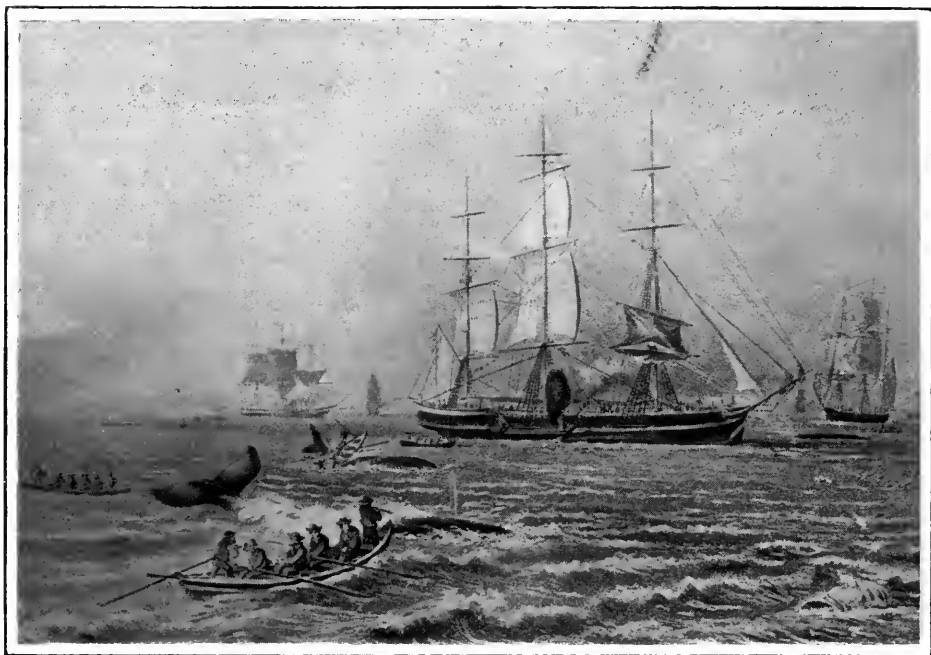
This opportunity came to us through the kindness of Captain Balcom and Dr. Rissmuller, of the Pacific Whaling Company. These gentlemen, learning that we took a special interest in this subject, generously placed at our disposal any information in their possession, including an invitation to visit the whaling stations of the com-



From a photograph

NO. 1.—AN EXPLODING HARPOON AND GUN

*To those who are desirous of studying some of the too little known wonders of marine animal life, we have to say that the observations contained in this article are reliable in every particular, having been submitted to the criticism of the best living authorities on such matters, and compared with the records of the most advanced scientists, pre-eminent among whom we may name Charles M. Scammon, to whom, with the Pacific Whaling Company, we are indebted for several of the accompanying illustrations. These observations are, in all matters of fact and detail, in perfect harmony with the authorities named.—*The Author.*



From a drawing

NO. 2—DEEP-SEA WHALING IN THE PACIFIC

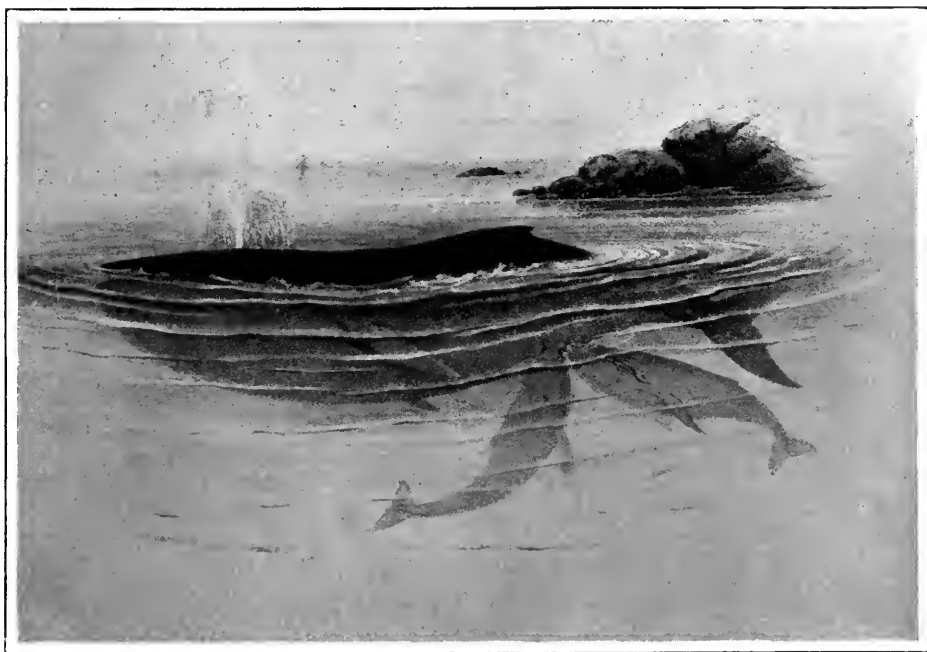
pany and see the great cetacean captured and brought in, and witness the final disposition of this animal. It did not take long to accept such a welcome invitation, and the second day following found us heading for the Company's principal station at Sechart, on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and for the whaling grounds in the Pacific, with letters of introduction to Captain Macaulay, the skipper of the Company's new whaling ship *St. Lawrence*.

This vessel is one of the two staunch whaling ships of the Pacific Whaling Company. It was built in Norway. The Norwegians are particularly expert in the construction of such craft. They are familiar with what is required in whaling vessels, and they spare no expense to make them reach the high standard of perfection necessary to endure the severe tests to which they are frequently put. In addition to sea-worthiness and great motive power, they must possess a high degree of speed and the ability

to turn or swing into any desired position with rapidity and ease. The heavy weather and the tremendous seas and violent storms that frequently lash the rocky western coast of Vancouver Island and the Northern Pacific require the utmost of all the qualities that make for absolute safety in a vessel. These vessels are built low with rather graceful lines, which at first sight puzzle the observer as to what they are designed for, but the big gun on the bow and lookout barrel in the rigging near the mast-head brands it as something intended for either offensive or defensive attack.

The whaling industry is divided into two branches—deep-sea whaling and off-shore whaling. The former is still carried on practically as it has been for centuries, since the days when the Basques first introduced it on the waters bordering on the western coasts of France and Spain in the tenth century. Later, Norway, Greenland and Newfoundland introduced it.

Deep-sea whaling was introduced on



From a drawing

NO. 3—A COW WHALE SUCKLING HER YOUNG

the west coast of America more than half a century ago, and is still carried on to some extent (See illustration No. 2). The implements used in deep-sea whaling rendered it impossible to take sulphur-bottoms or finbacks, which are too swift and active to be hunted in sailing vessels. The right whale and the bowhead are not so active or hard to take, hence they are the ones sought after by this somewhat antiquated method.

Modern off-shore whaling was introduced into Norway in 1876, when Sued Foyen invented the exploding harpoon and gun to be used on a ship built for that purpose (See frontispiece and illustration No. 1). For many years the Norwegians alone had mastered the art of using this method of capturing these leviathans of the deep, and to-day they are the most expert whaling gunners in the world.

This harpoon is a powerful piece of artillery, built much on the principle of regular ordnance guns, but adapted to its special purpose, and would

be capable of throwing a shell of one hundred pounds very effectively. The harpoon is constructed to fit into the bore of this gun, and in addition to its hinged spreading barbs to hold it when shot into the body of the whale, it has constructed in it an explosive bomb which is regulated to explode in the animal about three seconds after it is fired, or as soon as the harpoon has penetrated its full depth, thus producing almost instantaneous death when the shot lodges in or near the vitals. The harpoon weighs about 100 pounds, and has attached to it a very long, powerful line, which can be reeled out a sufficient distance to allow the animal to "sound" or go to the bottom of the ocean without endangering the vessel.

A number of species of whales, including sulphur-bottoms, finbacks, and humpbacks, are to be found off the coast of Norway and Newfoundland, where modern off-shore whaling was introduced about 1900. It was some time after its introduction into New-

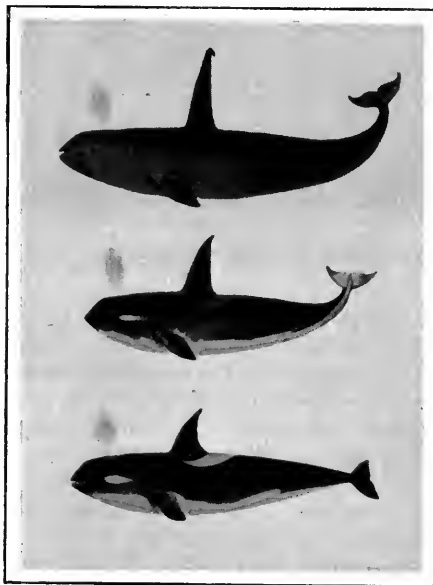
foundland that the very amusing and ridiculous story went the rounds of the Canadian and American press that a new industry had been discovered, and that a great scientist and expert had succeeded in taming and milking a number of cow whales (the males are called bulls), and that the milk contained wonderfully rich and health-giving qualities. Its analyses were given and the details of how the milking was done; and it was further stated that a strong company had been formed in New Jersey to carry on this industry on an extensive scale, to secure and to can this wonderful milk product, to be shipped to all parts of the continent. Coupled with this story was the further statement that the same scientist had also developed a process for making a marvellously strong and unbreakable leather from the entrails of the whale, suitable for heavy machinery belting, many of the single pieces being three to four hundred feet in length. Of course, many people believed these statements, as the press is never supposed to tell anything but the truth.

As it has been our privilege to enjoy a personal acquaintance with this great scientist, unquestionably one of the greatest of the present age in his special department, many a humorous smile has been observed flitting across his good-natured countenance when reminded of the ability and resourcefulness of some newspapers to gather "reliable news."

Modern off-shore whaling was introduced off the Pacific coast in 1905,

when Captain Sprott Balcom, an expert from Nova Scotia, organised the Pacific Whaling Company, with headquarters at Victoria, B.C. The first whaling station was established at Sechart, on Barclay Sound, west coast Vancouver Island. Later, additional stations were opened by the Company at Kyuquot, one hundred miles north of Sechart, and at Nanaimo on the east coast of the Island, where whaling is carried on in the season when the heavy weather and storms of winter will not permit its continuance on the open waters of the Pacific.

The Canadian Government, which exercises control in matters of this kind, requires that every portion of the whale must be utilised. The company had considerable difficulty in meeting this requirement until they secured the patented process of Dr. Rissmuller, an eminent scientist who had attained remarkable success in the treatment of whale products in Newfoundland. The work of the company is now carried on under



NO. 4—THREE VARIETIES OF ORCAS

his personal supervision, and each season's increased business proves that there is an excellent field for its operations. During the last season between 250 and 300 whales were captured by this company.

The principal products are whale oil, whale bone and fertiliser. The high grade oil of the ordinary whale, secured from the blubber, is worth twenty to twenty-three dollars a barrel, while that of the sperm whale brings \$1.50 a gallon. Whalebone has recently been quoted by a Dundee.



From a drawing

NO. 5 —ORCAS, OR KILLERS, ATTACKING A WHALE

Scotland, paper, where it finds its principal market, at £2,750 a ton.

A new company has been organised, with headquarters at Seattle, Washington Territory, with San Francisco and Seattle capital, to carry on off-shore whaling on the Alaskan coast, the Barnison-Hibbert Company, of Seattle, being the prime movers in the organisation. They, too, have secured the rights to use the Rissmuller process of treating the whale products.

The old idea that the whale belongs to the fish tribe is still existent in the minds of some people; but this is wholly incorrect. While it has the form of a fish, because it lives in the same element, scientists now universally agree that it belongs to the mammalia, as it suckles its young

(See illustration No. 3), has warm, red blood, and possesses all the characteristics of this class. There are also evidences that the whale was at one time, how remote it is impossible to say, a land animal. It has been demonstrated, which fact has been verified by the writer, that the flippers or forward fins, which are frequently called "pectorals," just where the forward legs of a quadruped would naturally be, contain all the bones, joints, arteries and nerves of the human arm and hand, while deeply seated in the interior of the hinder part of the animal are found joints and rudiments of hind leg bones, of no apparent present use whatever, but which are considered by eminent naturalists who have studied the subject



From a drawing

"IT IS ONLY OCCASIONALLY THAT A WHALE WILL DEFEND ITSELF AGAINST ATTACK, EXCEPT THE SPERM-WHALE OR CACHALOT"

as strong evidence of the fact that the cetacean was at one time an inhabitant of the land. These scientists state that it may have resembled a huge lizard, but that its feeding habits and proclivities for the water gradually caused a process of evolution to take place until nature gave it its present form adapted to dwell entirely in the water. There are also evidences that it was at one time probably covered by a hairy skin. There are still bristles about its mouth and nose and the very young whale calves have distinct evidences of hair, which, however, disappear as they grow older.

Leaving the splendid inner harbour of Victoria on a charming day in September last, we swung into the outer harbour and out through the Straits of Juan de Fuca, round the south-westerly point of Vancouver Island, leaving Cape Flattery, Washington Territory, to the left, in one of the speedy coasting vessels that regularly ply the waters of the Pacific coast. Northward we steamed, past the magnificent Esquimalt Harbour, the great

land-locked naval station with its elaborate and costly equipment and splendid naval docks now lying mostly idle since the withdrawal of the British men-o'-war which formerly occupied it.

Still northward over the then placid waters of the Pacific, continually within view of the bleak, rugged and defiant coast of that wonderful island whose untold wealth in minerals, timber and game cannot at present be accurately estimated, every moment revealing something of new and surpassing interest for one who had not before sailed up the Pacific coast or witnessed its constantly recurring surprises, so entirely different from anything to be seen elsewhere.

The vast number and variety of sea-birds that hover and screech and careen wildly over the ship, an occasional one lighting on the rail, the bridge or the bow of the vessel, vainly hoping to capture some prey or find some morsel of food, and the sight of schools of lazy porpoises floating in the surf and an occasional sea-lion

caring for its cub, or basking upon some lonely rock, or hippity-humping itself along the shore of some secluded cove, or an occasional hammer-headed shark, with its immense dorsal fin standing several feet out of the water, seeking its prey, kept us alert, as we wished to learn as much of the habits and modes of life from personal observation of these interesting animals as possible.

Passing rapidly northward we come to the spot where on that awful night three years ago the *Valencia* was dashed to pieces on the relentless rocks, and where its cargo of human freight still lies buried five hundred fathoms below the ever-echoing moans of the surging billows, breaking with deafening roar on the submerged mountains of stone and reverberated from one precipitous cliff to another, until they die away on the distant mountain slopes or over the limitless ocean swell.

This awful calamity, followed more recently by the wreck of the *Jeanette Cowan*, between Cannon Lighthouse and Pachenia, on the same coast, in which, though most of the passengers succeeded in reaching shore, they nearly all perished in consequence of the awful privations and sufferings through which they passed, led the Government to decide that immediate steps must be taken for the protection of human life on this rockbound and dangerous coast. A trail is therefore now being built along the coast line for the purpose of taking up Lyle guns, a splendid modern appliance for shooting lines to wrecked vessels, as it is impossible for landings to be effected along the greater portion of this coast, except in the very calmest weather and then attended with much difficulty and danger. Life-saving stations are also being built at Banfield Creek, one hundred miles north of Victoria, at Barclay Sound and at Cape Beale, which is the worst point on the coast. Life-saving boats, splendidly constructed with forty horse-power gasoline engines, equipped with all the

latest and most modern appliances, are also being placed at suitable points along the shore.

After an intensely interesting sail, we reached the principal whaling station at Sechart, on Barclay Sound, located in a cove on a rocky coast, with mountains almost entirely surrounding it and sheltering it from the wild gales which frequently sweep that coast, especially in the autumn and winter seasons. Here live in rather primitive fashion the several hundred employees of the Pacific Whaling Company. These consist of a few intelligent and educated men, principally Canadians from the Atlantic whaling stations, who are the skilled men in charge of the various operations of the company at this station. These, together with a peculiar admixture of Siwash Indians, Japs, Chinese, Hindus, Swedes and Norwegians, form the working force of the station.

The immense modern and up-to-date plant and machinery of the company for handling the enormous carcasses weighing many tons, was a feature of great interest and instruction, giving evidence of the advanced methods of the present day.

Having presented our letters of introduction and authority to join the whaling crew to the genial Captain Macaulay, skipper of the whaling ship *St. Lawrence*, and having visited the various points of interest in connection with the whaling station, arrangements were completed for an early start the next morning for the whaling grounds. In order to do this, we were assigned for the night a comfortable little state-room next to the skipper of the vessel.

The following morning at daylight found us well out on the rolling waters of the Pacific, and we began to realise that while every member of the well-trained and thoroughly efficient crew of between fifteen and twenty intelligent and happy-hearted seamen was thoroughly familiar with his duty and work, there was an undercurrent of

expectation and excitement which was difficult for a freshman who knew nothing about the perils, the difficulties, the peculiar situations that would arise, and the bravery and courage that were required to meet them to understand. We began also to realise that it needed good sea-legs to follow the trail of the sulphur-bottom and the finback, and that scaling the eternal slopes of the Rockies had far less of a tendency to *mal de mer* than mounting the choppy crests of the Pacific.

Breakfast over in the mess-room, the jolly happy-hearted skipper, realising that the new member of his crew was an entire stranger to the situation, and leaving the sturdy mate in charge of the bridge, showed us through the snug, solidly built and seaworthy but strangely equipped little vessel that had weathered many a wild Pacific storm, and oftener been the floating toy of mighty cetaceans, towed hither and thither at the will of these struggling monsters of the deep.

After visiting the bridge and decks, we examined with much curiosity and some thoroughness the magnificent harpoon gun on the bow of the ship in company with the Captain and the expert gunner, who was a big-souled and educated Norwegian by the name of Franz Narroda. So many questions were asked by the new member of the crew that the big fair-haired Franz had to be repeatedly assured that the new-comer was not an expert on guns and ship armour. After wondering and puzzling how a green-horn understood so many things about guns and gunnery, we had to explain that we had spent some time very recently and profitably on board the British warship *Monmouth*, which had just left Esquimalt naval docks for Japanese waters, and still more recently on the *Algernon*, the powerful war sloop belonging to the British navy, heavily armed and manned by genuine British jack-tars, whose duty and work it is to see that the fishing

and sealing laws are observed on the Pacific coast, and, especially in the vicinity of Vancouver, Queen Charlotte and Pribiloff Islands and in the Alaskan waters.

And in passing we may be permitted to interject the statement that these laws operate very unfairly and unjustly against Canadians in favour of the United States and Japan, almost to the entire wiping out of these industries so far as Canada is concerned. On this subject, however, we may have something further to say in another article.

After examining the gun, we examined and had explained to us many of the strange and peculiar features of construction and equipment of the vessel, and while viewing the powerful engines we were startled by a cry from the man in the look-out barrel on the mast "Larboard, Ahoy! Larboard, Ahoy!" The Captain quickly said "Come with me on deck, we have sighted something." In a moment we were up on the orlop or cable deck, when to our left in a south-westerly direction, at a distance of about eight furlongs, there appeared a great number of what the writer, in his unfamiliarity with the sea, concluded were whales, this being the uppermost subject in his mind. The appearance was strange and not only exciting but nerve-thrilling to one who had not witnessed such a sight before, though we had seen such very remarkable and striking exhibitions of the illimitable amount of marine animal life, that it had given us new views and thoughts regarding the denizens of the sea.

We were sailing at a good rate of speed directly in the teeth of a brisk nor'-wester which was hourly increasing in velocity. The great school of what we had mistaken for whales, and which at first appeared to be about a mile away to the south-west, was rapidly coming nearer to us, as they too were leisurely and playfully, though at a fair rate of speed, steering a slightly more north-

erly course than was our vessel, and to all appearance unless they or us either increased or slackened speed, our ship would soon be in the very midst of a vast number of what turned out to be orcas, or killers, the most dreaded and dangerous of all marine animals.

The orca gladiator is the largest of the many species of the dolphin family, which are found in such large numbers in the Pacific, and which are closely related to the cetacean family. We had seen quite a considerable number of the smaller species of dolphin near the coast, including the striped porpoise, Baird's dolphin and the cow-fish dolphin, as well as several species of sharks and octopus, but none of these dolphins exceeded more than six to ten feet in length. We had not seen anything so large or in such vast numbers or so strange as the sight which now met our vision.

The great school, beginning about two furlongs from our vessel, stretched away in the distance anywhere from fifteen furlongs to a league, the water for miles and miles being dotted with thousands of rapidly-moving objects. The exact size of these animals we could not at first determine, but they showed in many cases protruding above the surface of the sea a singular object broader at the base and reaching a point at the top of a very dark bluish-black colour standing from three to five or six feet out of the water, while in many others the backs showed for ten to fifteen feet. These protruding points were the peculiar dorsal fin which distinguishes the orca from all other species of the dolphin, except the grampus, which has a similar fin on its back, but very much smaller. While occasionally the backs of these monsters, whose size averaged for the males about eighteen or twenty feet in length and the females about fifteen feet, would appear above the water, especially as the strong wind that was blowing produced considerable sea, the passing waves not only

revealed their size but showed their special enjoyment of the rougher waters by their playfulness manifested by darting hither and thither, around and over each other, leaping many feet clear out of the water and tumbling about like kittens in lithe-some and blithesome frolic. It was a sight never to be forgotten by one who witnessed it for the first time. Little would one dream that these apparently good-natured and playful animals are without exception the most dreaded and feared of all the inhabitants of the great deep by all dwellers in the sea, from the great whale, the walrus, and the sea-lion down to the smallest fish or water animal.

The orcas, like the whale, are not a fish, but animals of the mammal class. They are marine beasts that roam over every ocean, but they are particularly abundant in the Pacific. They enter bays and lagoons, where they spread terror and death among the mammoth balaena and the smaller species of dolphin. They pursue with deadly and relentless purpose the seal, the walrus, the whale, the sea-lion, and never give up until they have secured their prey (See illustrations Nos. 4 and 5). In their swift marauding expeditions up the larger rivers of the western coast of the continent they tear and devour an inconceivable number of large fish or water animals or anything having life.

In further likeness to the whale, the orcas have to come to the surface to breathe, and they blow, whale-like, through an aperture in the top of the head, but instead of sending an immense amount of water and thick breath high into the air, the water and spray are blown in a low, broad spreading area only a few feet above the surface of the ocean. Unlike the whale, the orca has a complete and most dangerous jawful of long, strong, sharp, conical teeth, which interlock into each other by a peculiar sliding, sawing action of the jaw, and which

indicate its terribly voracious nature.

The appearance of this great school of sea animals, which when they were not frolicking and playing, resembled a vast military parade, as they lined up somewhat irregularly into great squads, was strange by reason of a peculiar rolling motion while swimming, giving the projecting dorsal fin the appearance of first tipping to the left side and then to right, like a small sail-boat rolling from side to side in a boisterous sea.

While studying these monsters through powerful glasses and listening to the scientific and interesting explanations of the gunner and captain, we observed the speed of our ship slacken and its helm turn a little to starboard, bringing our course almost parallel with that of the orcas, and the army of killers was allowed to keep on its course. Many times we could see them pursuing thousands of the calamaries, or flying sea-squid, during which they would leap out of the water many feet. These calamaries are a species of octopus or cephalopod, some of which reach a very considerable size and which, by a powerful stroke of their long tentacles on the surface of the water, are able to propel themselves for several hundred yards through the air. They are what is commonly known as devil-fish, but they are not nearly so large in the Pacific as in the Atlantic.

There are many species of this octopus or devil-fish, but the larger species are the strangest and most hideous of all marine animals or fish. They anchor to a rock, and, stretching out their powerful arms or tentacles, which in the Pacific species are four to five feet long, they strike any living object that comes within their reach. Great suction nerves cover these tentacles from the body to their extreme point. The largest of these suction nerves are about the size of a silver dollar, and the smallest about the size of a pin head, and no power can free whatever it touches from its grip, unless the tentacle or

arm can be severed. They are almost entirely arms without much body. The Atlantic octopus is much larger. The museum at St. John's, Newfoundland, has two arms of one of these monsters cut off by occupants of a boat which it attacked and around which it flung its tentacles on the Newfoundland coast. One is nineteen feet long and the other eleven feet. This does not represent the full length of the tentacles. The animal was estimated at fifty to sixty feet in length. These are more dreaded than the man-eating sharks by the natives of the West Indies when diving in the clear waters for conch shells. These people will successfully fight the shark by dodging its rush and then climb on its back and rip it open with their long knives, which they always carry; but they seldom succeed in a fight with the terrible monster octopus.

Soon the orcas were out of sight. These wolves of the ocean for ferocity and greyhounds for agility, the fleetest of all ocean swimmers, soon crossed our course without any attempt being made to molest them. Whalers do not prize them, as they do not produce much of commercial value when they are taken, and they are hard to kill.

It is not an uncommon thing, these whalers inform us, to see tens of thousands of snakes of various sizes and colours, and some of them very poisonous and hideous in appearance, several hundred miles from land; but we saw only a few of these reptiles.

By this time the September sun had passed the meridian and was speeding toward the western horizon, hidden now betimes by those threatening tumultuous clouds that portend a gustful outburst of the elements. The wind had already increased to a terrific gale. The staunch little vessel, though in the hands of the best seamen that ever flung defiance in the teeth of a wild Pacific hurricane, was now pitching considerably forward and aft.

The captain and crew maintained their jolly and mirthful state of mind and watched the disappearance of the school of orcas to our right as they still careened and leaped from wave-crest to wave-crest in their unbounded and increasing delight as the waves grew higher and higher.

One member of the crew alone was conspicuous for his solemn face and long-drawn countenance, as the on-coming billows grew in number and increased in force and flung themselves with angry and insolent menace against our prow with splash of spray that came in sheets over our decks. Soon the waves had assumed mountainous proportions, reminding one of the majestic and awe-inspiring peaks of the Rockies and Selkirks, recently visited by the new member of the whaling crew. The awe and inspiration produced by these mountains of the deep were, however, of a very different character from that produced by those mighty uplifts where the eternal rocks bid defiance to the storms of the ages; and the quest of the cetacean had a different effect from that of the big horn, the Rocky Mountain goat and the cariboo.

Trying to follow the example set by the imperturbable skipper, and taking his statement that all was well, and thus feeling re-assured, we had just settled down amidships to the acceptance of the situation when a mighty billow too vast and angry to allow our ship to mount its foaming crest, struck the starboard side of our bow with awful force, causing the vessel to stagger and quiver and tremble in every timber. With a mighty lurch forward under the impulse of her powerful engines, she cut a tunnel clean through this mountain of water which swept the decks clear of everything that was movable. Then, wave after wave and billow after billow swept over the vessel, which appeared to enjoy the rapid onslaughts just about as much as did the army of orcas; but the brave crew, whose spirits were never for a moment

dampened by the surroundings, stood nobly by their posts, heeding not the tumult of waves. Indeed, our vessel and crew appeared to have made up their minds that it was too much trouble to mount the crest of the seething billows of foam, and with an eagerness and zest they ploughed direct through them, while the fleck and fleece of foam cut from the crest of the billows by the gale were driven high above the masts of the vessel.

The calmness and courage, the daring, skill and prowess with which these seamen become endowed after years of life upon the billowy deep is truly wonderful.

During all this storm we were besieged by sea fowl of indescribable variety, and in vast multitudes, many of them seeming to be anxious to find shelter on our decks. Occasionally we witnessed, when the windows of the cabin were not darkened by the waves dashing against them, marine monsters disporting themselves gleefully in the tumultuous sea, in the description and history of which the captain, the mate and the gunner seemed to vie with one another and never grow tired of narrating their experiences.

After several hours, when evening was approaching, the gale slackened, and a few glimpses of the sun gave promise of an early cessation of the tempest. The wind had calmed almost as quickly as it had risen, though it took many hours for those mighty ocean swells to subside. As the storm abated, the captain was asked if the Pacific was often so recalcitrant, that it forgot the significance of its name and assumed such a bellicose attitude. He replied that, while the occasions were not very frequent, it was an experience they looked for in certain longitudes and at certain times of year, and sometimes much more severe than on this occasion. He further stated that for a really belligerent and angry sea, that blanched the cheeks of the best sea-dogs that roam the ocean, the

Pacific far surpasses any other waters on the face of the globe. The Pacific mariner is ever on the alert for tidal waves, waterspouts and typhoons, all of which strike terror to the stoutest-hearted seamen.

Though off-shore whaling ships do not commonly go out so far that they cannot return at night to the stations, and usually with one or two catches, on this occasion the unfavourable conditions and the necessity of cutting directly in the face of the gale for so many hours rendered it impossible to return that night. As we were heading for the great feeding grounds of the whale, we were content to spend the night on the swelling bosom of the not over-tranquil Pacific.

Evening was fast approaching, and the indescribable glories of a wonderful Pacific sunset had drawn the attention of the skipper and crew from the unpleasant experience of the earlier hours of the afternoon. And such a sunset! Italy, with all its boasted sky-bedecked evening glories flinging themselves in reckless abandon across the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, or the most gorgeous conceptions of the splendours of the Orient would appear commonplace and dead when compared with that wonderful sight that presented itself to our enraptured vision. Mountains of crimson and gold piled tier upon tier, battlement above battlement, turret overtopping turret, with buttments of molten silver and lead and brass, the tossing sea of sapphire, amethyst and beryl stretching itself far away, as it were, to the shores of infinity, in the foreground; and a heavy sullen over-arch of gray lined with diamonds and rubies, partially concealing, partially revealing the mighty orb whose radiant face shed its lambent beams of luminous lustre athwart the whole, combined to make a picture that even an archangel with his brush ethereal dipped in the magic tints and colourings of the immortal Raphaël or with the realistic and sublime imitation of an Angelo, would

find it hard to transfer to canvas.

While the ship's company was eagerly drinking in this wonderful sight from larboard, a sudden surging, splashing commotion accompanied by several short, sharp, yelp-like barks, each ending with a somewhat musical but heavy prolonged whistling, then followed by a great bellowing as of a monster, infuriated bull, drew the attention of skipper and crew to starboard. A simultaneous rush of all on board was made, and there, within a few hundred feet of our vessel, was another never-to-be-forgotten but vastly different sight (See illustration No. 5). A mighty battle was raging between a monster whale and several orcas. These rapacious, devouring wolves of the sea were attacking the whale from every quarter. The captain, who well knew what the result might be if we approached too close to the battle ground, ordered the mate on the bridge to "stand to," and our gunner quickly prepared to "draw a bead" on either the whale or the orcas. Before he was ready, however, the whale, with a great roar and mighty churning of the sea "sounded," and with him the orcas disappeared. In about fifteen minutes they all reappeared at the surface several hundred feet away, it being necessary for the whale to spout or blow, the mighty struggle still going on as before. We could plainly recognise five or six orcas in the attack, with every probability of others attacking from below. These ferocious brutes would fling themselves high into the air (See illustration No. 5), and, while out of the water, swiftly turn on their backs, and drop with their powerful spear-like dorsal fins on the head or tail of the whale, these being the two most vulnerable points. If they could pierce an artery leading to the tail, it would quickly bleed to death, or if they penetrated a certain caudal cord, the tail, its greatest weapon of defence, would be rendered useless. If they could strike the spearlike fin into the spiracles or spout-holes the

battle would soon be over, as the whale would then have to rise and breathe through the mouth, and the orcas would instantly grab the tongue and tear it to pieces. Others of the orcas would make a dash for its lips and tear great pieces from them in their brutal ferocity; others tore its flippers or forward fins, or tried to fasten themselves on its head to close the spiracles to prevent its breathing. There were also evidences of its being attacked from below by its bellowing and furious lashing of the sea. Each time it would sound, it came up farther from us. We followed it for some time, watching the mighty trail of blood one hundred or two hundred feet wide in places, broken at the points of its sounding.

One of the peculiar features of the sight just recorded, was the almost entire absence of attack or even attempt at defence on the part of the whale, which was of sufficient size to have swallowed several of its antagonists without difficulty. It is only occasionally that a whale will attempt to defend itself against attack, except the sperm whale or cachalot (See illustration No. 6), of which we shall speak hereafter. And it is not because it is a cowardly animal, but it does not seem to possess much of the element of combativeness, and the *balæna* has no teeth with which to attack its enemies and inflict injury on them.

From the time darkness came upon us, during the entire night, when we looked out over the intense sullen overhanging gloom of a moonless sky dotted here and there with the diamond twinkle of an occasional star, which served only to intensify the surrounding darkness, we were witnesses of a strange natural phenomenon. In every direction, sometimes quite close to our vessel and at others at a considerable distance, sometimes

reaching far away to the horizon, were to be seen great lambent streaks or flames of light intermingled with brilliant globe-like balls of fire moving in every direction and rapidly interchanging their positions. These gave the night a strangely weird and uncanny appearance, which at first made us feel that we must be in haunted quarters or that we could not be far from the home of the spooks. This feeling soon fled when the skipper explained that it was the phosphorescent light produced by great bodies of small animals in the water, chiefly crustacea, which often follow a ship for days in vast numbers. The globe-like lights were produced by the *medusæ* or jelly-fish, a peculiar animal, sometimes of considerable size and a variety of formations, often almost the shape of an umbrella with half-a-dozen to a dozen pedunculations or peculiar stems hanging from it, sometimes of great length. It has no definite organism, being nearly all stomach. It emits a strong phosphorescent light, and if touched stings like a poisonous nettle. The extremely brilliant and dazzling, everchanging streaks of flame of phosphorescence were produced by the *pyrosoma*, a jelly-like cylindrical mass, measuring from two to ten inches in length and one to four inches in diameter. These small animals gather in immense shoals in some parts of the ocean, and, floating near the surface, emit miles and miles of phosphorescent flame, giving one the uncomfortable feeling of being completely surrounded, without apparent possibility of escape, by a vast prairie fire extending to the horizon on every side. The brilliancy is determined by their depth in the water, the intensity being greatly increased when they are near the surface. They are the meteoric lights that illuminate the caverns in the bottom of the ocean.

In the October number Dr. Stewart will give a vivid description of the actual experiences of sighting, capturing and disposing of the whale.

GABRIEL OF LAKE ST. CHARLES

BY SIR JAMES M. LEMOINE

UNTIL the Quebec and Lake St. John Railway had unlocked the portals of our North, bringing within easy reach of the outer-civilised world the wild, picturesque streams, countless lakes and beautiful waterfalls of that wilderness, two lovely inland sheets of water, Lake Beauport and Lake St. Charles had the privilege of engrossing in a high degree the attention of the sporting gentry of Quebec.

The first lake, prized for its bracing air, mountainous surroundings and luscious red trout; the second endeared to the disciples of old Izaak, by its rare facilities for fly-fishing and shooting; and to pleasure-seekers in general, by its proximity to Quebec, the charm of the landscape and the healthfulness of the site. The attractions of this cool retreat were such that several well known citizens of the Ancient Capital, without any special vocation for piscatorial pursuits, but merely to escape the dust of St. John and St. Peter Streets, were in the habit of leasing for the summer months cottages, "on the margin of fair Zurich's waters."

I might recall among others, Judge Charles G. Holt, Sheriff Sewell, Lieut.-Col. L. C. Fitzgerald, R.A.; C. Gethings, manager of the Quebec Bank; J. J. Foote, J. S. Fry, Samuel B. Foote, Daniel McPherson, S. Raymond, W. H. Jeffery, J. E. Eckhart, A. J. Maxham, W. D. Campbell, and M. Stevenson. Fly fishing for trout, yachting and boating during the leafy months were followed by the younger

frequenters of the lake, during the bright, frosty days of winter, with cariboo hunting, trapping bears, foxes, hares and setting night lines under the ice of that and the neighbouring lakes for the huge gray trout, known as *tuladi* to the Indians and better known as *queue fourchue* to the French.

Lake St. Charles is an old settlement; the indigenous population is of a slightly mixed character. The Huron reserve at Indian Lorette counts several representatives and half-breeds. For half a century and more, nothing was more *en règle* for Quebecers, than a Saturday excursion "in the season of the year" to Lake St. Charles when a cold collation *arrosée de medoc*, or with McCallum's prime pale ale, closed the *fête*, under the good roof of old Verret's rustic hostelry still flourishing amidst the green fields encircling the famous old lake.

One sultry June afternoon I formed part of a squad of noisy law students resting under the shade of an umbrageous elm, on the eastern shore of Echo Bay, waiting all of us impatiently for Old Sol to go to rest behind the summit curtain of Côte à Bonhomme to the west. The fish would not rise; our gaudiest fly had failed to draw them from the deep, cool caverns of the lake. At sundown, we would have sport, not before. So said our trusty guide, old Gabriel. A lively camp-fire was blazing on the shore; its dense smoke kept away the myriads of

mosquitoes and black flies, which at this season usually lay in wait to pounce on those audacious mortals who dare invade their liquid domain.

Old Charles Panet, reclining on the turf, had just exhausted his store of choice anecdotes, closing with a graphic account of how his respected great-grandfather, Dr. Badelard, had been made to deliver his short regulation sword as surgeon to the *Régiment de la Reine* to one of Fraser's Highlanders on the 13th of September, 1759, on the Heights of Abraham. Tough stories of the catch of gigantic *tuladi*, in winter, under the ice of Lake St. Joseph, had succeeded, followed by a thrilling account of the fatigue and danger encountered in a winter trip far north, to Snow Lake, at the breaking up of the ice towards spring. An elderly angler, wearing heavy gold spectacles, which gave him a thoughtful, scientific look, sententiously asked in vain for the reason why the flesh of the trout of Lake Beauport was redder than that of other trout. Genial Charles Panet, resting his rod securely on the gnarled trunk of the big elm tree, broke in with a joyous laugh. "*Messieurs*, no fishing until 7.30 p.m. at least! What are you going to do, to kill time—*pour tuer le temps*? That is the question, *Mes braves*!"

"Did you ever hear the story of Gabriel's miraculous escape from starvation, through the kindness of a bear, and how he discovered the difference between St. Pierre 65, O.P. Whisky and Ontario toddy? You are aware doubtless that the vile spirit smuggled in enormous quantities from the French Islands of Newfoundland is known over the Province of Quebec, as *du Saint Pierre*."

It is quite a touching narrative.

"No! No! No!" was ejaculated all round. "Let us have it!"

An earnest appeal to the old trapper was thus made, and Gabriel, who until then had been silently smoking a short *dudeen* in the stern of his

canoe, put down his pipe, hitched up his pants and pushing his canoe close in shore, said: "*A vos ordres, Messieurs*. I shall tell you, in a few words, the story of the bear who saved my life and also how I discovered the difference between *du Saint Pierre* and Ontario whisky. Well, it occurred in the first days of April; the squirrels and the bears were just leaving their winter quarters—the spring sun was getting to be quite hot at midday, on the mountain, though the nights were still frosty. I was just thinking of closing up operations in my *sucrerie*, as the sap was becoming tainted with *la sève*. A fellow, whom I took for *un gentilhomme*, called at my *cabane*, wet, tired, but a trifle under the weather from the effect of *ardent*, I thought. He had, he said, got wet accidentally falling in the lake through a hole in the ice. I lent him a pair of socks; he dried his clothes at my camp-fire, and then pulled out of his pocket a large metal flask, saying it contained something extra good, poured out for me a very stiff horn, adding that it was as mild as pigeon's milk—*du lait de pigeon*. I hesitated before taking such a dram; how my usual caution forsook me I cannot tell. He persisted, saying that no such spirit ever came from the whisky country in Canada, Ontario, and that one had to go all the way to the French islands, St. Pierre and Miquelon, off Newfoundland, to get it. I always thought since the fellow must have been a smuggler or a *coureur de bois*. There was a sly, furtive look in his eye.

"Soon after I left with a tin can to collect the sap from the maple. On coming out in the cool air, everything seemed to swim before my eyes. My course was in the direction of the lake. Walk I could not without much trouble; my legs, usually so strong, refused to carry me."

"A clear case of tangle-legs," joyously chimed in old Charles Panet.

"I never heard it called by that name, *monsieur*, *le membre pour le*

comté," tartly replied old Gabriel.

"Though I could hardly walk, something impelled me to run; this also was a failure. In fact, completely nonplussed, I laid down my tin can. What shall I do next? I repeated to myself. I shall catch my death of cold from this night wind blowing across the lake. I felt I could not reach my *cabane*, and looked round for a shelter, as night was fast setting in. I had, 'twas clear, been made the victim of a practical joke. 'Saint Pierre,' I discovered, was strong *comme le diable*, too much so for my nerves. I shouted to keep my spirits up; I even swore at *le St. Pierre* (St. Peter, I hope, will forgive me, as no offence was meant). I spied on the edge of the lake a monstrous pine, which looked as if it had been cleft in twain by lightning. Towards it I tried to make a bee-line. I have strong doubts that I did. My legs had given out, not my arms, however. My salvation, my only salvation, rested, I thought, in climbing that tree. I succeeded in wedging myself firmly, as I thought, in the rent in the tree, without looking below me. Sleep soon overpowered me. All at once, and without one moment's warning, I slid down in the cavity about twelve feet and landed on a soft bed of leaves. Here I felt helpless, a doomed man. Realising my desperate position, I was just yielding to despair, when it occurred to me to invoke my patron saint. Taking a hasty but unsatisfactory retrospect of my whole life, I tried to kneel down to say my prayers. I found my memory failed me. The only prayer that I could recollect was "*ora pro nobis*," which I hurried to repeat in a loud voice, when a strange

sound caught my ear, as if something was scratching on the outside bark of the tree. Then there was some rustling above and a fluffy ball of fur struck my head, nearly crushing me to a jelly. I gasped for breath and then yelled with pain and fright. A snort and horrible growl were the only response. Terror sobered me entirely, for I realised my position. I had unwittingly invaded the winter quarters of a bear absent from home, in quest of his supper, no doubt. Bruin on his return had, according to his well-known practice, let himself down in his lair, tail first, on top of me. Which of the two felt the most awkward I cannot pretend to say. Startled, he stood a second or two, staring at me; then turned and took to climbing the wooden walls of my prison, while I shouted at him. My presence of mind had not left me. One chance of escape then remained. I laid hold of the animal's tail in the ascent, but soon found there was nothing to hold on. Letting go my hold, I instantly took a firm grip of the long fur growing on his haunches. Never did I travel faster by train. In a trice I found myself landed at the front door of my prison.

"The conductor seemed in such a hurry, that he heeded not a 'dead head.' Not even stopping to look after his fare, he slid down tail-end first along the tree, ran like a cariboo towards the frozen lake, and might be running on it yet had not the ice melted on it last spring."

"Gabriel," said Mr. Panet, "I have heard something like this before?"

"*C'est possible, mon bon monsieur*, but that was how I found out the difference between *du Saint Pierre* and Ontario whisky."



CANADA AND GREENLAND

BY ROBERT STEIN,

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THE area of Canada is now 3,745,574 square miles; that of the United States, including Alaska and the insular possessions, 4,340,677 square miles; that of Europe, 3,627,000 square miles. By acquiring the 837,740 square miles of Greenland, Canada's area would be increased to 4,573,314 square miles, which would make her 242,637 square miles larger than the United States and 956,314 or nearly a million square miles larger than Europe. Of course, mere size counts for little. Were Canada to claim the 14,500,000 square miles of the moon, nobody would object. A good many people will say that a block of ice like Greenland is not of much greater value than the moon, as a colonial possession. Let us see.

The summer of 1912 will probably see the first fleet of transatlantic steamers loading wheat from the elevators on the west shore of Hudson Bay. With the extension of the wheat fields of the Northwest, the annual procession of steamers from Hudson Bay to Liverpool and Glasgow will rapidly lengthen. It is safe to say that the commerce of Hudson Strait during the summer months will not fall far short of that of the St. Lawrence ten years hence and may eventually equal it. Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota will probably be glad to swell the traffic, so far as Canada will let them. Now take a globe and stretch a string from Cape Chidley, the southern gatepost of Hudson Strait, to the southeast and

northeast capes of Ireland, which would be the objective points of steamers making for Liverpool and Glasgow. In either case the straight line cuts a slice off the southern end of Greenland. In other words, vessels going from Hudson Strait to Liverpool or Glasgow and wishing to take the straightest possible course will have to sail as close as possible past Cape Farewell, the south cape of Greenland. A stream of drift ice usually moves southward along the east coast of Greenland and may force vessels to take a more southerly course, but when there is no ice, or only loose ice, masters will, of course, try to shorten the trip as much as possible by following the great circle. A cable from Ireland to Cape Farewell and thence to Cape Chidley and York Factory will soon become a necessity. With a vast fleet passing in sight of it every summer, Cape Farewell is bound to receive many calls and develop into an important station, rendering valuable service to the new line of traffic. Of course, it would do so even if it remained in Danish hands, but it is safe to say that, if Canada had the choice between asking this service of foreigners and performing it for herself she would unhesitatingly choose the latter.

There is a disposition, for which perhaps certain narrators of Arctic explorations are to blame, to assume that there is nothing worth having within the Arctic circle. American statesmen grudged the seven millions

paid for Alaska, "Seward's snow farm." The millions of dollars' worth of gold exported from Alaska, the vast deposits of copper and coal just opened up, ought to serve as a warning against condemning any land as worthless, even if situated at the Pole. The ice-free portion of Greenland under Danish control is estimated at 46,740 square miles, larger than Ireland, and the ice-free belt in East and North Greenland is probably quite as extensive. What minerals may be revealed in such an area by close prospecting, no one can foretell.* Nor are mineral resources the only ones to be found. Formerly the trade in reindeer skins was highly lucrative, and with judicious protection it could doubtless be revived. With an initial expenditure, South Greenland could be converted into a highly remunerative game preserve, where the musk-ox, chamois, alpaca and other fur-bearers could find a congenial *habitat*, undisturbed by the carnivora of the mainland.

The main wealth of the Arctic, however, is not on the land but in the sea. It is curious how completely the present kerosene-burning generation has forgotten the fact that their fathers, over the length and breadth of the land, performed their evening tasks by the light of the whale-oil lamp. The oil kings of those days were whalers. It is estimated that the whaling industry contributed yearly \$700,000,000 to the wealth of Holland, Scotland and America—most of it derived from within the Arctic and Antarctic circles. One hundred and fifty vessels were employed at one time in this industry in Baffin Bay, where three or four at present catch barely enough to pay expenses. Still, so long as the whale is not completely exterminated, it is merely a question of time and ju-

dicious protection when he will regain his former numbers and become once more the basis of a great industry. An agreement for his protection might indeed be made with Denmark even now but, it would not be easy to give it international sanction, so long as the shores of Baffin Bay are owned by two different nations. Were Greenland a part of the Dominion, it would be easy, in the present moribund condition of the whaling industry, and with the present universal demand for "conservation," to obtain international consent to the closing of both Baffin Bay and Hudson Bay to all but Canadian ships. The whales in both bays would then be the property of Canada, and she could afford to give them such protection as to make them yield the maximum returns compatible with the permanence of the industry. It must be remembered that the \$700,000,000 yielded by the whale fisheries represented only "bone," spermaceti and blubber, and that besides these there was an immense amount of waste, in carcasses abandoned and in wounded whales lost. Often, in the eagerness for quick profits, not even the blubber was taken but only the "bone" and spermaceti. With ice for cold storage close at hand everywhere, such waste would in the future be unpardonable. The Norwegian method, which consists in towing each captured whale to a factory on shore and there turning every scrap of him into marketable goods, would be the only one permissible. If the whales were Canadian property and the Eskimos Canadian subjects, the Canadian Government would take good care that the stomachs of these subjects should not remain empty for lack of whale meat, even if the increasing meat famine in Europe and elsewhere did not create a market for

* "The Gronlandsk Minedrift Aktieselskab, of Copenhagen, has begun work on a copper mine south of Upernivik, North Greenland. The vein occurs in an eruptive formation, and it is supposed that it widens downward. The ore shows 20-45 per cent. copper. The first year's output was 900 tons of ore."—Letter from Mr. C. E. Krarup to the *Afdelingschef vid Telegrafvaesenet*, Copenhagen.

that article, which, the writer was told by an old whaler, is not much inferior to beef.

Suppose that under a system of complete utilisation and "conservation," only forty Canadian ships, each with a crew of fifty men, were eventually employed in this industry. That would make a total of 2,000 men passing each year through a splendid school of seamanship. At the present time, when Britain finds such difficulty in manning her navy, such an accession of possible British recruits would be highly welcome.

The whale, though the most important, is not the only useful denizen of Baffin Bay. In the far north, the walrus is present in vast numbers, and its meat, hide and ivory would add considerably to the trade of the future whaling stations. The numerous species of seals, the narwhal, white whale, polar bear, fox and hare, and myriads of birds, could be made to pay tribute. In Japan, the seaweed industry yields marketable products to the value of \$2,000,000 each year, besides vast quantities consumed on the spot. Both in Japan and in the Hawaiian Islands, seaweeds are actually cultivated. Many parts of Baffin Bay are veritable forests of seaweed, and Eskimo labour is probably cheaper even than Japanese. None of these minor industries might by themselves be sufficient to bear the cost of transportation, but in combination with whaling, mining and the fur business they would swell the volume of trade.

Thousands of Americans flock to Switzerland each year to view the tiny glaciers and ice caps of the Alps, regarded as one of the wonders of the world. It ought not to be difficult to direct an even greater stream of tourists to the world's greatest wonder, the ice cap of Greenland, nearly as large as the entire United States east of the Mississippi. Hansen has shown that travelling on the surface of this great ice pavement, nearly as level as the surface of the ocean, is in many

cases as easy as over the floor of a dancing-hall. If regular and commodious communication were established between Greenland and the great American ports, thousands of tourists would take advantage of the opportunity to enjoy the unique sensation of a cruise on this great white frozen ocean, in many places probably a mile or more in depth. A dozen hotels would soon spring up, and half a dozen steamers would make the circuit of Baffin Bay several times each summer. It has already been suggested that Greenland, with its absolutely pure air and water and its three to four months of perpetual daylight, is bound to become the world's greatest sanitarium.

In brief, the possession of Greenland by Canada would render the entire Arctic archipelago adjoining Baffin Bay more accessible and promote its exploration and development. If Newfoundland joined the Dominion, she would doubtless get the lion's share of all this trade, and it seems hardly conceivable that she would care to forego that advantage.

*

The question now arises, At what price can Canada get Greenland?

While formerly the Greenland trade was a source of considerable profit to the Danes, in recent years it has been carried on at a loss. The writer was assured by one of the Danish governors that Denmark would only be too glad if some other nation would take Greenland off her hands; that she kept it solely for the sake of the natives, who would starve if the Danish stations were abandoned. It is practically certain that if Canada cares to acquire Greenland she can get it for nothing. Doubtless the Danes are as anxious as any other people to get as much money as possible, but there is one thing for which they care still more—their national unity. In this respect, Canada has it in her power to render them an essential service.

In 1864, as everybody knows, the

Danes lost Schleswig-Holstein. They have long since recognised that it would have been wiser to surrender Holstein voluntarily, since that province was historically a part of Germany and was thoroughly German in language and sentiment. Schleswig, on the other hand, had always been Danish, and the larger part of it, the one adjoining Denmark, was in 1864, and is now, overwhelmingly Danish in language and sentiment. At the present moment the Danes limit their ambition to the recovery of the Danish-speaking district. So long as that district remains under German rule, there can be no friendly relations between Germany and Denmark. Were it restored, the two nations would at once be friends.

Since North Schleswig is essentially Danish, the Danes claim that, as a matter of equity, it ought to be restored to them without compensation. However, being an essentially sober people, they recognise that Germany, whose main trouble is lack of land, is not likely to surrender any piece of land either gratuitously or for money, but only in exchange for some other land. If Denmark owned colonies that were a source of revenue to her, she might hesitate to surrender these for what she regards as part of her rightful domain. But Greenland and the West Indies are not a source of revenue but of expense to Denmark, and hence it is fair to presume that she would gladly surrender them to Germany in exchange for North Schleswig. Fortunately or unfortunately, the Monroe Doctrine prevents the acquisition both of Greenland and of the Danish West Indies by any country except Britain or the United States. Evidently, then, Denmark will never have anything to offer to Germany as ransom for her captive province, unless Britain will consent to accept Greenland in exchange for some British colonies not covered by the Monroe Doctrine, especially Wal-fish Bay and Zanzibar, most coveted by Germany. It is safe to say that

Britain would gladly do this, if she knew that Canada wanted Greenland, especially now, after Canada has offered to build a navy as an adjunct to the British navy. In brief, Canada can get Greenland for nothing, by simply expressing a wish to own it.

Bismarck declared on several occasions that he was merely waiting for the opportune moment to begin negotiations for the restitution of North Schleswig to Denmark. The *Alldeutsche Verband*, the most intensely nationalistic organisation in Germany, declared, in an official publication by its late President, Prof. Hasse, that the restitution of North Schleswig, for an equivalent, should be regarded as an open question. Thus there is good reason to think that in this triangular bargain, two parties, Germany and Denmark, are willing. It remains to examine the situation from the point of view of the third party, Britain.

The friendship between Britain and Denmark, already intimate, would be further strengthened if Britain aided Denmark to ransom her captive province. At the same time, Denmark being reconciled to Germany, would become the natural mediator between Britain and Germany, so that the relations between these two old friends, now somewhat estranged, would also resume some of their former cordiality. This of itself would lessen the pressure of naval competition and tend to ease the burden of naval expenditure for both nations. To aid the mother country in bearing that burden, Canada, like Australia and New Zealand, has been deciding to spend a large sum to build a fleet of her own. That expenditure is probably beyond recall, but the evident concern with which it was made suggests that Canada would be glad to know of a means to avoid its continuance, perhaps even the increase of that expenditure. Such a means is at hand. All that Canada has to do is simply to express a desire to own Greenland. This may seem a

startling statement, but a brief consideration will show its truth.

The motive which prompts Germany's naval movement is the belief that Britain is determined not to permit any further colonial expansion of Germany and that she will profit by the first opportunity to take away Germany's colonies and destroy her commerce. The writer has before him a letter from a distinguished German in which this belief is plainly expressed. It must be confessed that the British press is sadly replete with utterances tending to strengthen that belief, which, of course, is sedulously fostered by the advocates of German naval expansion. With a population of sixty-three millions and a colonial domain of barely one million square miles, mostly unfit for white colonisation, Germany feels it to be not only her right but her duty to her own future to win for her people a "place in the sun;" and if Britain is unalterably opposed to such expansion, Germany really has no choice but to build such a navy that Britain will no longer deem it safe to continue her opposition.

Responsible British statesmen have repeatedly declared the alleged British policy to be a myth; that Britain has no intention of occupying any of Germany's present possessions or of preventing her from acquiring others, should any colonies hereafter be on the market. "Words are cheap," the Germans reply, and it must be confessed that there is ample justification in history for scepticism in such matters. British statesmen now have the opportunity to prove the truth of their words by a *deed*. The German argument based on the alleged British policy of opposition to Germany's colonial expansion would be completely refuted if Britain of her own accord surrendered to Denmark, in exchange for Greenland, some African colonies, knowing beforehand that they were afterward to be transferred to Germany. With this substantial proof of friendly in-

tentions on the part of Britain, the Reichstag, always in trouble about the budget, would promptly question the need of additional *Dreadnoughts*. A tacit, if not a formal, limitation of armaments would be the result. Canada herself could keep her millions for works more profitable than warships. A better bargain cannot be conceived than one in which, instead of paying for the goods, you get them for nothing and save money besides.

Canada has every reason to promote friendly relations between European powers, especially Britain and Germany. What the future course of development in the Pacific will be, nobody knows, but it is evident that Canada even now could not alone withstand an attack from Asia, much less in the future, when the 600,000,000 of Eastern Asia shall have navies commensurate with their numbers. She has to rely on the protection of the mother country. Her vital interest, therefore, requires her to make sure, so far as possible, that the mother country shall not at the moment of Canada's danger be compelled to face other enemies, but shall on the contrary have so many allies as to preclude the possibility of attack. A truer word was never spoken than that of the Kaiser: "Only those powers that have great fleets will be treated with respect when the future of the Pacific comes to be decided, and, if for that reason alone, Germany must have a strong fleet. It may even be that England herself will be glad that Germany has a fleet, when they speak together on the same side in the great debates of the future."

For the same reason it is the duty of the United States, in the writer's humble opinion, to aid the proposed compromise by exchanging a part of the Philippines for the Danish West Indies; and the colony thus acquired by Denmark should be retained by her and developed as Java was developed by Holland. Denmark has large interests in the Pacific, and for

their development a good-sized colony would be a great convenience. The advent of a viking squadron in the Pacific would be welcomed by every white power having possessions in that part of the world. But that is another story, which, if told at full length, might overtax the reader's patience.

*

Students of economics are familiar with the problem of the *parcellement* of rural property in Europe. Owing to continual subdivision, it often happens that a farm of say twenty acres consists of ten different fields, each a mile or more from the next, so that the farmer is compelled to spend half his time in transit from field to field. When the evil becomes intolerable, the community finally agrees to a redistribution, called in Germany *Verkoppelung*, by which each man, in exchange for his scattered fields, gets an equivalent in a single block adjoining his house. It is about time that European powers undertook a similar *Verkoppelung* with some of their colonies. By the arrangement here proposed, Canada would gain Greenland, adjoining her house; Denmark would gain North Schleswig, adjoining her house; Germany would gain Walfish Bay and Zanzibar, adjoining her house. Each country would acquire that which is nearest to it and most needed, in exchange for what is far away and least needed. There would be a gain all around and no loss anywhere. The greatest gain of all would be in mutual goodwill and confidence, and in the saving of the huge expenditures due to mutual distrust.

To nations, as to individuals, the opportunity to perform a noble deed

comes but rarely; and nations, like individuals, are rarely alert enough, in their warm bed of routine, to perceive and grasp the passing opportunity. If the arguments here advanced are sound, Canada has at this moment an incomparable opportunity. In the July number of *The Canadian Magazine*, commenting on the sending of a *Dreadnought* by Australia to England, the editor wrote: "Would it not be much cheaper and better, and at least worth the experiment, for the Government of Australia to send a message to the Kaiser, deploring the hostile attitude of England and the warlike preparations of Germany, and expressing the hope that the statesmen of both countries make a determined effort to offset the animosity that the jingoes and a large section of the English and German press seem bound to arouse?" Much more "worth the experiment" would it be for Canada to do the same not by a few cheap words but by a *deed*. Without sending a message to Berlin, she can furnish substantial proof of Britain's pacific intentions and thereby put Germany's pacific professions to the test. Without spending a cent, by simply expressing a wish to own Greenland, she can gain that colony, the control of Baffin Bay, a monopoly of its whale fishery, most likely the accession of Newfoundland, hasten the development of her present Arctic possessions, cement the friendship between Britain and Denmark, largely restore the former cordiality between Britain and Germany, and, by thus lessening the naval competition, effect a saving of millions in her own budget and in that of the mother country. Will she take her place among those that know the right and do it not?



WINNIPEG: THE MELTING POT

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

NO other city of its age and size has been advertised throughout the world as much as Winnipeg, the gateway of the prairie region, which has added so greatly to the wealth and prestige of the Dominion. For years its name has been on the lips of men in all parts of the universe who think that a change will better their condition. Its history has been interwoven with romance that has cast round it a sort of halo, which in itself has proved to be a great lodestone of the vast western country.

In the short space of one generation this "Prairie City" has risen to third rank in population and wealth and is pushing hard for premier honours in importance. Through its portals have passed the land-hungry and wealth-seeking people who have settled farther west. Steadily the human stream has poured through, and as it flows by there continually drops out numbers who see better opportunities at the threshold than in the field, and they are building up a great city.

The process is still going on. Hundreds of thousands of people from every country on the globe are coming every year, and Winnipeg gets a share of each contingent. The rush is mainly for land; and the manless land is still extending the invitation to the landless man.

Up to the present time the immigrants have not all been of the hand-picked variety, but an improvement is now apparent. Men of the old lands in whose bosom there is the spark of hope or ambition are still stirred by the thought of homes in

Canada free for the asking. Many of these hopefuls become wealthy landlords, and tower in wealth and respect among the people—in their imagination. Their imagination is broad in an inverse ratio to their knowledge and experience in agricultural pursuits. Of all classes, all nationalities and descriptions, men have rushed to the Canadian West, determined to erect homes and firesides which they might call their own.

To a practical farmer, particularly with some financial support, the land is the greatest of blessings, to the truth of which thousands can testify. Of course, business men turn to the cities naturally as their proper sphere. From the rural communities the decided successes and the decided failures look also to the cities, and many turn that way, the failures probably predominating in this influx. The successful city man must consider that he has not only himself to support but also his brother man who has failed to make good. The cities are composed of three classes: those who have made good, those who are making good, and those who will never make good.

Largely through her geographical position in relation to the prairie, Winnipeg has forged ahead faster than the surrounding country, until now it is estimated that one-third of the population of Manitoba is located in the city and suburbs. From a commercial standpoint this fact is the cause of much pride. Studied from the standpoint of an agricultural province and considered along with the



IN THE "FOREIGN" QUARTER OF WINNIPEG

other cities and towns in the Province, it is a matter of some seriousness. Manitoba, the great agricultural Province, has forty per cent. of its people living in cities and towns. The percentage is steadily increasing. Thus it will be seen that with the growth of a city there is also vast increase in its responsibilities. There is little need to force the population of Winnipeg, for it will grow faster than the Province which supports it. If the greater stress is laid upon the Province the city will take care of itself.

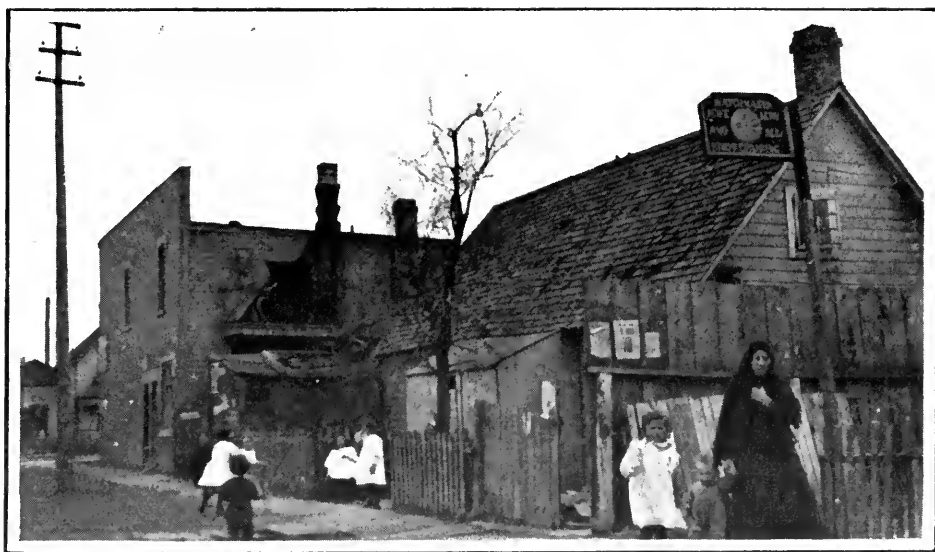
Winnipeg holds a place by itself among Canadian cities. Less than half its people are Canadians, while one-third are either foreign born or the children of foreign parents — which in many instances means the same thing. The rapid influx of immigration during the last fifteen years has been the cause. In the great Republic to the south immigration in proportion to the population never has been one-third as great as it has been in Canada. Yet the people of that glorious nation have failed miserably in the problem of the cities. Hardly a writer or public speaker of the present day touches on the subject of

American humanity without deploring the fact of the poverty and suffering in the big cities

Two causes contribute largely to these conditions — immigration and business competition. Canada has both of the causes and is on the high road towards the condition. Proper precautions taken now will do much to avoid a repetition in Winnipeg, where to-day is being worked out the greatest problem of assimilation ever cast upon a city of the same size on the continent. The fusion of races in the melting-pot is unceasing. The blast furnaces are developing the new Canadian—but there is something defective in the system. The product is not satisfactory nor is the process sufficiently rapid and sure.

The main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, passing through Winnipeg, is generally accepted as a division, the foreign section being to the north. The "north-end" has become a significant definition in the city. Not all the "north-enders" are foreign, but the majority converse in other than Anglo-Saxon speech.

The linguist who visits Winnipeg may have the choice of conversing in



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upwards of two score tongues if he is anxious for such exercise. Should he enter the houses of the different persons with whom he speaks his experience will be materially widened and his nose will detect odours as cosmopolitan as the people. With all its great and polyglot population, Winnipeg has comparatively little voice in the affairs of the Province or the Dominion. With a sufficient population for four members in the House of Commons and ten in the Legislature, it is represented by one in the former and four in the latter. Alexander Haggart, M.P., therefore, has the honour of speaking for a greater number of people than any one member in Parliament. Should he speak for all in the various native languages he would demoralise the House of Commons and lead the world in linguistic accomplishments. It is no doubt well for the interest of the country at large that urban representation is held down, but there is such a thing as holding it too low. The only legislator from the city whose mother tongue is not English is T. H. Johnson, M.P.P., a native of Iceland, but a master of polite English

and a prominent barrister.

To the student of human nature and sociology Winnipeg offers a field unrivalled on the continent, where he may roam at will and find study for a lifetime. What has happened and what is bound to happen under the wheat-driven high-pressure rate of living will furnish thinking pabulum for theorists as well as practical-minded persons. The great majority of Winnipeggers work for a living. There is, however, the customary leisure class whose complaints are silenced only when dodging work. There has never yet been good reason for many men to steadily be out of employment, though that class during the last winter was too numerous. Scores of them when offered work turned up their noses at the thought of making an honest living and being no longer a public charge. They would refuse a "job," but wanted a position. They were practically recruited from the immigrant class, and that largely from the great nation to which Canada owes its greatness to-day. Somebody has to be pestered with them, so probably it is well that Canada has



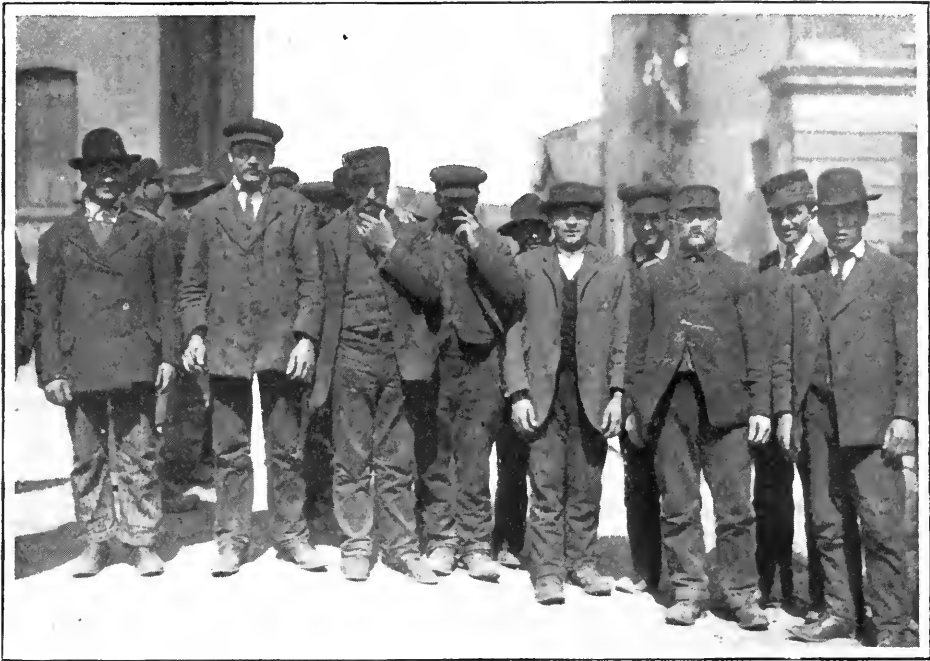
A COSMOPOLITAN GROUP IN A WINNIPEG STREET

her share and Winnipeg a taste of what real metropolitanism involves. Then again there is hope that they will improve in the midst of opportunity. The man who will beg meals and refuse to cut wood is useless anywhere and always lands in the city at last.

In the melting process Icelanders have taken the foremost place among the adopted peoples. In the colleges and university they have forged to the front and have asked favours of no one. They have a long line of hard-working and thrifty generations at their back, which is bound to develop men of value. It was an Icelandic student, Skuli Johnson, who this year was chosen as the Rhodes scholar from Manitoba. The Scandinavian races have proven to be the best of the foreigners in Canada, and in Winnipeg they retain the prestige of their traditions, though in the intellectual world they have not all

scored so prominently as the Icelanders. The Jews are as they are in all cities. Mostly they mind their own business. The Chinamen restrict their activities largely to soiled linen, with an occasional restaurant, but this is more common farther west. Japs are few in the city, but on Portage avenue they are in the front row with two large commercial establishments.

When to a bunch of twenty thousand Galicians (Poles, Ruthenians, Russians, etc.) there is added five thousand Germans and as many more assorted foreigners born in the United States, the resulting compound is much the same as is found in the "north-end." The exact figures on the foreign peoples are not available, as the land of their birth only is recorded. Technically a so-called Galician may be either a Canadian or an American by birth, but the Anglo-Saxons make a broad classification that is right for all practical purposes.



A CHANCE GROUP OF FOREIGNERS LINED UP TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED

The children of foreigners are usually considered to be more criminally inclined than their parents. Possibly modern ideas when led by mediæval customs and traditions develop too rapidly in the wrong direction.

The Galicians are the cause of much concern where they are located in Winnipeg to stay. Many own their own houses and other property, and their numbers are increasing rapidly both naturally and by immigration. There is also a steady influx from the country communities. Practically all of them are labourers, and they don't get to the front rank rapidly. On account of their ability to live cheaply, they militate against the wages of natives. The more of them there are to reduce the price of labour the greater becomes the tendency to Anglo-Saxon race suicide. Again, the population is shifting. A Galician with a thousand dollars is considered a prince among his compatriots at home, and it is a strong temptation to go back and lord it over them. Ga-

licians send a pile of Winnipeg money back to the homeland. Though many of them return to their old homes, they are not missed, and those who want advantages for their families stop in Canada.

The problem in Winnipeg is more serious than even the majority of people in that city appreciate, and the improvement is not as fast as present-day methods would warrant. The mixed races were brought to the country by the Government, and once in the city the municipality has to deal with them. They are the unfortunate product of a civilisation that is a thousand years behind the Canadian; but nevertheless they are what they are, and that thousand years is a wide chasm to bridge. A generation seems a long time to transform a people, but if Galicians can be made into representative Canadians in one generation it will be a good work. The hope lies with the younger members. The training of centuries cannot be cast off like a mantle and a new one

taken on. So long as brain marks are indelible this will be true. The elder generation can only be pitied, regulated, aided, and endured, while the younger ones can be watched, fostered, and developed into Canadians through the regular channels. Anarchism and so-called Socialism is rampant among people who have been ground under despotic heels.

The Galicians who come direct from the old land were mostly born in ignorance and from force of circumstances will die in ignorance of the blessings of a free country. Not only were they down-trodden by government, but priest-craft laid heavy hand upon them at home. In Winnipeg, fakir priests have sorely imposed upon the poor Galicians. In various guises the wolves have approached, but many have been quickly exposed while others have flourished for a long time. A number of these priests who have preyed upon

the superstitions of their people have been discovered to be criminals who fled from their own country and become self-styled ambassadors from Above. Such impositions on the part of their own people render the Galicians suspicious of anything in the garb of religion. There are, however, a number of faithful native workers among them and the evangelical churches are also working with them. There is room for much missionary work yet. A number of the church organisations are doing institutional work among the Galicians, and beneficial results of a tangible character have been secured. Potent influences, however, of the most undesirable nature handicap those who might otherwise do a great deal of good for these

people.

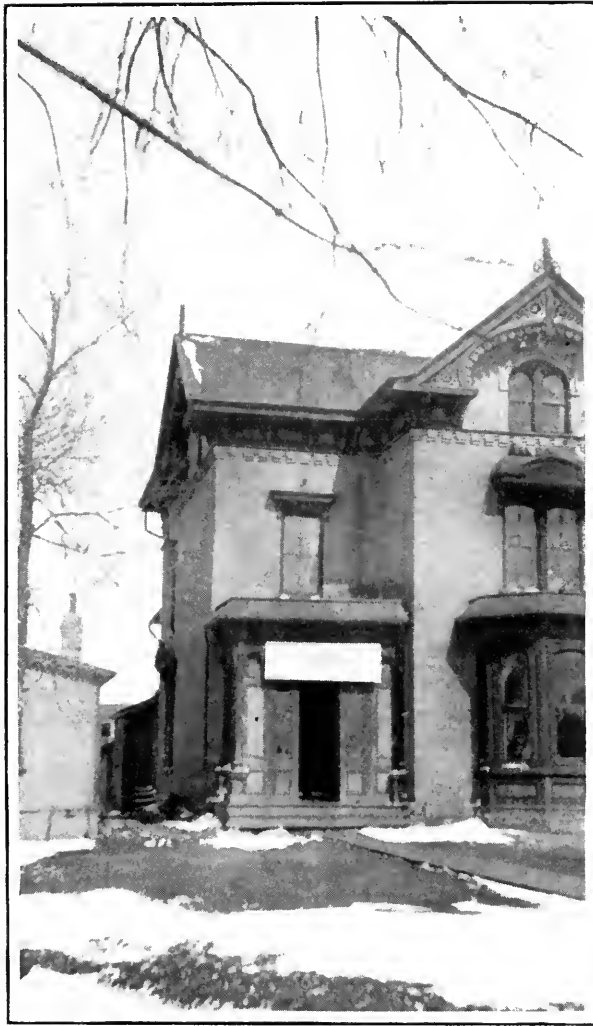
Political influences were no doubt fraught with danger in the homelands, but party politics is without doubt one of the most potent influences to their detriment in Winnipeg. The great gift of democracy, where each citizen has a voice in the affairs of the nation, is not the boon that it might be to the formerly down-trodden foreigners. As a whole, the illiterate ones would be far better off if the privilege of the ballot were withheld from them. But it is not the political candidates who are the demoralising elements among them. It is the agents and the heelers. There are native-born Canadians who, though able to read and write, are ignorant of Canadian affairs. How much less then must people know of

the meaning of their ballot who have grown to maturity without ever seeing such an instrument. Add to this illiteracy even in their native language and being



A CARLOAD OF IMMIGRANTS PASSING THROUGH WINNIPEG

unacquainted with English, as is often the case, the ballot is a dangerous weapon rather than a sacred gift. The political agencies are used to "educate" the Galicians on the proper method of casting a vote. Drunken debauches are more common in election campaigns than at other times and many a foreigner is naturalised before he has spent the required three years in Canada. Politically the majority of the rank and file of the city Galicians are reckoned as worth so much a head at the polls, and the party that pays last is supposed to secure results. It is hard sometimes to believe the world is improving morally when such scenes are witnessed. The members of the House of Commons had a



ONCE ONE OF WINNIPEG'S FINEST RESIDENCES. AFTERWARDS
IT BECAME CRAMMED WITH GALICIAN LODGERS

sample of the value of Galician affidavits last session, when for a few days they formed the chief interest. They seemed to be easily secured and to any required end. The foreigners are little to be blamed, but more to be pitied that they are puppets in the hands of cunning schemers.

The police courts and the criminal assize courts at Winnipeg form a strong indictment against the foreign peoples, the Galicians particularly. The morality of the immigrant from

continental Europe is thrown into sharp relief in the courts of justice. They have not the Canadian regard for life, liberty and sanitary surroundings, and have to be regulated accordingly. "A Galician wedding has come to mean a calamity," said one of the most eminent judges of the West while presiding over an assize court. These weddings too often mean a carouse ending in a fight and frequently murder. Now the police are usually guests at such functions, and the



WHERE MANY FAMILIES CONGREGATE

casualty list is becoming lighter, though when a score of kegs of beer are emptied during the evening there is sure to be trouble before morning.

Fear of the police is all that keeps down the trouble in the foreign districts of the city, but it cannot be kept entirely under control. The police court daily sees a number of foreigners in the dock for keeping filthy premises, overcrowding, and other infractions of city by-laws in addition to criminal charges. A Galician with two rooms will consider himself a landlord and accommodate a dozen lodgers—until the health authorities land on him. One Galician landlord owned a large two-storey house. He, with his wife and child occupied a dirty room in the base-

ment and rented all the rooms above to more men than it would be thought possible to crowd into the space. Lodgers are also accommodated in the same room with the family. In such filthy and crowded surroundings immorality is certain to prevail; but, what is worse, it is in this atmosphere that many children are being reared. If the children escape immorality they will become incorrigible and be more trouble in future than their parents.

What has been said does not apply even to all the Galicians in Winnipeg, but it finds more than enough to leaven the entire colony in the city. Much good and hopeful work is being done among them, a work that might well have especial consideration were space available.



NOVEL READING AND RELIGION

BY REV. J. PATERSON SMYTH, D.C.L.,

RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S, MONTREAL.

WHEN a clergyman writes an article on novel-reading he almost inevitably provokes the remark, "Much fitter that he should write about Bible reading." That is quite true, and yet it points to a widespread misapprehension, a lack of appreciation of the wide influence which novel-reading exerts in our day in the field of morals and theology. He would be a very foolish clergyman who did not see that there is more novel reading than Bible reading going on in the world. That some of such reading is good and some of it is evil and that whether good or evil it is exercising a vaster influence than is generally recognised in forming men's opinions and moral tone.

An intelligent foreigner recently said about the influence of novels and magazine articles in forming the views and moulding the character of the general public: "The novel in England is pretty much what the priest used to be in France before recent days of scepticism—the intimate of the home circle, the advisor, the tutor, the mentor, the family moralist and the family chaplain subtly influencing the moral and religious views of the people in a thousand unperceived directions." To a great extent I endorse this opinion and I don't think people at all realise how much their general notions of conduct and religion are thus unconsciously influenced.

We boast that we live in the days of the open Bible and the teaching pulpit. But the open Bible is very often unread, and the teaching pulpit is very often dull and there is a stronger tendency than is generally noticed to pick up our notions of life and conduct in an interesting amateur way from novels and poems and essays and review articles. The author of a clever popular novel has an enormous audience — editions sometimes of 100,000 copies. No preacher, however great and famous, has any chance of influencing opinion to such an extent as that. Therefore it becomes a very important matter what tone is taken by these novelists and magazine writers. It becomes a problem worthy of grave consideration for parents what novels and magazines should be admitted into their homes. And it becomes a matter of grave importance for the clergy in every educated community to utter sometimes words of advice and warning on these matters.

II.

Now first note this. The object of the novelist is not necessarily to teach religion any more than it is the object of the writer on history or travel. His object is to interest and amuse, to hold the mirror up to nature and picture to us the ordinary interesting throbbing life of humanity about us as it is. If anyone thinks that interest and amusement and sympathetic

watching of human life is too low a purpose for a religious man I cannot. I think in this world of tired, dull people it is part of God's will that we should be amused and refreshed. I think with this sympathetic nature that God has given us it is only natural that we should be interested in the pictures of life as it is lived.

It is a great mistake to try to divorce from God the many innocent things which make life happier. It is a great mistake for religious people to deny what ordinary human nature strongly feels, that other things besides morality and religion are good and according to the will of God who made human nature. To say this does not make less of religion. Religion is like God's sun in the heavens. It should shine on and irradiate all the good things of life and make them better. But these other are good things too. The romping of merry children is a good thing. A well-played game of football or cricket or baseball is a good thing. The eager ambition in business is a good thing. Art and poetry and painting are good things. A splendid exciting drama is a good thing. And a stirring high-class novel is a good thing. The pleasure that people instinctively feel in these suggests at once their connection with that human nature which God has made. I think they are according to God's will. Nay, more, I think even Shakespeare and Dickens were better employed in writing their plays and novels than they would have been in trying to preach the Gospel. God gave them a great gift of doing the one, they would probably have done very badly in attempting the other.

The power to write a great novel is a great gift from God for the sake of a world of tired people.

III.

But you say, some writers write very bad novels. Yes, and some butchers sell very bad meat. But a man should not argue from that that

all novels are bad any more than he would argue that all meat is bad unless he happened to be a vegetarian. Some are harmless, innocent, amusing, and that in itself is a valuable thing, even though they may have no higher value, and some have very far higher value. Some present to us beautiful ideals of what noble lives should be. In the book world as in the real world we meet God's saints and kings. We meet many a prophet who points us to high things, many an inspiring personality who gives life an upward bias and lifts us an inch or two nearer heaven. Thank God for all such help in this poor human struggle. When one thinks of the pleasure to tired workers, of a good novel or a beautiful poem—when one thinks of the enormous circulation such literature gains—one feels very thankful for the help that some of them are giving to the cause of righteousness in the world, for Browning, for Tennyson, for Dickens, for George Macdonald, for Edna Lyall, for Ian MacLaren with his beautiful Scotch character sketches. Their work is not merely harmless, innocent, amusing, it is helping the great building of the Kingdom of God.

Let me say to godly Christian people who feel that fiction must be evil—let me say it with deep reverence, that there are works of fiction which even the poor careless world will never let die—given to us by the Lord himself, *e.g.* the story of the Prodigal Son and the story of the Shepherd and his lost sheep. Surely these are works of fiction given by Christ for the teaching of the world.

IV.

Let me emphasise one or two points before I go on.

Notice what I say, "God's gift to *tired* people," tired people, people who work. Let no self-indulgent idler who merely gets through life killing time claim that this relaxation is a gift of God for him. That sort of person has no claim on God. His

novel reading is as much a sin as all the rest of his life.

Notice too that I say that the novelist's business is to picture and study human nature as it is. If he be a true man he will make you feel that human nature as it is is not always human nature as it ought to be. Without any sermonising on the subject, he will make you admire the good and hate the evil in his characters. And I think in the main most of them do that in some degree at least. But some novelists have no high ideals and so their pictures of life have no elevating power. Some have low ideals and so their pictures of life are low and cynical. I think it only fair to say that these are not many. But the whole position makes it necessary to advise and to warn.

And here let me add just this—that the best possible antidote to any mischief from low ideals in stories that you read is to keep in touch daily with God's high ideals by the daily reading of even a small portion of His holy Word.

V.

Now, let me speak of the evils to be guarded against.

Let us begin at the lower end of the scale, the "Modern Novel" as it is distinctively designated. I once heard a smart definition of the modern novel as "a book that no nice girl would allow her mother to read." This book deals openly with problems of sex, and is in the main a very mischievous addition to modern literature, breaking down in a most undesirable way the reserve which ought to be kept about such subjects. There are many books of this kind which cannot but foster thoughts of impurity and evil.

Such novels are written shamelessly in our day—and I am sorry to say quite as often by women as by men. We get things put in print for our young people to read, for which instead of fame and money the writer deserves whipping at the cart tail.

But let me add that a book is not necessarily immoral because it deals with certain forbidden things in the relation of the sexes. The story of Adam Bede does so without hesitation. But it leaves in the readers' mind a sense of shrinking and pain, a sense of sin and its inevitable consequences which cannot but emphasise for him God's attitude against evil. There is no danger in such books. No! The real danger is in the tendency of much modern literature of this kind to adorn sin, to veil its intrinsic hideousness, by surrounding it with the charms of literary romance. The sacred beautiful word "Love" has been prostituted to a shameful meaning. Lust and unfaithfulness to the marriage vows have, by dramatic skill, been shorn of their repulsiveness and made half excusable. The hero and heroine are made quite attractive. He is a dashing young fellow with certain generous qualities. She is a beautiful sentimental girl who fails to find happiness in her married life, whose happiness is more important than her duty and her purity. Your sympathy is stirred. You can scarce help admiring them and condoning their sin.

And so you half unconsciously learn this modern gospel which John Ruskin so sternly attacks, this gospel which is forever suggesting to you that evil things are pardonable and you shall not die for them, and that good things are impossible and you need not live for them.

Such books have a paralysing effect on public opinion. They blunt the conscience and lower the whole moral tone. Never let such books enter your house. If they should get in put them behind the fire as you would put dangerous poison.

VI.

Next comes the danger from books with no directly vicious tendency, with no more fault than that the author himself seems to have poor, low ideals of life. If, as

very frequently happens, a man never raises his life ideals by study of his Bible, if his only reading outside the newspaper is in novels of this kind, which unfortunately is the case with very many, he will insensibly get low ideals himself. The general impression left by many widely read novels is something like this, that life is a certain brief span of existence to be idled away or sported away or sinned away, as seems good to the liver of it, no sense of duty, of responsibility, no feeling of solemnity with regard to this world or the world to come. Life is a mere tournament of worldly ambitions. Life is a mere picnic or pleasure party, an affair of dressing and promenading and gossiping and tea drinking and tennis and cards and billiards and theatres. While the author seems quite satisfied with this ideal for his heroes, the reader of such stuff is likely to be satisfied with such ideals for himself. And surely the religious life must suffer by such teaching.

And then so many writers seem to have failed to grasp the simple truth, that happiness has its seat and centre within and depends not on birth or riches, or change of scene or such things. They seem to go on the famous saying of Becky Sharp in "Vanity Fair:" "I think I could be a good woman if I had £5,000 a year," as if our Lord had never taught that "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth."

Human life needs nobler ideals than that. True happiness depends on what we are, not on what we have—on the beauty of our character, not on the riches of our possessions.

VII.

I notice, too, even in better books, a complete and determined ignoring of religion. Do not misunderstand me. I don't expect them to be full of sermons and passages of Scripture. That is not the function of a novel. As I

said before, its legitimate purpose is not to preach religion, but to interest and refresh the weary mind. You ought not to blame a novel for not teaching religion any more than you would blame an arithmetic for not teaching religion. But when the book persistently shuts out all high thought, when the whole tone of the book shows you that religion has no place in the writer's scheme of life, it must have an evil influence. We are told of a great Frenchman when some one spoke to him one day about religion and the hereafter, he waved him off impatiently, "One world at a time, please." That is the tone, one world at a time. Live as if there were no other world, no God, no Christ, no divine law, no responsibility. God is never mentioned, not even in an undertone. The whole book is carefully guarded against the inroad of any higher ideals from another world like the inhabitants of Holland guard against the inroad of water from the sea. And to the man or woman who habitually occupies his mind with such books life must grow very mean. Cut off habitually from the vast unseen life, thought must lose its upward look, man must become shorn of his dignity, the world must gradually become to him only what his kennel is to the dog. It is no harm to read novels picturing life as it commonly is. But you see the need of higher reading to keep you from acquiescing in this idea of life.

VIII.

Now, I want to speak of the class of novel so popular of late, that is not thoughtless and worldly, but serious and thoughtful in tone and often dealing directly with some of the most important problems of theology. The religious novel it is called. Sometimes it is so, sometimes it is the very opposite. I think it is a hopeful sign that so much of modern literature is theological in its tone and that the clever religious novel is so widely in demand. It

shows the trend of the public mind, the vague craving after higher things, the dissatisfaction with mere material standards of life. So far it is good. But this religious novel, as it is called, may be very dangerous. In dealing with theological questions, it often deals with them from the point of view of the sceptic, and when the writer is a good man with high ideals, and very shaky beliefs, he may do grave harm to the faith of young people, especially if he be a novelist of great literary reputation. Unconsciously people will be impressed by his position in the literary world. So clever a man seems so likely to be right. That is the danger.

You see there are now before the public two rival teachers of religion, the preacher and the novelist. The novelist has the advantage of the larger audience and the more attractive way of putting his views. The people are more inclined to listen to him, and therefore if he be a well taught, spiritually-minded man his influence must be enormous for good. Owing too to the power of imagination and the wide sympathy which makes him a successful novelist, he is often more in touch with the throbbing heart of the world, with its cravings and longings and aspirations than many a learned theologian.

But for the most part he has one great disadvantage in teaching theology. As a rule he knows very little about it. To teach the things of God requires a lifetime of study. If you knew the feeling of shame and incompetence with which some of us clergy address people on Sundays, you would understand my statement. After a lifetime of thought and study, one feels like a little child gathering pebbles on the shore of the infinite ocean of God's truth. We know God's truth so little. We see it so imperfectly. We teach it so stupidly. We know that after twenty years more we shall be but a little more competent—just a little.

Now, when you meet a novel with

high ideals but suggesting doubts about Christianity, don't let the reputation of the novelist carry you away. Remember that the brilliant novelist can claim no exemption from the common lot. He must remain ignorant on subjects which he has not carefully studied. When you meet a novel like "Robert Elsmere," showing how easily a good clergyman had all his deepest beliefs shattered by sceptical arguments, it may frighten you. And when you meet another well-known novel where clever people talk pathetically about the sweet sadness of poor humanity's mistaken fancies about a life to come, it may disturb you. But always remember that a man may be a brilliant novelist and yet have a very superficial acquaintance with Christianity and Christ. Many men's faith has been shaken by forgetting this. Because the writer has a great name as a novelist they forget that he may know very little about Christianity.

IX.

Once more. It seems a shame to criticise the great noble novels, yet I fear that even the high type of religious novel which touches our heart with the deep sense of the eternal Fatherhood of God, and which helps to lift us up to a higher life, even this has frequently one great defect, it does not realise the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." There is a tone as if we could hardly help sin—as if it were but a discipline through which we had to pass to make us good and that God looks very leniently on evil in us. Do you know the prayer of Martin Elginbrod?—

Be merciful to me, Lord God,
To me, poor Martin Elginbrod;
As I would be if I were God
And thou wert Martin Elginbrod.

You see the mixture of good and evil there. The beautiful trusting faith in God as the kindly sympathetic father—the feeling that we are to judge God by the best in ourselves, all so touchingly true; and yet the

feeling too that God ought to judge us by our own low standards of life.

You see the novelist is writing from the point of view of human nature, not from the point of view of the Bible with its deep horror of sin. He judges the strength of God's displeasure against sin by the weak, languid, moral displeasure of our own hearts. You know that you and I do not think so very badly of our sins. So often your novelists, even the noblest of them, make you feel not merely that God is infinitely compassionate with the repentant sinner, but that God is as lenient toward sin as we are, and that he ought to be.

It is a great blessing when a widely read novel is suggesting to hundreds of thousands the deep, touching tenderness and forgiveness of God. Yet there is so often the danger of making us lose the horror of sin and thinking of the loving God, as a mere good-natured indulgent father, to whom sin is not exceedingly sinful, whose chief thought is to make his child stop crying and be happy.

X.

This, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter. Do not hesitate to

accept as God's gift to tired people a good novel. I am not afraid to say that the English novel, though written with the object of giving pleasure and amusement, is in the main largely helping public opinion by its rough common sense ideals of right even if they be not always very high ideals.

But don't let yourself go. Don't acquiesce in low ideals. Keep yourself safe and keep your ideals high by contact with God's high ideals in His word.

Some time ago I read a famous novelist's autobiography, and it was deeply touching to see her high ideal of the office God had called her to and her prayerful hope that she might lift men by her work. It all brings us back to religion after all. If real love and service of God were in our hearts the clergyman and the merchant and the lawyer and the doctor and the writer of plays and the novel writer would all feel they were in their separate provinces God's ministers for the helping of humanity, and the words of His apostle would ring out equally to all: "Brethren, let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God."

THE HARVEST MOON

By EDGAR E. KELLEY

The last tall sheaf hath yielded to the blade,
Soft falls the dusk-cloak of the autumn night;
Along the upland and within the glade
The wheat-stooks shimmer 'neath the waning light.

God's curfew-bell, the bittern's plaintive cry,
Re-echoes: all is still, and Nature sleeps;
While, lo, from out its watch-tow'r in the sky,
A disc of ruddy gold night-vigil keeps.

WITHIN SOUND OF THE BUGLE

BY W. E. ELLIOTT

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',
An' flop round the earth till you're
dead;

But you won't get away from the tune
that they play

To the bloomin' old rag over 'ead.

—*Kipling*

THE awful sound of jarring steel, of stout timbers split like match-wood, the hissing of steam set free, rang in Burton's ears still. The cars of the freight on which he was brakeman lay behind him, telescoped and crushed. The locomotives, locked in a desperate grip like strange monsters, victims at once of one another's hate, cast huge, sombre shadows on the snow. It was three hours since the trains had met, head-on, with a crash that was heard down in the city; the undamaged cars had been already hauled away.

As nearly as the edge of a great city could be, all was silent. Over the tracks, in the roundhouse, a solitary engine panted a deliberate pah! pah! pah! Now and again a far-off whistle marked the crossings with its wailing crescendo. The through Express rumbled past with a shriek of the siren, a little slower than usual, and the driver leaned from his cab and looked at the heap of wrecked rolling stock, silently. A million stars blinked inscrutably at Burton, toy of fate, as he glanced upward.

Men came now and again, two or three at a time, snow creaking under their feet with the frost, and looked at the demolished engines, the piles of splintered wood burning by the track, and the boxes of merchandise,

some of them burst open, over which Burton for the time kept guard.

More and more into the watcher's thoughts grew the significance of the long, towered building on the hill to the north of him. Five years ago the great, stone barracks of the Royal Canadians had been his only home. The warm, steady light from a window on the east side shone with a homelike gleam to him still. He picked out and identified some of the windows from which light streamed. In front were the officers', to the left those of the Colonel's quarters; the dark corner must be the orderly room, and those windows on the far right were the first of the married quarters. At the far end of the rectangle the men's canteen, pool-room and reading-room were lighted up. Even from the stable in the rear a yellow square of light showed that the Major's orderly was bedding down the tall bay team, or their successors. But in the dim starlight the great common, alive on a June day with five thousand men, now stretched away into the darkness with only scattered tracks in the snow.

Burton struggled with a hundred tormenting memories, as he stood by the flickering fire. Five years back he had taken his discharge from the company because the life was monotonous, the pay small, and he wanted to see life, a little. Well, instead of rising at *réveille* in a warm barrack-room, to the sound of merry chaffing all around him, he obeyed now a noisy alarm-clock which spoke to him an hour earlier than the bugle did, two

days out of three, not excepting Sunday.

The pay?

None of the increase had stuck to his fingers; only his share in the benefit fund of the Brotherhood remained.

Life?

He had seen it from the observation window of a caboose, from the narrow plank path on the top of a freight car, and he had seen death—red, horrible. And Marian Blake, the sergeant-major's only daughter—she must have forgotten him; McCrimmon had said she was to marry a warrant officer she had met in Halifax. Why not? Burton told himself he had never dared to hope. Anyway—

By and by came soldiers, swinging back from town, two and three at a time. They returned by the railway track, to have a look at the wreck. A few of them Burton remembered well, others but slightly, many he knew not at all. But as he watched them in the familiar khaki great-coats and stiff seal-caps, and caught the talk that came from them, a strange feeling snatched at his heart and made him breathe hard. The shining brass buttons and glossy long boots, the men's straight, trim figures, woke again the longing that had made him a recruit years ago, and Burton realised that he was homesick—for the Regiment.

"It reminds me strongly of the Colonel's woodyard after old Mac's third day of C. B. with hard labour," said one.

"More like the quarter master's store-room on the day the 'attached' go home." This from a man Burton remembered as the company carpenter.

"Or old 'Sixty Cents' tailor-shop when the June camp's on," said a tall sergeant-instructor Burton didn't know.

"Who wouldn't be a train man?"

"Only a soldier-boy, that's all you know," hummed a short, stout corporal, and Burton recognised the bugle-instructor.

The corporal was looking over the piles of canned fruit and fish, pork and beans and other groceries that had fallen from the cases burst open in the wreck. The odour of that which had been crushed filled the air.

"Come on home, me gallant soldier lads," said he. "I can't stay here and be an honest man."

"Nor anywhere else, you old thief," someone retorted cheerfully, and the group turned backward.

Burton gnawed reflectively at a finger-end of his glove.

"Wait, you soldier-men," he said. "It is a long stretch between now and breakfast. If you will take that car door and put it on a couple of boxes for a table, I will find some rations to put on it."

They did. And he did. Biscuits, canned meats and fish, tinned fruit, and relishes he spread in profusion on the unpainted side of the door-table. The hour was now late; visitors had ceased to come to the wreck. The warm firelight danced merrily along the banqueting board.

The man at the head of the "table" broke a somewhat awkward silence.

"Morrison," said he, "you're mess-hog to-day; get up and assist the gentleman in his work of mercy."

And Morrison helped.

"While me capable helper here heats some of those tins of pork and beans over the fire I'll go and look for something to drink," Burton announced.

The car-door table was the centre of a jolly group when Burton came back with a couple of long bottles. Tongues loosened by the meal were moving more freely. Deep laughter echoed across the common, while the yellow barrack lights blinked in astonishment.

"The King," proposed the man at the end, without preface, when Burton had poured some of the bottles' contents into the bent tins that served for glasses. They were in the middle of "The Army and Navy" when the long-drawn dee-dee-e-e-e of Last Post

sounded from the hill. Most of the group were apparently not on pass, for they hurriedly shook Burton's hand or waved a good-bye and disappeared up the narrow path to the barracks. On those who left more leisurely Burton pressed canned meats and fruit, bottles and jars of table relishes and delicacies.

"Accept these," he said, "not for their intrinsic value, but as a small token of the appreciation of the railway company for the—the—oh, the intense patriotism of the permanent militia of Canada, or something!"

Then there entered Burton's brain a mischievous idea such as came to Joseph of old when he hid the silver cup in Benjamin's sack of corn, on the departure of his brethren from Egypt, and sent after them, saying: "Wherefore have ye rewarded evil for good?"

When "cookhouse" and "Tom Pepper" blew next morning, ex-Sergeant Arthur Burton sauntered across the barrack square and down the steps into the kitchen. In the dingy hallway he paused a minute till the orderly officer and his attendant non-com. passed out of the sergeant's room and on toward the men's mess, on the morning visit. Then he entered the room where the sergeants and corporals sat at breakfast. All glanced up in astonishment at the figure in trainman's garb. As Burton had surmised, the barrack table was adorned with unaccustomed delicacies from the wreck, though none of the men before him had been in the party of the night before.

"I came about some merchandise that was taken from the C.P.R. wreck down here last night," Burton began. At the expression of annoyance, disgust and defiance on the faces of the men he longed to laugh aloud.

"I see you have some of it here," he went on. The men stirred uneasily, and the "Quarter-bloke" half rose and began, "You'll have to see—"

"I have several names here," Bur-

ton went on, ignoring him. "I am told that information should be laid against the following: Sergeant-Instructor Laporte, described as the man who makes the recruits 'do everything in one motion,' and drills clothesline battalions in his sleep; Hospital-Sergeant Armour, who dopes out little bottles of *aqua pura* when the men go sick on wet-scrub day—"

Burton lifted his eyes in a swift glance from the paper he held and noted that in the row of faces on which blank astonishment were depicted one or two were staring at him very hard. He hurried on—

"Corporal Williams, alias 'Pork Pie,' who came home one night with a string of *weiners* around his neck and broke half the dishes in—"

"Burton,"—Laporte had guessed it first—, "You old defaulter, Shake!"

Then the mess yelled and ran at Burton, and the men heard the shout and sent a delegation in, and the cooks stopped work to see, and the sentinel in the archway looked across the square wondering what the noise was about.

Then the old sergeant-major dropped in. He had heard the row in the mess-room and had come across the square to investigate.

"Well, well, well, well!" he observed, very appropriately.

After that there was an awkward little pause, for Burton had been a frequent caller at the sergeant-major's home in the old days, and no one ever quite found out why he went away as he did—whether it was Marian's fault, or Burton's, or both.

"Will you be up to the house?" the sergeant-major was asking.

"I think not," Burton said. "I'll have to be going out again soon. How is—Marian?" he asked, after a pause. "I suppose she is married now. I saw McCrimmon and he said she was likely to be soon.

"She is not—yet! McCrimmon!" the old man snorted. "No, I don't believe she has forgotten you, Burton; she—"

Burton did not hear the rest, if there was any more said. The blood ran very swiftly in his veins; the bugle sounding the "dress" across the square was suddenly changed from a blare of brass to the sweetest of music; life itself was changed.

"Sit down, old man," someone called, "and have something to eat and something to wash the engine smoke from your gullet."

Burton hesitated. "I guess I'll be taking on, men," he said. "I'll be a private, you see, and—"

"Oh, sit down, you chump. You're a civilian and a guest just now, anyway. And you'll soon get your stripes; there's a draft going to Hali-

fax within a week, and we'll be under establishment in the n.c.o. ranks."

But the mess shouted: "He's taking on!" and pounded on the table with fists and bayonet butts.

"Then I'll scare up a cot and straw-tick and blankets as soon as you see the Colonel." This from the quartermaster's sergeant.

Burton glanced through the window and across the square to the "married quarters."

"I don't know, Quarter," he said, flushing red, "I'll have to let you know later."

And again the mess shouted and laughed and hammered on the white table till the granite dishes danced.

FEAR

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

I heard a sound of crying in the lane,
A passionless, low crying;
And I said, "It is the tears of the brown rain
On the leaves within the lane!"

I heard a sudden sighing at the door,
A soft, persuasive sighing;
And I said, "The summer breeze has sighed before,
Gustily, outside the door!"

Yet from the place I fled, nor came again,
With my heart beating, beating!
For I *knew* 'twas not the breeze nor the brown rain
At the door and in the lane!

THE INCIDENTAL PERCY

BY R. M. EASSIE

IN the series of dull stares which the unkempt stranger cast upon his surroundings there were but faint glimmerings of sanity. He had slouched timidly into the saloon of the *Hotel Manitoba*, and presently had come to a limp standstill in the middle of that cheerless apartment.

The tolerant smile of Mr. Nicholas Flynn, the "Manager" of the establishment, gradually gave way to an expression of incipient anxiety.

"Say, friend," he asked, not unkindly, "wher er you loose from?"

"Eh?" muttered the newcomer blankly.

The third occupant of the bar-room, known to his intimates as "Flunkey Jim," regarded the stranger critically.

"He ain't full," he declared, authoritatively. "No, sir, I don't calk-er-late he's been drinkin' any."

The stranger advanced a step or two towards the bar-counter, and passed his hand across his eyes.

"Where am I?" he articulated, clearly enough.

"Guess you're in Adasville, feller," replied Flynn.

"In British Columbia, in North America, in the western hemisphere, in the world," supplemented the Flunkey, facetiously.

The stranger wrinkled his brow as one in the process of working out a mental problem. "Kinder knew this wasn't my home," he observed, slowly.

"Did yer so?" laughed Flynn; "then let me tell yer, sonny, you're a darned sight cuter'n yer look."

The man sniggered inanely at the witticism. "Guess yer've never seen me before, have yer?" he ventured after a pause.

Flynn and the Flunkey shook their heads simultaneously.

"Thet's a pity," commented the stranger, sadly. "Then yer can't tell me who I am?"

"Gee!" exclaimed the astonished Flunkey. "Don't yer know yerself?"

"I don't know nothin'," replied the other, on the verge of tears. "I've forgot everythin', every blamed thing."

"When did yer start losin' yer tally?" queried Flynn, interested.

The derelict shrugged his shoulders helplessly, and was silent.

"Wher did yer bunk las' night?" persisted the Flunkey.

"Ain't got a notion," returned the stranger.

"Hev yer had a bite ter-day?" pursued Flynn.

"Couldn't say fer me life," came the answer in weary tones.

"Waal," summed up the Manager, "this beats four of a kind. What er we goin' ter do with him, Jim?"

The Flunkey stroked his chin meditatively.

"Guess it ain't much use searchin' him fer his visitin' card," he observed presently. "Still, ther might be a scrap o' writin' on him somewhere thet might help us some."

No diplomatic pressure was necessary to induce the stranger to turn his pockets inside out. From the only sound one he produced a torn and soiled red handkerchief, an old

pipe, a few loose matches and the remnant of a plug of tobacco—his sole possessions.

"Sense enough to stow all his property in the only pocket that hasn't a hole in it," remarked Flynn, with a grin.

"On the other hand," observed the Flunkey, sarcastically, "p'raps the blamed idjut has lost his birth stifferkit an' a lot o' vallerbles through fergettin' that his coat linin' ain't as safe as it was twenty years back."

"Reckon we'd best telephone ter Fort Hugh fer the p'lice," said Flynn after a pause.

"I'd keep him here on show fer a while if this was my racket," suggested the Flunkey. "There's consid'erable more dollars than a travellin' circus in that ther hobo. It's a cinch; he'll fill yer bar for yer with his funny games all the time."

"Adasville ain't had much ter liven it lately," mused Flynn, thoughtfully. "Reckon you're talkin' sense, Jim."

"You betcher," agreed the Flunkey.

"If you were ter go and fetch Luke Barnard," ventured Flynn, "the fun 'ud start right now."

In a moment the obliging Flunkey had departed upon the errand; in five minutes he had returned with the storekeeper and most prominent citizen of Adasville.

"I kinder thought it was up ter me ter git your advice about this proposition before sendin' over ter Fort Hugh for Constable Cassidy," explained Flynn, with a queer show of deference.

"Quite right, Flynn," said the storekeeper, gravely. "This is a case that we should investigate ourselves for the honour of Adasville and the protection of the public. If we can't make anything of the man, then let the magistrates at Fort Hugh be consulted."

"Pity you ain't one, Barnard," sighed Flynn, cleverly.

The storekeeper, whose great and widely-known ambition was a summons to the ranks of the unpaid

magistracy, shook his head aggrievedly.

"I consider," he said, "that in this matter the present company should form themselves into a citizens' committee and examine the man for clues. The first thing to do is to elect a chairman."

"I propose Mr. Luke Barnard," said Flynn, solemnly. With no less gravity the Flunkey seconded the motion, and suggested a drink.

The storekeeper gracefully accepted both the nomination and the refreshment.

After emptying their glasses, the trio turned their attention to the unknown, who, straddled across the only chair in the bar-room, had betrayed no sign of intelligent interest in the committee's preliminaries.

"There was a murderer in Europe when I was a lad," began Barnard, suddenly, "who was traced by his trouser-button, and caught and hanged."

The Flunkey advanced upon the helpless stranger, and presently reported that the few buttons remaining on his nether garment were of a plain pattern and useless as evidence.

At Barnard's suggestion, a more or less complete examination of the various details of the stranger's attire followed. The results were disappointing inasmuch as no single article gave up the secret of its place of origin.

Yet the Flunkey had a theory.

"Them ther blue pants," he declared, indicating the unknown's trousers, "are Pride o' Columbias. Yes, sir, I'd go me pile on thet, even though the maker's tag is missin'. Now, yer can't buy Pride of Columbia in any store east o' Winnipeg. I guess that kinder proves this joker is a Westerner, don't it?"

His chairman, ignoring the deduction, called pompously for the property found upon the man's person and set himself to examining it carefully.

"You notice this handkerchief is red," he remarked. "Most criminals

use them because blood-stains don't show on them. I daresay if that rag were analysed it would tell this man's story."

"Sure thing," agreed Flynn, slavishly.

"'Nuther disquietin' propersition,'" argued the Flunkey is this: "thet hobo hez pipe an' plug, but no knife. Thet's a sign he ain't smoked—"

"Barrin' he chews," interrupted Flynn.

"Thet ain't chewin' tack," declared the Flunkey, pointing to the plug. "Thet's 'Jupiter'. Yer can't buy thet east o' Winnipeg neither. Guess thet kinder proves—"

The storekeeper held up his hand for silence, and, with the air of one struck with a brilliant idea, approached the stranger, whom he touched gently on the shoulder.

"Do you think, my friend," he began coaxingly, "that, if I was to call out slowly all the Christian names I know, you could remember yours when I came to it?"

"Jest might," replied the unknown, with a feeble show of interest.

The storekeeper began to draw upon a singularly retentive memory. The thirty-seventh name mentioned was Percy. At the sound of it the stranger found speech at last.

"Thet's it, boss," he exclaimed, excitedly. "I'm Percy all serene. Yehp, I'm Percy fer sure!"

"Now, for his surname," said Barnard with the air of a conjurer who has performed a trick successfully.

He touched Percy's shoulder once more. "Do you think you are a Canadian?" he enquired.

Percy hesitated.

"I guess not," he answered, after the pause.

"Are you American?"

"Kinder think not."

"English?"

"Scotch or Irish?"

"I reckon not."

"Then, you must be Welsh," decided Barnard.

"Thet's it," replied Percy, after a

short bout with his memory. "Yehp. I'm Welsh. Ye've fixed me right there."

The indefatigable Barnard hereupon began to recall several of the most prominent Welsh patronymics, but Percy repudiated the suggestion that he was either a Llewellyn or an Evans, a Davis or a Griffiths.

"Is it Morgan?" queried the storekeeper.

The stranger half-rose from his chair, excitedly. "Sure thing it is," he cried. "I'm Percy Morgan! That's who I am! I'm Percy Morgan, all right! You bet I am!"

Flynn and the Flunkey, who had been watching their chairman's methods in dumb excitement, gave tongue to expressions of astonishment at his success.

"Gee Whiskers!" exclaimed the Manager.

"Jeeshophat!" murmured the Flunkey.

In the course of the interval for refreshment that followed, Flynn alarmed the company by suddenly putting down his glass so heavily that it was smashed to pieces upon the bar-counter.

"Great Thunder!" he cried. "Didn't Sam Morgan o' Cottontail Crick advertise las' month in the Vancouver papers for his missin' relations?"

"Sure thing," recalled the Flunkey, "fer his long lost brother Percy."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Barnard. "This poor tramp must be the very man! Tell me, Percy," he went on, turning to the stranger, "did you ever have a brother called Sam?"

Percy scratched his head lackadaisically. "What kinder guy wuz he?"

"Surly ol' man," put in the Flunkey, "pretty derned mean, an' blamed homely; stric' temperance; used ter be handy with his fists."

"Lost his missus some time back," supplemented Flynn, "an' went an' adopted a young feller an' his wife. Folks all reckon round here he'll leave them his pile."

Percy sat and wrestled with his

memory. "Reckon I did have a brother Sam years ago," he said at last.

"He's the man, sure enough," declared Barnard.

After a brief consultation, the committee decided that the best course was to despatch a rider to acquaint Sam Morgan with the fact that his missing brother Percy was in Adasville.

"I'll send my boy with the message," said the storekeeper, "and Sam will be sure to return with him. It will be a joyful sight to see the meeting of these two men after so many years of separation."

"You betcher," agreed the Flunkey. "Pity Sam don't touch nothin'."

To the disgust of all Adasville, young Barnard returned alone. It was, indeed, late the next day before the gaunt and grizzled old-timer reined up his horse at the *Manitoba* and demanded to be confronted immediately with the person calling himself Percy Morgan.

In the meantime, the Flunkey's prediction that the affair would bring trade to the hotel was being fulfilled. At the time of Sam's arrival, the lobby and bar of Flynn's establishment sheltered at least two-thirds of the adult male population of the township. Furthermore, the somewhat artificial nature of the crowd's excitement was illustrating the truth of another dictum of the worldly-wise Jim, that "nothin' sets a man drinkin' like bummin' around waitin' for fireworks."

Despite the misguided efforts of the citizens of Adasville to intoxicate Percy with free refreshment, he sat soberly in his corner beneath the vigilant eye of Flynn himself.

There were faint yet hopeful signs of returning sanity upon his countenance. A proposal to wash, shave and reclothe the unfortunate man had been ruthlessly vetoed by the autocratic Barnard, who vowed that the sight of Percy in all his abject poverty could not fail to bring tears of pity into the eyes of his reputedly wealthy brother.

It was, of course, the storekeeper who met Sam upon the steps of the hotel verandah, and led him pompously into the immediate presence of the forlorn Percy.

"There, Sam Morgan," he began theatrically, "there, thanks to Providence and myself, is the poor, long-lost brother that you have sought for all these years in vain. How I envy you the joy of meeting him once more, even under such sad circumstances!"

Sam surveyed the stranger with contempt.

"By thunder," he growled presently, "you've got a nerve all of yer ter fetch me eleven mile ter try ter josh that dirty hobo on ter me as Percy."

"Do you mean to say that that man is *not* your brother?" asked Barnard, disappointedly.

"You go your pile on it," answered Sam, decisively.

"Percy was a fine tall feller, not a derned, half-baked, under-sized tramp like you're givin' me."

"Mebbe, Sam," interposed Flynn gently, "hard times has kinder changed him some."

"Derned hard times ter take a foot off a man's height," sneered Sam.

"How long is it since you saw Percy last?" queried Barnard.

"Reckon that's no business of yours," replied Sam, "still, I make it forty year, mebbe forty-five, mebbe fifty, mebbe—"

"I believe that is the man you advertised for," interrupted the storekeeper, testily.

"Gee, this is fierce!" exclaimed Sam. "D'you reckon *Mister* Barnard, that jest because I buy yer blamed pickles, it's yer call ter fix me up with a fam'ly? See here, I'll straighten this out right now."

He cast a terrifying glance upon the unfortunate Percy.

"What was yer mother's name, ye worm?" he demanded, gruffly.

"Mother's name?" repeated Percy, feebly. "It hurts my head ter think sudden."

Sympathetic murmurs came from the crowd.

"Take your time, my poor man," said Barnard, soothingly.

"Don't be scared by him," added the Flunkey.

"Began with M, I think," hazarded Percy, at last.

"My mother's name started with a B, because it happened ter be Bess," sneered Sam triumphantly.

Percy smiled, almost intelligently. "So it did," he simpered, "I remember it now. I only want ter be told a thing kindly."

"That sounds fair enough," observed Flynn.

"I kinder call yer ter mind, Sam," whined Percy, "when we was boys tergether goin' ter school, an' robbin' orchards."

"Here," roared Sam, "quit that chin-music right now, or I'll punch yer."

"You are a heartless man, Sam Morgan," declared Barnard, "disowning your poor relative after searching the world for him for years."

Sam ignored this gross exaggeration of the activity of his quest, but he was provoked to retort by the Flunkey's suggestion that he was repudiating his kinsman solely on account of his poverty.

"Guess you folk make me dead-tired," he said in a calmer voice. "If thet derved hobo was my brother Percy, I reckon I'd git him home an' wash him quicker'n any one. But I don't jest happen ter have no brother Percy at all. I was the only boy in our family, I reckon."

His listeners received this unexpected announcement with incredulous laughter, the majority of them declaring that the whole business beat the band.

"Then what the blazes did yer advertise fer him fer?" asked Flynn, reasonably enough.

"Waal," replied Sam, still maintaining a show of coolness. "P'raps I did it fer sport, p'raps I didn't; p'raps again I did it for private rea-

sons that it ain't your line o' bizness to find out, any way. You can take it straight from me: thet cuss ain't no brother o' mine, anyhow; yes, me interferin' outfit, yer can gamble on thet statement."

"Well, gentlemen," said the storekeeper, "I suppose there is no law compelling a man to help his brother."

"Barrin' the law o' decency," urged Flynn.

"It don't cut no figger," whimpered Percy. "I'm only a dead beat, an' my head aches. All I can remember, is thet ther was property when Aunt Jane died, an' me havin' run away ter sea, I didn't get my share."

"You're a thunderin' liar!" roared Sam. "I never had no Aunt Jane, and ther warn't no property."

"Oh, you can have it," went on Percy in a weary voice, "every blamed cent of it. I'll clean out. I ain't long for this world, anyway. Good-bye, Sam. Shake hands."

"I'll see yer ter blazes first!" cried Sam. "You're a crook! I'll have the police inter this bizness!"

"I wouldn't, Sam, not after thet fake advertisement o' yours," put in the Flunkey, sarcastically.

"P'lice?" muttered Percy, relapsing into idiocy once more. "Who's he? What's his other name? Never heard o' p'lice."

"Waal, I'm quittin' this racket right here," declared Sam, a moment later. "Before I start, is there any more of yer wantin' me private history?"

There was no reply until his back was turned and his hand upon the door-latch. Then cries of "Shame!" "Grafter!" and "Where's Percy's property?" came fast and furiously from the crowd.

Without condescending to reply, Sam slammed the door upon the baiters, mounted his horse, and rode off rapidly.

The collection for Percy amounted to over thirty dollars; he was more-over provided, at the public expense,

with a complete change of attire, and a generous supply of smoking materials.

For four days and nights Flynn sheltered him free of charge. Then realising that he was ceasing to attract custom, the manager paid his stage fare and packed him off to Fort Hugh.

Despite the taunts and sneers of his neighbours, it was some time before Sam Morgan stooped to an explanation of his conduct. Finally, however, he admitted that the rum-pus was the outcome of a subtle yet innocent ruse to curb the rebellious aspirations of his adopted son and daughter. Presuming over strongly upon their influence over the heirless old man, the pair had provoked him into advertising for a non-existent relation to whom he might bequeath his wealth at any moment.

The plan had proved eminently successful in hoodwinking the dependent couple and converting the domestic atmosphere into one of sweet reasonableness, until the arrival of a totally unexpected claimant upset Sam's calculations.

It was not until a year after the meeting at Flynn's, however, that the diplomatic Sam was acquitted by all his neighbours of the crime of disowning a long-lost brother, after fleecing him of his patrimony. The instrument of Sam's rehabilitation was no less a person than the Flunkey, who, returning to Adasville after a visit to the States, gave the story to a select audience at the *Manitoba*, in the words that follow:

"Yes, sir, I met thet ther hobo Percy in a lumber camp las' fall down Montana. He'd been bull-cookin' an' was jest hittin' the trail. He laffs like blazes when I mentions Adasville, an' sends yer his regards quite playful to all of yer, perticklerly ter Luke Barnard.

"They wuz an innercent outfit,' sez he ter me. 'My name wuz never Morgan, an' I never lost my mem'ry. Gee!' sez he, 'the only brainy son of a gun in the bunch wuz ol' Sam.'

"How did yer hear of him wantin' a brother?' sez I.

"Saw his blamed advertisement the very day I hit Adasville,' sez he.

"You never had no chance with Sam,' sez I.

"Mebbe not,' sez he, 'as things went. How wuz I ter know he hadn't got no derved brother? But, see here,' sez he, 's'posin' he had, an' s'posin' the guy had been my build, an' s'posin' Sam had been a bit soft-hearted or short-sighted. What then? Gee, he might hev 'dopted me fer life, an' kep' me in luxury all me days. anyway,' sez he, 'I cleared thirty dollars, an' a week's board, an' a lot o' clothes.'"

Barnard, the storekeeper, rapped the bar-counter indignantly. "The man was a low, unprincipled swindler," he exclaimed, loudly."

"Thet's your opinion of him, Luke," observed the Flunkey. "Would you like ter hear his idea o' you? He reckoned you wuz jest the fleeciect innercentest lamb he'd ever struck, an' he tol' me he'd done jest on ten years' butcherin'."





MISS GRACE GEORGE,
IN "A WOMAN'S WAY"

PLAYS TO REAPPEAR

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

ALTHOUGH the theatrical season of 1908-9 proved one of the most disastrous on record, a handful of plays survived with such distinction as to warrant another run and incidentally provide the new season with some substantial assets. "What Every Woman Knows," "The Third Degree," "The House Next Door," "The Easiest Way," "The Man from Home," "The Dawn of a To-morrow," "The Gentleman from Mississippi," "The Blue Mouse," "A Woman's Way," "Lady Frederick," and "A Fool There Was" will play, either in

New York or on tour, a considerable part in the early season's entertainment.

Of this handful it will be further noted that at least one or two realise some of those cherished ideals of dramatic art which, in the fickleness and insecurity of public taste, we seem now and then in danger of losing. When, for instance, a play of the tragic beauty of "The Winterfeast" has to be withdrawn for lack of public support, while an innocuous dramatic version of "The Vampire," which no informed critic could seriously enter-



ETHEL BARRYMORE AND BRUCE MCRAE, IN "LADY FREDERICK"

tain. plays on indefinitely, one is apt to view the situation with some misgiving. Fortunately, however, these are extreme instances, and between such extremes will always lie sanity and the way of hope. Besides, there are compensations—for authors if not for us. In all human probability, "A Fool There Was" will have a place in the new season, and then, in the fate of its kind, be forgotten; while the less successful "Winterfeast," paying too profound a compliment to contemporary taste, will be handed on to an envious posterity. A permanent place in the literature of the stage is at least assured Mr. Kennedy's fine tragedy.

Barrie, on the other hand, by a "trick" peculiarly his own, seems never to fail to strike the prevailing current note or capture the popular

fancy. His latest offering, "What Every Woman Knows," was not only the season's best play, but also its most successful—its one real triumph. This also is worth remembering in any attempt at generalisation, as are many other things not to be recorded here. In fact, mental confusion is about the only sure reward of the searcher after the laws governing public taste in things dramatic. And the medium of comedy does not explain all—does not explain *at all*, as that most excellent comedy, "The New Lady Bantock," can bear unhappy witness.

The strong personal following of Miss Maudie Adams may have had something to do with the popularity of the Barrie play on foreign soil, although her most ardent admirers will hardly contend that her identifi-



MISS MARGARET ANGLIN, THE ACCOMPLISHED CANADIAN ACTRESS, AS "VIOLA"
IN "TWELFTH NIGHT"



MISS MAUDE ADAMS, IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

cation with the rôle of *Maggie Shand* is complete. One would say, rather, that she fits the part with some difficulty, though, fortunately, her own personality is always an agreeable substitute. If credit attaches to any individual performance in the American production, it would be that of Mr. Richard Bennett, whose *John Shand* seems a perfect realisation of the egotistical member of Parliament.

The story of *Maggie Shand*, the self-effacing little Scotch woman, without apparent charm, who obliterates herself on the altar of her great husband's fame, has been told all round the globe. But the elusive charm, the humorous insight, the shrewdness of observation and that quality of unreality which Barrie, alone among English dramatists, seems able to convey, are not to be gleaned from any narration of the story. On its surface, "What Every Woman Knows" is a clever, humorous domestic comedy compounded of certain simple ele-

ments of Scottish life and character that have become traditional. Below the surface it is a delightful satire on certain political and social conditions as they exist in England and of a good many other things in life that we have come to take seriously—in other words as real. For to this immortal humourist, the question of real and unreal is merely a question of perspective, a matter of distance. And it is his humour as well as his wisdom to show us some of our most cherished sentiments and opinions from the distance of fairyland, his adopted viewpoint. *Maggie*, the only sister of three devoted bachelor brothers, you remember, has arrived at the age of twenty-six without attracting any of the matrimonially inclined in the neighbourhood. This is the situation when a village rustic, *John Shand*, is surprised making a burglarious entry into the *Wylie* library for the purpose of stealing learning. The brothers become interested and



MISS FRANCES STARR, IN "THE EASIEST WAY"

agree to contribute three hundred pounds towards the rustic's education. With the Scotch instinct for a bargain, however, they make it a condition of their help that he shall marry *Maggie* when he has finished his course. *John's* subsequent career in Parliament, his sudden rise to fame, all due to *Maggie's* assistance—even to the writing of his speeches—which his colossal egotism never allows him to suspect, his temporary infatuation for a fair young aristocrat, which *Maggie* wisely allows to run its course, and finally the awakening to the part that *Maggie* has played in his career, make up the dramatic narrative. *Maggie* has still one boon to ask. A sense of humour has been left out of *John's* compound, and *Maggie* realises his incompleteness without it. This brings in the now famous *Barrie mot*. "Woman was not made out of man's rib but out of his funny bone." Even *John* sees the humour of this, laughs for the first time, and is saved.

"What Every Woman Knows" is likely to enjoy a longer lease of life than the same author's "Peter Pan."

"The Easiest Way," to which some exception has been taken by the moralists, is another unqualified popular success of last season that is likely to continue in favour for some time. The subject has to do with stage life—always a matter of curiosity and interest. It is treated in a popular manner; Mr. Belasco has staged it in his own effective way, and a very beautiful, graceful actress, Miss Frances Starr, is playing the stellar rôle.

The story concerns the fate of a young stage beauty, who, in the manner of successful stage beauties, we are to infer, is bestowing her very agreeable person on a wealthy young broken in return for luxury and success. At the time of the play, the emotional situation is complicated by the arrival on the scene of a lover—a frank young Westerner. Disclosures



THOMAS A. WISE,
IN "A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSISSIPPI"

follow, the net result of which is an understanding that the young woman will quit the broker and the gay life and win her way back to virtue and self-respect through hardship and privation incident to self-support. She struggles bravely for a time, but the odds arrayed against the virtuous in her profession, according to this author, prove too much. And the call to the old life, coming at the psychological moment of deepest despair and humiliation, finds her a not unwilling victim. All that is needed to complete the irony of her fate is the long-awaited news of the lover's success. This the dramatist has mercilessly provided, closing the door of her life with a loud bang.

The problem of the rehabilitation of woman has been a favourite theme among dramatists, great and small, in all ages—from Hagar to "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." And the point of view of the dramatist has had something to do with her ultimate fate, as these and other noted examples show. Social and economic conditions have, however, not changed greatly so far as her status is concerned (Sarah representing organised society in her day) and her value as a dramatic *motif* is consequently unimpaired. For the problem is both social and economic, moralists to the contrary notwithstanding.

The author of "The Easiest Way," however (to come back to Broadway), evading the problem itself, has succeeded in projecting a new situation and provoking a conflict as interesting as it is unexpected. But artistic seriousness is painfully lacking throughout, and of the noble proportions and intellectual poise of, say, the Pinero play we have none. That it is a highly effectual theatrical vehicle, full of what the actor calls "situation," with strong gripping qualities, we have to admit, though we deny both premises and conclusion. The strong moral purpose that the author claims consists in exposing a condition of things which, if true, is in-

tolerable. In all probability the author's account is no more reliable than an account of society from the point of view of the servants' hall would be. For ourselves, we prefer another point of view for both.

"The House Next Door" arrived late, but met with immediate recognition. Most of the interest—certainly its artistic interest—is due to the superior acting of Mr. J. E. Dodson in the rôle of *Sir John Cotswold*, a familiar type of English crotchiness and conservatism. *Sir John* is a man of strong unreasoning prejudices, it would seem, of which, according to the play, the strongest and most unreasoning is his prejudice against the Jew. The incident of the bestowal of a title by a Liberal Government, on his particular *bête noire* and wealthy neighbour, *Sir Isaac Jacobson*, causes a fresh outburst of wrath and precipitates the action of the play. A part of that wrath has exploded itself in a letter to *The Times*, but only a small part, as his conduct at the morning breakfast table discloses. To complicate matters for *Sir John* and further excite his English wrath, the dramatist has arranged a dual love intrigue between the rival houses, a son and daughter on each side furnishing the necessary coincidence of age and sex. Of course, as the odds suggest, it is all up with *Sir John* and his race prejudices.

A New York presentation would make this a necessary condition, if Christian forbearance did not. And, as Mr. J. Hartley Manners is not an author we would willingly accuse of sacrificing the spirit of comedy to sentiment, even Christian sentiment, local considerations must have prevailed. Concessions that are good for the soul are not always good for art, and "The House Next Door," in its original form, was no doubt a much better balanced comedy than it is now. Fortunately, the character of *Sir John* has not been tampered with, else the result would have been fatal to the entire comedy. This the author



MISS ELEANOR ROBSON,
IN "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"



MISS MAUDE ADAMS AND MR. RICHARD BENNETT, IN "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

has clearly foreseen, and has left the drawing entirely consistent and humorous. Mr. Dodson has aided the author's intent with a wholly delightful and amusing characterisation. The grace and charm of his work remind one at times of Sir John Hare, although he falls below the distinguished English comedian in certain qualities of finish. That he should remind us of Mr. Hare at all proves the quality of the work and its superiority to American comedy in general. We fervently hope that Mr. Dodson's return to the stage will be permanent.

"The Dawn of a To-Morrow," with its gospel of cheerfulness, pleasantly compounded of dramatic incidents, romantic and melodramatic, held its own to the close of the season and will no doubt play an important part in the present. Miss Eleanor Robson,

in the part of the cheerful waif, *Glad*, adds another to her large gallery of winsome and successful portraits.

"A Woman's Way," with Miss Grace George and Mr. Frank Worthing in the leading rôles, also continued in favour to the end of the season. Much of the interest was, no doubt, due to the excellent work of the principal performers, although the comedy itself is very bright and refreshing. Miss George, whom we have before remarked as a *comédienne* of real distinction, has hardly been seen to better advantage. Her work is clean-cut, dainty and refined and constantly charged with a fine verve and spirit. Mr. Frank Worthing, as the gay philandering husband of the play, was admirable, although a part as farcical as this held no opportunity for the display of certain subtleties of acting with which we usually identify him.

The present season will witness his apotheosis as a star, if reports are to be credited. If it means that we are to have more of this graceful actor, the news is welcome. Next to Mr. Arliss, Mr. Worthing is probably the actor of most distinction on the American stage.

"Lady Frederick," by William Somerset Maugham, is a more or less brilliant comedy of the retort courteous, with lines that frequently sparkle and epigrams that are both terse and pointed. It is a duel of wit, conceived in a vein of entire good humour, in which the verbal foils are handled with considerable dexterity and skill. The verbal duelists are an Irish beauty, *Lady Frederick*, who in spite of a certain moral obliquity to debts, is a perfectly adorable creature, and *Paradine Foulder*, a cynical bachelor, man of the world and former suitor. Miss Barrymere has not for many years had a part that fitted more precisely into her own charms of person and acting. The portrait is drawn with all that delicate lining and subtle feeling for light and shade that distinguish this artist's work. Grace, charm and breeding are always present, but never to better purpose than in this characterisation. Mr. Bruce McRae, equally good as the refined and agreeable *Paradine*, and Miss Jessie Millward shared the honours in an unusually fine cast.

"The Third Degree," by Charles Klein, is one of the strong dramas of last season, and at this moment its popularity seems likely to out-rival the same author's "The Lion and the Mouse." It has already entered on its second run. It is a gripping play of the melodramatic order, with a story based on those inquisitorial methods of the police known variously as the "Sweat-box" and "Third Degree." The plot is more or less conventional but there are acting opportunities that an excellent company have not overlooked. Miss Helen Ware comes in for highest praise in this respect, her work demonstrating

conclusively that she is an emotional actress of quite unusual powers. In scene after scene she demonstrates her complete hold on the audience and her power for the perfect illusion. The variety and sincerity of her methods, too, can hardly be over-praised. Altogether, it is a long time since we have had emotional acting of so high an order.

"The Blue Mouse," a comedy of situation, the most humorous and involved since "Charley's Aunt" or "Thirty Days in the Shade;" "A Gentleman from Mississippi," thanks to the delightful characterisation of Mr. Thomas A. Wise, and "The Man from Home," all reviewed last season, have entered on their second year with apparently unabated popularity.

Among the early new offerings announced, that of Miss Anglin in "The Awakening of Helena Ritchie" will be of most interest to Canadian readers. This will also mark her re-appearance on the American stage after a year's absence spent in the conquest of a new continent. The reception accorded Miss Anglin in that distant colony seems to have more than justified her ambitions and confirmed the estimate formed on this side of her splendid talents.

"Salvation Nell," the best of the many reformation plays that made their appearance last season, is a frank melodrama, distinguished among other things for keen observation and close character study. Its great claim to attention, however, was the superb acting of Mrs. Fiske in the rôle of the Salvation Army woman *Nell*. A more perfect and satisfying illusion, or an emotional appeal of more apparent sincerity and conviction, we have seldom seen. Conceded the most intellectual actress of America, Mrs. Fiske in this play rose to emotional heights altogether unsuspected by her most ardent admirers. Mr. Holbrook Blinn's vivid realistic portrait of the Bowery tough was another feature of the performance.

THE DOCTOR'S RIVAL

BY HATTIE E. CRAGG

I TRUST I am not inhospitable, but I admit that I do not rise up and rejoice when I see Charlotte Lavina Pond turn in at my gateway. I would hesitate to say that Charlotte Lavina is a gossip, since the word is given such unsavoury significance nowadays, but she certainly takes a very strong interest in her neighbours' affairs. Family secrets are as meat and drink to her; and if she comes into our houses empty she usually goes away filled. However, one's loss is another's gain, for, while Charlotte Lavina is busily dispensing the information she has acquired from one person she cannot devote so much attention to worming fresh news out of another.

It is for this reason that I always take anxious note of Charlotte Lavina's manner as she comes up the gravel path. If she walks fast and looks straight ahead then I know that she has come to unload, and that my own small secrets are safe for the time. But if she comes leisurely, giving quick glances from side to side, then, indeed I tremble.

There are times when Charlotte Lavina reminds me of a hen—though I suppose it is not a proper thing to say. She has the same inquisitive peering ways, and when she sees anything unusual she loses no time in attracting the world's attention to it.

So when I caught a glimpse of that green hat Charlotte Lavina wears bobbing along by the top of the fence I stood back from the window, so she could not see me, and watched with

a quickening heart. I was greatly relieved to see her hurry up the path without a glance to right or left, and I was able to go to the door and greet her cordially—all the more because I had heard faint rumours of strange happenings down on the "North Road," where Charlotte Lavina lives, and I knew she would have the whole history at her finger-ends.

Charlotte Lavina was brief in her opening remarks, as she always is when her mind is full of more important matters. Merely remarking that we were having a "sing'lar winter" (it was raining a little), she removed her wraps, and, sitting down beside the stove, drew a handful of carpet-rags out of the black velvet bag she always carried, and commenced to sew at a great speed.

I replenished the fire and got out my own sewing.

"Have you heard what's come of the carryin's on up our way?" asked Charlotte Lavina, merely as an introduction.

"I have heard very little about it," I said; "but before you start, Charlotte Lavina, I want to tell you that I cannot, and will not, believe any wrong of Zorra Glover, whatever you may have seen with your own eyes or heard with your own ears." (That is a favourite expression of Charlotte Lavina's.) "If Zorra has done anything foolish or wrong it is because that shrewish aunt of hers has driven her to desperation. Zorra is so high-spirited; Ellen Glover's nagging just makes her obstinate."

I spoke with some heat, for Zorra is a favourite of mine—and her Aunt Ellen is not.

"All right, when I get through you'll know more about Zorra Glover than you do now," said Charlotte Lavina, twisting her mouth sideways and biting off her thread with a snap. But there was a satisfied expression on her face that reassured me, for after all, Charlotte Lavina is not malicious; she would take no pleasure in confirming the ugly things scandal had been saying about Zorra Glover—although she would do it, from a mistaken sense of duty, I suppose.

I settled myself back in my chair and prepared to listen patiently, for Charlotte Lavina always begins at the beginning of a story instead of telling the end first, as many do.

"You're right when you say that Zorra is high-spirited," began Charlotte Lavina. "She's awfully like her mother's folks, an' the Herrialds' were a desp'rate proud family. They do say that old Squire Herriald came of reg'lar blue-bloods in the Old Country. Then, Zorra losin' her mother when she was just a little thing, an' her father lettin' her have all her own way, an' sendin' her to ladies' college an' what-of-all, helped to make her a leettle mite heady. Still I allus have maintained that Zorra is a fine girl, fine as she looks, an' real manageable too, if you go at her the right way.

"There's one thing dead sure an' certain, Zorra's Aunt Ellen never went at her, or at anybody else either, the right way. Whenever I've been with Ellen an hour or so my mouth allus feels all curled up, like I'd been eatin' green crab-apples, she allus seems that sour and suspicious, an' foreverlastin' haggin' and naggin' about something. Of course, she was the proper person to keep house for Abe Glover after his wife died. I've heard her tell him so, time an' time ag'in, but 'twas pretty tough lines for both him an' Zorra.

"Abe Glover is that easy-goin' he'd do most anything Ellen wanted for

the sake of peace an' quietness; but Zorra, havin' the Herriald blood, is different. Nobody can make her do anything she don't want to by peckin' at her, she just takes the bit in her teeth an' goes plumb in the other direction. Ellen says Zorra is a great trial to her, being so stiff-necked an' rebellious.

"Ellen is one of these restless kind of folks that thinks they ain't doin' their duty less'n they're makin' improvements, an', not havin' any judgment, she is contin'ally changin' things that hadn't ought to be changed. Now, the idea of her takin' it into her head to coax Abe to sell that old Sunshine horse! Why, he's twenty-five years old if he's a day; an' Zorra's mother broke him to the saddle herself. You mind what attention she used to attract—around here, where so few women ride a-horse-back; an' how handsome they looked, like the reg'lar thorough-breds they were, both the woman an' the horse. Then, Zorra has rode him an' played with him ever since she was knee-high to a grasshopper. Seems pret' nigh impossible to think of Zorra without thinkin' of Sunshine, too. Then to think that he was sold to old Josh Mosely, an' him so hard an' rough with horses.

"Zorra was puttin' in her last term at college when he was sold, but when she come home, I tell you the cyclone broke loose! I happened to be over there at the time, havin' dropped in to borry a nut-meg. There was Zorra standin' in the middle of the floor with her eyes flashin', an' stormin' like an angry queen—that is if queens look like a body'd expect 'em to when they get mad. Anyhow, Zorra looked mighty handsome, but very scareful. Abe just sit there lookin' sheepisher an' sheepisher all the time, an' Ellen cried. Zorra's passion wore itself out after while, but Ellen didn't quit talkin' about it for weeks. She felt she ought to justify herself, an' she kep' sayin' that Sunshine was gettin' so old they'd

a' soon lost on him; an' that it was sinful for Zorra to set her affections on a beast of the field, an' so on, until she near drove poor Zorra frantic.

"The worst of it was that sometimes she would see old Josh Mosely goin' by with poor Sunshine hitched to a heavy load, his poor head hangin' down, an' his old legs tremblin' with weakness. I used to feel so sorry for Zorra at such times. She feels everything so keen, an' she was just torn to pieces between pity for Sunshine an' anger at her aunt.

"Well, one Sunday morning a few of us was standin' out in the church lobby after service was over. Byron Sneth was talkin' to Zorra, an' she was listenin' with a kind of half smile on her face, like as if it amused her to hear what a Thing like Byron Sneth could possibly have to talk about. He had his hat on the back of his head, and his hands in his pockets, an' a cig'rette in one corner of his mouth. Yes, a cig'rette, right in the church lobby! An' he smelled that strong of liquor an' tobacco an' perfume so's you dassn't go a-near him hardly. An's as sure as I'm a livin' woman, he had on purple socks! That's the petrified truth — bright purple, with a green hair-stripe. Now, what can a body expect of a man that wears purple socks?

"I was just standin' there, thinkin' what a lazy, drunken, good-for-nothing he is, when I happened to glance over at Ellen. Her eyes was starin' an' her thin lips twitchin', like she'd seen something that give her the horrors. I wondered what ailed her, so I stepped over beside her, knowin' she would speak her mind — Ellen has spent her whole life in speakin' her mind.

"'Oh, Charlotte Laviny,' she says, with a gasp like a fish, 'wouldn't it be just awful if Zorra should take up with Byron Sneth!'

"Well, I just burst right out a-laughin', it was so ridic'ulous. I said I thought Zorra had a'ready took up with young Doctor Graham, but El-

len shook her head doleful. That would be a perfectly satisfactory match an' would give Ellen nothing to fuss over, so she refused to believe it.

"Just as I expected, Ellen served up Byron Sneth to Zorra for breakfast, dinner an' supper after that; pointed out his worthlessness, an' warnin' her ag'in him. As if there was any need of such a thing! But when a woman like Ellen once gets hold of a suspicion they never let up. It was all so silly that Zorra just laughed at her like I did, until one day when Ellen took a notion to enjoy poor health an' sent for Doc Graham. I happened to be over there at the time he come, havin' just run in with their mail. What do you think? Ellen up an' told him, right before Zorra, that she believed most of her trouble was worryin' so about Zorra givin' such encouragement to Byron Sneth!

"Doc Graham looked up, quick an' sharp, an' I just wanted to shout at him to be careful. I knew it would cook his chances with Zorra if he paid any attention to such nonsense. But, of course, I had no chance to warn him, an' he don't know Ellen, nor Zorra, nor Byron Sneth as well as we do, an' he swallowed what Ellen told him, and showed that he did, too.

"Then, you bet, the fat was in the fire!

"Zorra drew herself up, very cold an' grand. 'I must request you not to say anything against the character of Mr. Sneth in my presence, Aunt Ellen,' she said.

"I saw Doc's fingers shake as he mixed up some med'cine for Ellen. I hoped he'd make it good an' bitter, an' he did. When he left he just bowed, very stiff, to Zorra, an' she let on she didn't see him. When I went home I felt like kickin' a panel out the door, I was that mad.

"Well, the very next Sunday night after church Doc stepped out from the crowd to walk home with Zorra as usual—havin' got ashamed of his

jealous fit—an' I'll be blest if she didn't give him the go-by, right there before half the village, an' walk off arm in arm with Byron Sneth! I got my breath back in time to strike off after 'em. It was kind of like company home, you know, to walk a ways behind 'em; besides I wanted to see how they got along.

"They hadn't no more'n got out of sight of the church than Zorra jerked her hand out of Byron's arm. Then she begun to walk fast, an' you know Zorra's a clipper to walk when she wants to. Byron had to go on a kind of a jog-trot, an' take a little hop every now an' ag'in, to keep up. I lay claim to bein' a pretty smart walker myself, but I'll tell you it kep' me hustlin'. Byron hadn't any breath to spare for talkin', an' I'll stake my Bible oath that Zorra never said a word to him from the time they left the church until she was home, an' then she just said, 'Good-night,' an' shut the door in his face.

"I felt kind of sorry for Byron, good-for-nothing that he is. He must've seen that Zorra was on'y usin' him for a tool to work out her spite on Doc Graham with. Still, maybe there's no call to feel sorry for him, after all. He's so conceited, like as not he didn't see it.

"Well, a night or so after that I was helpin' Marthy Johnson sit up with one of her young ones that had the croup. Along about one o'clock the youngster seemed so much easier that I started off home. It was a mild, cloudy night an' was rainin' a little—what a lot of rain we've had this winter—an' I was splashin' along in slush up to my boot-tops. When I was near home I run slam-bang into somebody in the dark, an' I knew by the smell an' the way it swore that it was Byron Sneth. Just as I got up to my gate the clouds slipped off a little an' the moon come shinin' through all damp an' misty, an' here come somebody splashin' down the road behind me. I turned round to look, an' then I let a yell

out o' me that you might ha' heard up here. I don't believe in ghosts, of course, but just for a second I thought it was young Geoffrey Herriald come back from the dead, an' him been buried these thirty years! Then I saw that it was Zorra Glover, all trigged out in her father's rain-coat an' cap an' long rubber boots, an', upon my word, she just looked like a boy, a slender, delicate, black-eyed boy, like Geoffrey Herriald was. She was cryin', not with fright or grief, but with sheer down-right mad.

"The nasty drunken little brute tried to kiss me!' she said; an', my, she was mad!

"Well, if you go trapesin' the roads with Byron Sneth you can't expect but he'll kiss you,' I says, knowin' she'd just met him same as I had, but thinkin' if I spoke like that she'd be sure to tell me where she'd been, to prove her innocence. But not she. She broke right away from me, like a spoiled child.

"Oh, you're as bad as Aunt Ellen,' she said, an' run off home.

"Well, I didn't know what to think then, but I intended to be pretty cool to Zorra for a day or so, to see if she wouldn't repent an' tell me where she'd been. But the next morning I heard some news I thought would interest her, so I went over to tell her. I had met old Josh Mosely, an' he told me he'd sold old Sunshine to a stranger the night before. I ast him what sort of man the stranger was, thinkin' Zorra would be anxious to know whether poor Sunshine would be likely to profit by the change. But the old man said he'd never noticed what the stranger looked like, an' it was night anyway an' dark; then, he was so tickled because he'd got more for the horse than he give that he couldn't think of anything else. I expect the old villain lied something awful about Sunshine's age. Old Mosely had thought to ask where the man come from, an' he said from the West an' was goin' back there. I was glad of that, because Zorra would

never see the poor thing abused.

"I thought Zorra would be pretty excited over it, but she didn't seem to pay much attention. I concluded her love affairs must've got into an awful mix-up when they'd make her forget old Sunshine.

"A few days after that Ellen told me that every night, after all the rest was gone to bed, Zorra would creep out of the house an' be gone an' hour or so. Before Ellen I pretended I didn't think anything of it—though it kep' me jumpin' to invent any reasonable excuse for Zorra's carryin's-on. But when I got home I sot down an' looked the thing square in the face. I'll own it looked mighty queer to me. There ain't nobody in the neighbourhood that Zorra would need to meet on the sly—if she wanted to meet him at all—except Byron Sneth. Abe Glover is an easy-goin' mortal, but he'd draw the line at havin' Byron Sneth in his house.

"It was clear that Zorra was havin' clandestine meetin's with somebody. Such things seem all right in books, but in real life very few of us approve of 'em. Well, I thought an' thought about the thing till I was pretty near addle-brained. One minute I'd think Ellen had been right all along; an' then I'd think of the kind of a girl Zorra is, an' the kind of a man Byron is, an' it didn't seem possible that she could care for him. But the memory came up an' slapped me in the face of marriages I've known where the two didn't seem to have no more in common than a princess would have with—Oh, with a pill-agent, for instance.

"But the very idea of Zorra takin' up with a two-legged piece of conceit an' folly like Byron Sneth an' passin' by a real man like Doc Graham!

"I remember when I had my brother's little girl visitin' me last summer, one of them rich Amurricans that was campin' down by the river come along an' stopped to play with the child—she's a takin' little thing. He took the charm off his watch chain

an' a piece of shiny tin—a badge or something—an' held them out in his hand for her to take whichever she liked. She looked from one to the other for quite a spell, an' then I'll be blest if she didn't take the piece of tin! The Amurrican waved his arms an' raved something about 'Maidens like moths ever caught by glare.' A reg'lar crazy-brain he was—wrote poetry. I saw a piece of it in a magazine with my own eyes. Real scand'lous kind of poetry, too; all about a woman's eyes; an' his own name signed to it! A body'd think if he hadn't no respect for himself he might'a' had for his family!"

I detest interruptions, but at this point I felt it to be almost a duty to interrupt Charlotte Lavina. I had an uncle who had a book of poems published—he published it himself—and there are several hundred copies of it up in my attic. There seemed to be something personal in Charlotte Lavina's comments.

"What has the American and his poetry to do with Zorra Glover?" I asked with quiet dignity. "I am afraid you are wandering."

"No, I ain't wandering," retorted Charlotte Lavina. "Zorra put me in mind of the child. She was passin' by the gold an' takin' the tin because it was the shiniest. Byron is sort of pretty in his flashy silly fashion, you know, an' his hair is curly—he does it with the tongs.

"I was disappointed in Zorra, an' had give up hopes of her, though I wouldn't own up to Ellen that I thought Zorra cared a snap of her finger for Byron. It was hard drove to find an excuse for her the day Ellen told her to show me the gold sovereigns her Uncle John Herriald had sent her, an' Zorra, after puttin' her off a time or two, said she couldn't show 'em to me because she had spent 'em. She was so defiant about it that Ellen didn't ask her any more questions, but looked over at me very triumphant, though sad. It is pretty hard to tell where Ellen

gets her suspicions sometimes, but I didn't need any explanations of that. It was the talk of the village that Byron Sneth was very flush of money an' couldn't give any good account of how he come by it. I thought Zorra's love must be not only blind, but deaf an' dumb an' paralysed besides, when she'd give her sweet-heart money to get drunk on.

"Then come this news about the constables bein' after Byron for stealin' money out of the cash drawer in Brant's store. It seemed a pretty bad job, but there was one comfort in it: whatever Zorra had done with her sovereigns it didn't seem so likely that she had given 'em to Byron. But when I undertook to crow over Ellen a little about it she took me out into the woodshed an' told me, very private, that she had found out that Byron was hid in that old house where Jollickses used to live. It seems that the night before when Ellen heard Zorra slip out of the house as usual, she got up an' followed her. Of course, Zorra had got the start, but there was a little moon, an' Ellen soon saw her walkin' across the field toward the old empty house, with a big basket on her arm.

"Ellen followed as close as she dast an' saw Zorra go into the house; then she crep' up close an' heard her ask somebody if he was hungry an' talkin' awful sweet an' lovin'. Ellen said she would 'a' waited to hear more, only it seemed so kind of lonesome an' ghostly over there that she got scared an' run home. Then Ellen finished up by sayin' she had sent word to the constable, an' they were goin' to follow Zorra to the house that night an' nab Byron.

"She was snufflin' an' cryin' all the time she was tellin' me, an' I could see she felt real bad, but I thought she was mean, wantin' to expose poor Zorra like that, an' I told her so. But Ellen said that was no way to look at it. She said she wanted Byron sent to jail where he would be out of the way; an' if they

went when Zorra was there it would be dark so's he couldn't see them comin', an' Zorra would be talkin' so he wouldn't be so apt to hear 'em. Well, I couldn't say nothing to that. He would be sure to have a revolver; so it was only right to be careful.

"I made up my mind that if they followed Zorra that night I would follow them; an' if so be I could be any help to the poor girl I would be very glad—an', anyhow, I wanted to see whatever was to be seen. I was just gettin' on my coat, ready to go out an' stand by the lilac bushes till they would start, when in comes Doc Graham. He was pale an' his eyes was shinin' with excitement.

"'What's this I hear about Zorra?' he cried, before he got the door shut behind him. 'I got a hint from the constable this afternoon, but nothing definite; so I came right to you, feeling sure you would know all about it.'

"I thought that was quite a compliment, so I lit right in an' told him the whole story. He was so restless he couldn't stand still, but kep' pacin' up an' down the room with his hands clinched. When I finished he burst out: 'Oh, it's a cruel shame to spy upon the poor girl, and to lay on her the sorrow of being the one to betray her lover!' I agreed with him, an' said I wished I had warned her as I thought o' doing. 'Oh, If you only had!' he says, 'but it's too late now. Come, let us go, too; she may need a friend.'

"He fair dragged me out on the road, an' he weren't any too soon either. We hadn't been standin' by the lilac bushes more'n a minute before we heard a soft footstep, an' then saw a dim figure climb the fence an' start across the field. Then, in a minute more, here comes one, two, three other figures. After while we made them out to be the constable an' Abe Glover an' Ellen. The doctor an' me fell in behind.

"After we had gone a ways I b'lieve the doctor forgot I was there.

He just hurried along through the dark, an' the nearer we got to the house the more excited he got. He kep' talkin' to himself, till I was scared the others would hear. Once he muttered: 'He is unworthy, but her heroism elevates him. She is to be admired and revered.' I thought a lot of Doc before that night, but it's nothing to what I think since. He's a real man, Doc is.

"Zorra bein' such a fast walker she led us all a rough an' scramble chase, an' it didn't seem no time till we got to the house. Zorra went in, an' all the rest of us got up close to the rough logs of the house. I heard Zorra say: 'Have you been lonesome, you blessed old darling?' an' I was just tryin' to imagine the state her mind must've got into before she could think Byron Sneth 'a blessed old darling', when the door swung open an' Zorra come out an' a big dark shadow behind her.

"The constable had one o' these flash-light lanterns with him, an' he turned it on. I was dazzled just for a wink, then the first thing I saw was two pairs of eyes shinin' out in that little circle of light. Zorra's fiery black an' a pair of big gentle brown ones set in a long yellow face. My Stars an' Gartersnakes! It was old Sunshine!

"For about a minute we all just held our breath an' stared at each other, then all of a sudden, Doc waved his hat above his head an' cheered. I wanted to thank him, for it just expressed my feelin's to a dot. Then we broke loose an' began jabberin' all at once.

"'So Zorra's the chap from the West that bought old Sunshine?' I says, an' just leaned up ag'in the house to laugh. You know Glover's place is about half a mile west of Mosely's.

"'So it's Sunshine you have been sweet-heartin' with all the time?'

says Abe. 'Well, he's a blame sight decenter company for you than — than—' He tried two or three times an' then give it up. We all felt so happy an' uplifted we couldn't bear to mention such a poor, miser'ble wretch as Byron Sneth.

"The constable stepped inside the house an' flashed his lantern around, an' we peeked in an' saw that it was half filled with hay that Sam Jollick had stored up there in the fall. There was a big basket sittin' by the door filled with apples an' carrots that Zorra had brought over when she came to exercise Sunshine.

"I may get a job out o' this yet,' says the constable: 'I may have to arrest Zorra for stealin' Sam Jollick's hay.' It was the only joke he ever made I guess, an' he chuckled over it for ten minutes steady.

"Just as we was startin' for home Zorra says, 'I think I can forgive you, Aunt Ellen,' and I knew it cost her something to say it. If ever a woman felt like crawlin' through a knot-hole an' drawing the hole through after her it was Ellen. I didn't rub it into her at all except to say: 'Well, Ellen, you know now well enough what Zorra done with her sovereigns!

"Us older folks went ahead, an' left Zorra an' Doc to follow with old Sunshine. We thought they'd rather be alone. For all Zorra is such a fast walker it took 'em the best part of two hours to come that half mile."

Charlotte Lavina was winding up her story and her carpet-rags at the same time. She dropped the finished ball into the black velvet bag.

"I think the weddin' will be in April," she said judiciously. "If your gray silk needs any makin' over I'll help you with it."

So I thanked Charlotte Lavina heartily.

I shall look forward to that wedding.

THE ORCHARDS OF ONTARIO

BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

"Why, be this juice the growth of God,
who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?
A blessing, we should use it, should we
not?"

—The Rubaiyat.

CANADA has an Unknown Lake Country as beautiful as that one of historic Windermere and Ullswater and Derwentwater of which poets have been writing and which painters have painted through the centuries. There is a Canadian Mediterranean fringed with its grape-vines, its sunny slopes, its apple-trees and bending orchards of peaches, which has been content to hide both talent and peaches under a bushel-basket almost, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

Ontario, the half-way Province between Nova Scotia and British Columbia, with the largest *per capita* holdings of all Provinces of Canada, is fully 78,000 square miles larger than the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is the most prosperous, most highly developed, and wealthiest Canadian Province.

Ontario is essentially an agricultural country. With fifteen million acres cleared, and seventy per cent. of the entire population engaged in tilling the soil, the agricultural production of the Province has doubled in value within the last decade. It is not widely known outside her borders that Ontario year in and year out produces in abundance, without weather protection, the finest apples, grapes, peaches, and small fruits, and this in increasing quantities yearly. The agriculturists and orchardists are highly

organised, the Province boasting of 22,000 members of Farmers' Institutes, with 11,000 women in affiliated societies.

The aggregate value in 1905 of the farmlands of the Land of Promise Fulfilled, including buildings, implements and live stock was \$1,155,000,000, and for the most part this capital is vested in 100-acre or 150-acre farms in the thickly-settled parts of the Province, the average farm being worth perhaps \$3,000. The realisation of the value of coöperation is shown in the fact that through the Ontario Agricultural and Experimental Union no fewer than 8,000 farmers annually on their own farms conduct experiments, the results of which are available and valuable to all who are interested in them.

Two ideas that insistently present themselves as one writes or reads of Canada or any of its parts are newness and bigness. The whole thing is formative, it is any man's opportunity; that is its great charm. The acres of assessed land in Ontario in 1906 were 24,284,730; of these, 14,107,015 acres were cleared, with 5,500,000 acres of woodland, and 2,000,000 acres of slashland. It is estimated that Ontario yet has twenty million acres of good land for settlement; there are 218 free-grant townships and sixty-six in which lands are for sale at a low rate. This fertile fruit-belt north of Lake Superior will be opened up to the small farmer by the Canadian Northern Railway, whose special intent is to develop this district. That the Pro-



A NIAGARA PENINSULA VINEYARD

vincial Government is anxious to assist the proper kind of immigration is strongly shown in the fact that between the years 1867 and 1907 the immense sum of twenty-six and a half millions has been spent on colonisation roads, bridges, and public works. In 1907 alone 265 miles of new roads were built and 1,000 roads improved.

Climate and topography divide Ontario into four distinct fruit-belts, each with its own especial opportunity. District No. 1 includes the counties fronting on Lake Erie and on the south-west corner of Lake Ontario. This is the peach belt, and here are grown to perfection peaches, grapes, apricots, quinces, plums, and cherries. It is also splendidly adapted for the growth of early fruits and vegetables, which find an eager market in the West. The traveller through this district might think himself in sunny France or among the vineyards of the Mediterranean. With the Niagara escarpment as centre, grape-fields and peach-orchards radiate in every direc-

tion to the exclusion of general farming. Grapes grow here with wonderful prodigality, some ten or twelve thousand acres being given over to vine-culture, and producing in the neighborhood of four or four and a half tons an acre. With the improving facilities for transport, the Niagara grapes can be laid down in splendid shape in Vancouver and the coast cities, where they are crowding out the California competitor.

The second fruit district is north of this, including that portion of Huron and Bruce Counties which fronts on Lake Huron. This is the home of the plum, pear, and small fruits, and all varieties of apples.

The third district comprises the sweep from the shores of Lake Ontario northward. This part of the country is specially adapted to the growing of the winter apple for export. Enormous quantities of plums are also produced there. One county, Prince Edward, boasts a dozen or more factories



A GENERAL VIEW OF FRUIT-FARMING IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

engaged in canning vegetables and fruit. The fourth district includes the valleys of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence, and grows chiefly apples.

It is true that all animal and plant life reaches its highest development at the northern limit of its *habitat*, but let us cease to think of the north when we talk of Ontario. The atlas is a great educator. Where is Ontario, anyway? Well, the most southerly part of it, where the peaches and grapes grow to luscious fruition, is farther south than either Boston or Chicago. Follow the parallel of forty-two degrees, Ontario's southern boundary, west and you strike the northern limit of California. The tender-fruit district of Ontario lies nearer to the equator than ninety per cent. of the map of Europe, all France is north of it, the British Isles five hundred miles nearer the North Pole. The grape-arbours and peach-groves that we write about are in the same latitude as Constantinople and Tiflis, Khiva, Hakodate, and Peking. In the

light of this, who dare say "Snow-balls?"

The man who would grow fruit in Ontario to-day largely reaps where others sowed. There is no pioneering work to be done. Telegraph, telephone, and newspapers keep him in touch with the world's markets, refrigerator cars are available to rush his fruits to these markets—he may take advantage of the coöperation that obtains among growers; at his disposal is the whole mass of technical experience gained in fruit-growers' institutes and Government experimental farms, and back of him are a Federal Government and a Provincial Government, each eager to intelligently assist him.

Where are the markets for Ontario fruit? Much is locally consumed, the United States to the south is a ready buyer of choice or early varieties, the growing cities of the western wheat plains are consuming carloads and Oliver-like crying out for more. The mother country is a heavy and dis-



PEACH ORCHARD IN BLOOM, IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

criminating buyer. The natural appetite of the age is toward more fruit and less meat, for the choice fruits of the temperate zone there will be an ever-appreciating market.

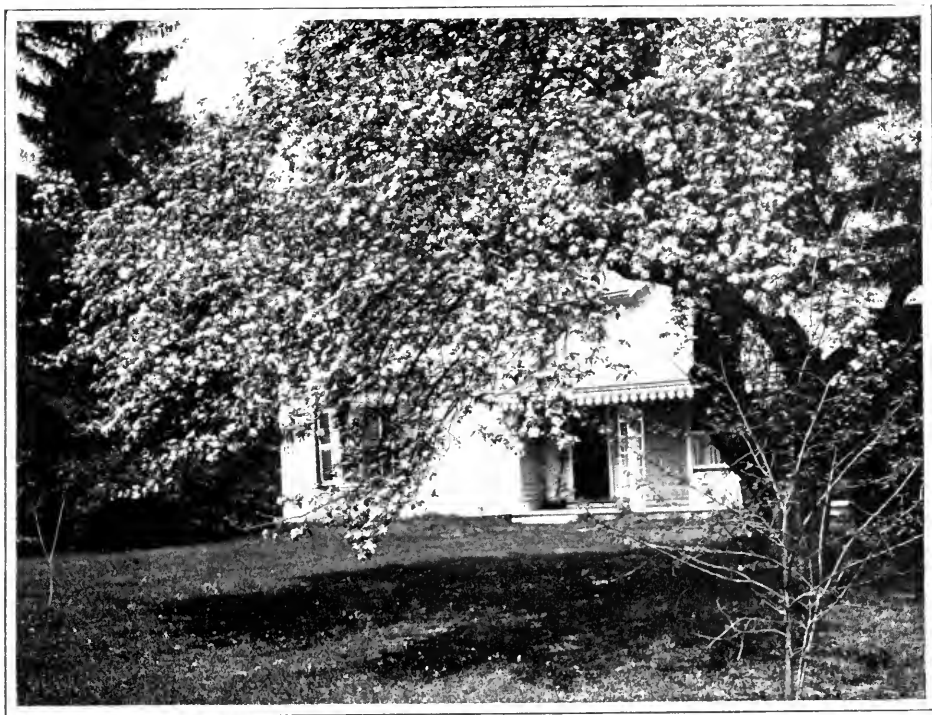
In a cross-the-seas market, the fruit-grower of Ontario has opportunities not confined to Great Britain. He has direct steam communication with South Africa, where Ontario fruit is finding place, and there is already a demand for certain fruits in France and Germany. Apples, of course, are the staple for export, but there is undoubtedly a good market for pears in Great Britain. Several shipments of Bartlett's were made last year to Glasgow, Liverpool, and Manchester, and they turned out very well.

Ontario fruit-growers may well at the inception of their export industry take a leaf from the experience of shippers the world over and rigorously determine to make every package of fruit true to label. It would take

years to outlive an impression that Canadian shippers or any considerable part of them had the outside of the platter more attractive than the inside. In this connection not only is honesty the best policy, but it is the only policy. Nothing can build up confidence in the British market better than the feeling of assuredness that the fruit package when opened up will be found true to grade. An attempt at sharp practice is fatal. No one can be present at a fruit-growers' convention in Ontario without feeling that the orchardist here is individually striving hard to attain that millennium.

"When legislators keep the law,
And banks dispense with bolts and locks,
And berries, whortle, rasp, and straw
Grow bigger downwards through the box."

Ontario has sixteen million fruit-trees, and down on the Lake Erie shore are ten thousand acres of grapes. There are a third of a million



FALL PIPPIN APPLE TREE, ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD, NEAR GRIMSBY, ONTARIO

acres in fruits of all kinds, and in Western Ontario the average yield is probably two barrels from every tree. Grapes, pears, quinces, peaches, plums, and cherries, sweet and sour, here reach splendid perfection, but still in point of capital invested and yearly market-returns, the apple is king. The gross income from apples to the orchardist is easily \$80 to \$100 an acre, and the selling value of all Ontario's apple-orchard land will run from \$500 to \$1,000 an acre.

What varieties are in vogue? With intending planters at the present time, the Spy, Baldwin, and King are easily prime favourites. The Spy, always popular for home consumption, has established its reputation in the British market, particularly in Liverpool and Glasgow; it will always be popular with the grower because it is prolific, almost equalling the Baldwin and the Greening in this respect. The Baldwin still remains the great

market-apple, and all things considered there is no safer winter-apple to grow. The Rhode Island Greening has made its way in Britain, where for many years its colour created an objection against it. Having outlived the "colour-prejudice," it suits Southern Ontario as a fall shipper. The Golden Russet is still a favourite in the foreign market, being even more popular in France than in England. French buyers could not secure enough of the 1906 Canadian crop. Little need be said in praise of the Fameuse, its quality, colour, size, productiveness, and the hardiness of the tree have made it a desirable dessert apple ever since the introduction of orcharding into Eastern Ontario. The McIntosh Red, an apple which originated in Dundas County, Ontario, 120 years ago, has all the good qualities of the Fameuse and is perhaps even more hardy. Its distinctive red colour wherever it appears is regarded



AN APPLE TREE, NEAR BURLINGTON, ONTARIO

as an attraction. The demand for the beautiful McIntosh Red, picked and packed properly, has never been satisfied, and the prospects are that with the increase of wealth in Canadian cities the national demand for this high-class fruit will continue to increase. There is no risk, one would say, in planting orchards of the McIntosh Red *ad lib*.

Canada sends across the ocean annually about a million barrels of apples. They are bought by Great Britain, Denmark, South Africa, Bermuda, Cuba, Belgium, and New Zealand.

Doubtless a better fruit than the Ontario peach could be imagined, but doubtless it has never been realised. Perhaps there is a more soul-satisfying way of earning a living than by producing fancy market-fruit in an Ontario orchard, and equally perhaps it is hard to find. We have heard the wise man from the South who manifests at international fruit fairs de-

clare, as he swallowed in sections the prize Ontario peach, "The farther north you go the better fur, the farther north you go the better peach."

The peach industry in Ontario has passed through many phases during the last twenty-five years, has run the gauntlet of several severe tests, and experience has demonstrated that the Niagara District is admirably adapted to the successful cultivation of this luscious fruit. Canada herself affords a market which expands annually out of all proportion to the growth of peach orchards. History is making and geography changing rapidly on the map of North America. In Virginia, the mother state of peach culture, the industry is now almost abandoned, and there is opportunity to place advantageously all the product that Ontario can produce.

In the Northern States and Canada, peach regions are determined by the mildness of the winter climate, the

adaptable areas lying near the Great Lakes, where the nearness of these large bodies of water has an ameliorating effect upon the climate. The Board of Control of the experimental stations, two years ago, inaugurated experiments in budding peach-trees upon hardy plum-roots, and it is likely that this practice will obviate possible root-freezing. It has been found that a southern exposure toward the lake-shore gives earlier results and better coloured fruits, and as a general statement it may be said that the best peach soil in Ontario is a deep sand, with a light loam next to be preferred after the sandy soil.

The Ontario peach industry has reached that stage where individual effort must give way to coöperation. This is a law which works throughout all lines of human endeavour, the ordinary individual by himself cannot command the same attention and the same market that he can when working in company with others. The best

system of coöperation begins in the orchard; if this is not practicable, coöperative packing is. An association is in better position than an individual to keep in touch with the market and prevent gluts. By controlling the output, higher prices and better markets are provided, with the profits of the middleman entirely cut out.

Surely the world holds no more æsthetic occupation than the production of prize peaches. Down at Winona in the Niagara Peninsula the list of varieties in the order of ripening will run something like this:—Alexander, Early Rivers, Hale's Early, Yellow St. John, Early Crawford, Fitzgerald, Elberta, Longhurst. For long-distance shipping the four varieties that have best stood the test are Yellow St. John, Early Crawford, Elberta, and Smock. Those that give the most satisfactory canning results are Mountain Rose, Garfield, Elberta, and Late Crawford. When an especially hardy strain is desired, Crosby



A PEAR ORCHARD, FIVE YEARS OLD, IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA



DUCHESS PEAR TREES, FIVE YEARS OLD, IN THE NIAGARA PENINSULA

will turn the trick or the Early Rivers or Lemon Free. Hiley and Thurber are excellent shippers, with a fine appearance. Hiley was awarded the Wiley Medal at the second to last meeting of the American Pomological Society at Boston, an unusual distinction, as this medal is given to but one new fruit each year.

The English market is "set in its ways" regarding the colour of its food-stuffs. It demands that its canned salmon shall be red, although a white salmon is often firmer and better flavoured. England says that its dessert apples must be rosy red, and, oddly enough, insists that a white-fleshed peach is better than the yellow, a dictum in which Philadelphia and other American cities concur. On the other hand, New York says that its peach must have yellow flesh, and this is the standard that Toronto epicures have adopted. Which all goes to

prove—that you never can tell.

What the Ontario peach-grower most dreads is an unheralded glut in the market. A glut usually incurs a loss, but for the man who is prepared it need never mean total loss. There is a bewitching number of by-products to the fresh peach industry: peach-pulp, dried peaches, evaporated peaches, peach-jam, peach-butter, peach-jelly, crystallised peaches, unfermented peach-juice, peach-wine, vinegar, noyau, brandied peaches. It was in returning thanks for this last present from an Ontario grocer at Thanksgiving time that the appreciative parson said from the pulpit: "I wish publicly at this time to thank Brother Smithers for his generous present of brandied peaches. I appreciate the peaches and thank him for these, but I more particularly appreciate the spirit in which they were sent."

BARBARA

BY RICHARD DARK

MRS. HARGRAVE was grateful, but determined.

"It is really too good of you," she said, "but I'm afraid such a creature would be thrown away on us. If it were a dog, now, or a cat, we might manage to make room for it, but a monkey—no, it's out of the question. Why don't you send it to the Zoo?"

Gerald Pennington thoughtfully buttered a piece of toast. "No," he answered, "I shan't send Barbara to the Zoo. I want somebody to make a pet of her; she has a very affectionate disposition. I declare I'm quite fond of the little beggar. Do you know of anybody who would care to adopt her? She is really rather a valuable specimen. I can't keep her myself, because I'm off to the Congo in a month or so."

Tom Hargrave glanced at his wife. "What about the Tancred's? They used to keep quite a menagerie. A monkey would be just the thing for them."

"Yes, I should think it might be managed. You don't know the Tancred's, Mr. Pennington? They're very old friends of ours, and have a place in Dorset. Mr. Tancred is a naturalist, and has a collection of the weirdest creatures imaginable. If you like, I can easily write to them and suggest that you should run down for a day or two, and take the monkey with you."

"Oh, I hardly like—"

"I'm sure Mr. Tancred would be delighted to hear about your African experience. He is an enthusiast; a

fauna and flora man, you know. So if you care to go I will write tonight, and you can send for the monkey."

"It's awfully good of you," replied Gerald.

"What a pity it is that Mr. Pennington is going back so soon," remarked Mrs. Hargrave later on in the day to her husband. "He's much too nice a man to be wasted on a continent like Africa. Why doesn't he marry and settle down?"

"My dear, I've known Gerald for years, and I assure you he is past redemption. Though he is naturally polite and urbane in his attitude towards the sex, his many and varied interests have so far precluded his being sufficiently attracted by any particular woman to——"

"Oh, Tom, don't! I'm not a mass meeting. That's the worst of being the wife of a politician. By the way, what does he call his monkey?"

"Barbara, I believe he said."

She smiled. "How curious!"

Four days later Gerald Pennington and his charge were proceeding by the Great Western Railway to the home of the Tancred's. For the first three-quarters of an hour of their journey Barbara, who had been carefully fed by her owner prior to her disposal within a large wicker cage in the guard's van, slept the sleep of comfortable repletion. At Reading, however, she awoke in a condition of considerable excitement, and as the train steamed slowly out of the station she emitted a cry of pathetic

poignancy, occasioned, perhaps, by some mysterious, sub-conscious realisation of the fading proximity of a paradise of biscuits hitherto beyond her wildest dreams. The guard, a man possessed of a sensitive organisation, a large family, and a tendency to confusion of ideas, afterwards described the sound to his wife as resembling the wail of a murdered infant.

In a short time the cries she uttered wrought upon him to such an extent that at the next stop he suggested that Gerald, who was occupying an empty carriage, should take the cage and its occupant under his personal supervision for remainder of the run. To this arrangement the latter consented, and the transference had no sooner been effected than the little creature, suddenly appearing to grow resigned, curled up and relapsed again into slumber.

At last Gerald alighted at a small country station, and, taking his gladstone bag in one hand and the cage in the other, he made his way towards a brougham which was waiting outside. The groom touched his hat.

"For the Grange, sir?" he asked.

"Yes," replied Gerald, and a few seconds later they drove off. As they passed the station gates they met another conveyance, which arrived just as the train steamed out.

A journey of five miles through undulating country brought them to their destination — a square-built old house of red brick, flanked on one side by a grove of elms, on the other by a wide stretch of lawn and garden. Gerald alighted, and handed the monkey over to the groom, with injunctions to feed her on biscuits and water, and lock her securely in a warm out-house or stable for the night. Then, as the man drove away, he walked up the front door steps and rang the bell. A minute later he found himself in a drawing-room where several people were engaged in consuming afternoon tea.

As his name was announced his

hostess rose and advanced to meet him.

"Mr. Pennington?" she said, with a suspicion of vagueness.

Gerald proceeded to explain that he had just arrived from town, where he was staying with the Hargraves. At the mention of the Hargraves the lady's face cleared.

"We were expecting Barbara this afternoon by the 3.50."

"I have brought her down with me," said Gerald; "I'm glad you're looking forward to see her. But, of course, I could hardly bring her into a drawing-room——"

"I beg your pardon?" said the lady of the house.

"So I asked the groom to take her round to the stable and look after her."

"You sent her to the stables!"

At this point the conversation between Gerald and his hostess appeared to become a centre of interest for the other persons in the room. Indeed, they hung upon the young man's next words with an almost embarrassing intentness. But, being now fairly launched upon his favorite topic, he proceeded with light-hearted enthusiasm to discourse of his journey from London.

"Barbara became so troublesome after leaving Reading that I was obliged to take her from the guard's van into my own carriage. Curiously enough, she quieted down at once, and curled up and slept like a lamb."

Here a youth of vacuous appearance tittered audibly, and then, finding every eye fixed upon him, slowly blushed a painful and apologetic scarlet. But Gerald heeded him not, nor yet the silent horror with which he himself was being generally regarded.

"You can't imagine," he went on, "how sorry I shall be to lose her. I believe the little creature is never so happy as when she's sitting on my knee."

"On his knee! The little creature sitting on his knee!" repeated the lady of the house, mechanically

"It's very good of your husband to take her off my hands, but I think she will prove quite a valuable acquisition. She is, in a way, quite unique; at least, she's the only specimen of her family that I have seen with hair growing over her nose."

There ensued a silence so deep, so pregnant with emotion, that the sound of a light object falling to the floor struck the ear with a painful suddenness. It was a monocle, which had escaped from the astonished eye of the youth who had tittered.

"Allow me," said Gerald, politely, and stooping down he restored the glittering weapon to its owner.

"Er—thanks, awfully," replied the latter, as he screwed it securely into its accustomed home.

The incident, though trifling in itself, appeared to stir Gerald's hostess from her attitude of petrified amazement.

"Please excuse me for a moment," she said, and left the room. A minute later she returned with a footman, and advanced towards Gerald.

"James will show you to your room, Mr. Pennington, if you would care to go up." There was a tinge of excitement in her voice.

Gerald, who was in the middle of a watercress sandwich, was rather surprised at her haste, but he acquiesced cheerfully, and followed the footman into the hall. The latter led the way upstairs and along two passages, finally halting before a door at the end of the second landing.

"This is your room, sir."

"Thank you," said Gerald, and walked in. "Why," he exclaimed, in surprise, "this isn't a bedroom at all! What the——"

There was a sharp slam behind him, followed by the grating of a key as the footman locked the door on the outside.

The room in which the young man found himself immured was a small, square apartment, devoid of furniture, and filled with an assortment of household odds and ends—in short,

what is commonly known as a box-room. He sat down on a leather portmanteau and pondered the position. Evidently the Tancred's were people of no ordinary calibre, and their ideas of hospitality appeared confused. He examined the door, and decided that escape that way was impracticable. Next, he walked to the window, and found, to his relief, that he was able to open it. Looking out, he caught sight, round a corner of the house, of a groom on horseback—the man who had driven him from the station.

"The police-station first, then the asylum," said a voice.

The groom touched his hat, and made off at a trot down the drive.

"Am I supposed to be an escaped lunatic?" thought Gerald. The absurdity of the situation overcame him, and he shook with laughter. But his merriment soon subsided, and once more he began to consider if there were any possible means of getting out of his prison.

He looked carefully down the wall outside the window, which was on the second storey. Half-way between it and the ground was a second window-ledge, and the whole wall was covered with a strong growth of old gnarled ivy.

"I wonder if I could manage it?" said Gerald.

There was no one about. Obviously the possibility of his escaping by this means had not occurred to his captors. He buttoned up his jacket and took his seat on the sill. Then, clambering down to the window below, he lowered himself to the full extent of his arms, and dropped on to a flower-bed. This manœuvre accomplished, he ran at full speed across the lawn to the shrubbery, and thence to the railings that bounded the gardens. Next, striking across some fields, he finally gained the high road about a mile and a half from the house.

Here he sat down for a few minutes' rest.

"It'll take me three-quarters of an hour to reach the station," he thought. "I'll go to Dorchester, stay there for the night, and to-morrow return in force and re-capture Barbara and my baggage. For to-day my adventures are practically over.

But in this conclusion he was mistaken. In a little while he started at a brisk pace along the road. About a mile or so he came to a turn at the foot of a short incline. As he rounded the corner he was aware of a feminine figure on a bicycle coasting down the slope not more than twenty yards away. The girl saw him, and swerved to the right, but, losing control of her machine, wheeled abruptly into the ditch at the side of the road, and landed not ungracefully in the grass beyond. Luckily there was no hedge at this particular spot.

As Gerald ran to her assistance, she sat up and regarded him indignantly. "It was all your fault," she remarked; "why were you walking in the middle of the road?"

"I'm really—er—awfully sorry," he stammered, somewhat taken aback, but immensely relieved to find that she was apparently uninjured. "Can I help you at all?"

The girl refused his hand, and got to her feet. Then she suddenly sat down again.

"I feel rather shaken," she said a little breathlessly, "but I shall be all right directly. Perhaps you will kindly see if my bicycle is damaged?"

Gerald obeyed. "The front wheel is buckled," he announced: "it will be quite impossible to ride the machine, or even to wheel it along. May I ask if you have far to go?"

"About three miles," said the girl; "to Sir Humphrey Redmayne's." Then, again waxing indignant. "Why were you walking in the middle of the road?" Isn't there a footpath?"

But Gerald countered the attack. "Why didn't you ring your bell?" he retorted. "You might have killed me."

She glanced at him doubtfully for a moment, then smiled; and her smile struck Gerald, who ordinarily never noticed these things, as engaging.

"You have had a fortunate escape," she said drily. "Would you mind collecting my goods and chattels?"

He hastened to pick up a small paper parcel and a tennis-racquet, which had become detached from the bicycle and were lying in the road. Suddenly his eye fell on a label which the racquet bore. On it was written the name "Miss Barbara Barracombe." He had heard that name before. Surely his friend Tom Hargrave's wife had been a Barracombe.

"I beg your pardon," he said to the girl, "but do you happen to know the Hargraves of Lancaster-gate?"

"Mrs. Hargrave is my sister," she answered.

"And Tom is one of my oldest friends."

"What is your name?" she asked, a little mistrustfully.

"Gerald Pennington."

"The African explorer?"

"Well, yes," he admitted: "I have put in a good deal of time in Central Africa."

"Where the footpath and the high road are synonymous, I suppose!" There was a twinkle in her brown eyes.

"They are certainly interchangeable terms," he replied gravely. "But now what are we to do with your bicycle, even supposing you are sufficiently recovered to walk?"

"I'm afraid I'm hardly capable of moving yet. I seem to have given my ankle a twist." She hesitated. "Perhaps——"

"Yes?" said Gerald.

"It's giving you an awful lot of trouble, but if you wouldn't mind walking back to the Grange and getting them to send some conveyance for me, I could look after the bicycle in the meantime. It's a large red-brick, about two and a half miles along the road."

"But that is the Tancred's place, surely? I thought you said you were going to Sir Humphrey Redmayne's."

"Oh, no; the Tancreds live in quite the opposite direction. I expected to be met at the station, but when I had collected my baggage, I found there was nobody there; so I left my things behind and came over on my bicycle, which I happened to have brought with me."

Slowly the truth dawned upon Gerald, and he realised the mistake that had occurred.

"And I said her hair grew over her nose!" he muttered abstractedly, gazing at Miss Barracombe.

"I beg your pardon," she said.

"Oh, nothing," he responded hastily. "I'd better be off. You will have nearly an hour to wait, though."

"It doesn't matter; this road is quite free from tramps, as a rule."

He hurried off, not without misgivings as to the reception which awaited him on his return.

However, he was spared the ordeal in part, for at the end of a mile or so he heard a noise of wheels behind him, and, turning, saw a wagonette which contained Miss Barracombe, her bicycle, a groom, and an elderly man in a Panama hat. The carriage pulled up, and Miss Barracombe proceeded to introduce the two men to each other.

"You must really come and dine with us," said Sir Humphrey; "my wife will be delighted to see you."

"On that point I have my doubts," answered Gerald with a smile, "but I shall be glad to accompany you, if only to recover my bag and—er—another belonging that I happen to have left at your house."

"At my house?" asked the other in surprise.

"If you will allow me, I will explain as we go along," said Gerald. He got into the wagonette, and told his tale, introducing some slight modification into his account of his conversation in the drawing-room with Lady Redmayne.

As he concluded, the baronet drew a deep breath. "The most extraordinary thing I ever heard!" he exclaimed, bursting into a laugh; "but, do you know, I don't altogether blame my wife for what she did."

"Of course not," agreed the young man heartily. "One cannot but admire the promptness with which Lady Redmayne dealt with a person whom she had every reason to consider an escaped lunatic."

On arriving at the Grange, there was a second explanation, undertaken this time by Sir Humphrey. Lady Redmayne's horror, on learning the mistake which the afternoon had witnessed, was intense.

"It was entirely my own fault," Gerald replied. "And now that Miss Barracombe is safe, I really ought to be getting on."

"Not to-night, surely. It's far too late. You must stay with us till to-morrow. You can send them a wire at once, and explain when you go to them."

Gerald glanced at Barbara. "It's really very good of you," he said.

*

"But I should like to know what it was you said that shocked Lady Redmayne so that afternoon in her drawing-room," remarked Barbara, six months later.

Gerald, who for some reason or other, had abandoned his projected trip to the Congo, pondered deeply.

"My dear," he answered at length, "I think what shocked her most was my description of the way in which your hair grew in little curls just behind your ears." And he gave one of the said curls the gentlest pull in the world.

"But that creature's hair doesn't curl behind its ears; it seems to me that it grows more over its nose than anywhere."

"Does it?" said Gerald innocently.

Barbara looked at him half in reproach, half in amusement.

"I'm afraid I've made a bad bargain!" she said, with a sigh.



Pleasant the ways whereon our feet were
led,
Sweet the young hills, the valleys of
content,
But now the hours of dew and dream are
fled.
Lord, we are spent.

We did not heed the warning in the skies,
We have not heard thy voice nor known
thy fold;
But now the world is darkening in our
eyes.
Lord, we grow old.

Now the sweet stream turns bitter with
our tears,
Now dies the star we followed in the
west,
Now are we sad and ill at ease with years.
Lord, we would rest.

Lo, our proud lamps are emptied of their
light,
Weary our hands to toil, our feet to
roam,
Our day is past and swiftly falls thy
night.
Lord, lead us home.—Marjorie L. C.
Pickthall, in the *Metropolitan Magazine*.

*

THE VACATION ORDEAL

THERE is much poignant truth in
the following bit of September
dialogue:—

"I hear you spent your vacation
with friends?"

"We were friends during the first
week."

Is there anything more thoroughly
"testful" of friendship than a holiday
visit or "going camping together?"
You learn entirely too much about

each other, and the result is frequent-
ly disastrous. A certain distance
lends enchantment to most things
in life. Do not come too near to the
picture if you do not wish to smell
the paint.

The following is a sample of the
confidences with which girls are now
favouring the few chosen friends who
remained at home.

"You know Margaret Hathaway?
Well, you know I just thought the
world of that girl until we went away
together. Heavens! You never heard
of anything like that girl's selfishness.
We hardly speak to each other since
we came back, and I don't believe
that things will ever be the same
again. Margaret and I shared a room
at Glen Rose and she simply bor-
rowed or appropriated everything I
possessed, from manicure set to
shoes. In fact, she is an absolutely
impossible person and I wouldn't go
away with her again for the world.
Kathleen Morgan was in the party,
too, and, do you know, she's an
awfully fine girl, though I didn't
think so much of her in the city. She
never wanted to borrow anything,
never fussed about her hair being
out of curl and was simply splendid
about going anywhere with you. She
didn't care the least bit whether there
were boys in the party, but Margaret
sulked the whole time unless she was
getting all the masculine attention.
Kathleen for mine!"

Such is the somewhat slangy but sincere confidence to which one listens nowadays with comprehending sympathy. A holiday trip together is almost sure to reveal the selfishness or unreason which years of city or town intercourse may fail to disclose. The girl who makes herself a nuisance by borrowing articles, small and great, and who considers the convenience of no one but her own important self is likely to come back from mountains or seaside divested of feminine friendship. Nothing is more acceptable in a summer outing than a spirit of good comradeship; but the truest fellowship must always be infused with personal independence if there is to be a permanent understanding. Therefore, it is well before setting out on a summer trip, to consider long whether the "Kathleen" or "Margaret" who is coming too is such a companion as will laugh at petty discomforts and leave your manicure set unmolested. It would be interesting to know just how many of the chums who set off cheerily for camp or cottage in the early days of August return with the friendship unfractured.

*

FROM SCARF TO SHAWL

THE scarf has been with us again and has gradually been assuming wider proportions until it has looked wonderfully like the old-fashioned shawl. However popular the tailor-made costume may be, however desirable it may become, through the exigencies of modern practical life, for woman to adopt the severe lines and plain style of the tailored skirt and coat, the soft clinging of the Oriental wrapping seems the more feminine array. From the East comes this exquisite, filmy adornment in a variety of colouring and design which is fairly bewildering to the feminine heart and contracting to the feminine purse. There is the bit of softest *crêpe* from China or Japan, blue or mauve or palest gray, with wistaria

or swallows brightening its delicate expanse. There is the most seductive bit of gauzy silk from India, with a faint fragrance of sandalwood in its folds, and there is the flowered scarf of Persia, with such hyacinths and roses as Omar Khayyám loved, blossoming on the border. Spangles, silver, jet and gold, bestrew the scarf which comes from Egypt and are more "truly Oriental" than any others. Cleopatra might have worn such a brilliant adornment when she set out on that immortal barge to dazzle the eyes of the Roman general.

The scarf is to be a fashionable adjunct to evening gowns this winter and will probably be seen in daintier weaves than ever. There is something of the charm of an immemorial civilisation about these diaphanous features of feminine attire. They belong to "magic casements opening on the foam of perilous seas" and are hardly in keeping with our extremely matter-of-fact western world. Perhaps the scarf is but the precursor of the shawl. Two years from now we may be going about, bonneted and shawled, looking very much like our own grand-mamas. However, there is no use in anticipating or foreboding the capers of Dame Fashion and, in the meantime, we may rest well content with the scarf which covers a multitude of defects in last year's evening gown.

*

THE SUPPRESSED SUPPLEMENT

A SAN FRANCISCO paper comments adversely on the "idiotic and repulsive comic supplement," declaring that the Boston *Herald's* recent action in doing away with that feature has been amply justified. The latter paper remarks:

"Eight months ago the *Herald* abandoned its comic supplements in recognition of growing dissatisfaction. It had no difficulty in finding substitutes for its coloured pages. Not only has the abandonment of the comics been praised by social and other or-

ganisations, and by individuals whose interest is general, but the approval from the homes into which the Sunday *Herald* enters has been the most convincing evidence that a coloured comic is not essential even to the amusement of the children. It is an unfortunate estimate of the American people that assumes that the grosser and the lower is the most popular. We believe it worth while to recognise a different standard of popularity. The demand for the 'comic' is overestimated."

When will our Canadian papers follow the example of the Boston *Herald* and abandon the vulgar coloured supplement? It is true that some of our best journals, such as the Toronto *Globe*, the *Mail and Empire* and the Montreal *Star* have refrained from using its atrocious "attractions." But too many of our papers have not realised as yet that the average coloured "comic" is a degradation. No one with any sense of the fitness of things can object to a bright and amusing page for the juniors. In fact, it is most desirable that there should be such a department. But when, from week to week, we find pages of hideous crimson and yellow caricature depicting the mother as a vulgar virago and the father as a brutal tyrant, holding up everyone in a position of authority to ridicule and contempt, it is surely time for all far-sighted readers of the press to protest against this vitiation of the youthful taste and imagination. This is no trivial matter, to be dismissed with a light sneer at "fussy women who are always wanting reforms." The whole community is interested in the character of our papers, and the youngster who learns to look for the coloured comics is not likely to become an ornament to city or state.

*

PRESS AND PEOPLE

ONE of the most interesting meetings during the Quinquennial Congress was that in which Miss

Agnes Laut and Mr. Arthur Stringer informed the members of many delinquencies of the modern newspaper and magazine. When speaking of yellow journalism, the former showed that part of the blame for sensational exploiting of certain crimes falls upon the women readers. The speaker went about the discussion in a most practical fashion, somewhat after this wise: Women are the buyers and, therefore, the readers of advertisements. If the women who object to sensational handling of news would combine in protest and refuse to patronise the merchants who advertise in yellow journals, such publications would realise with 'marvellous promptness' the commercial un wisdom of their course and would modify their policy without debating the expediency. In other words — the advertising department rules the newspaper and the women of the community virtually direct the advertising.

Let it be said, in the first place, that few of our Canadian papers are deeply tinged with yellow. There is a dual responsibility in the matter. Those who feel strongly that certain subjects are treated in objectionable fashion should let the editor know of their views. On the other hand, the latter is not without responsibility. His work is formative, as well as reflective, and he is in a sense a public leader. Several of our editors have stated that women are more eager than men to read the unpleasant details of scandal or sensation. Whether this be true or not, it is the duty of every woman interested in the intellectual cleanliness of the household to keep out of it the newspaper which dwells unduly on the sordid and degrading features in the day's news. Let this be done and there will be a marked decrease in front-page horrors.

We are too much given to condemnation of the New York press as "yellow," forgetting the *Tribune*, the *Sun* and the *Evening Post*—splendid papers which would be a credit to any



MISS KATHLEEN MACDONNELL, A TALENTED TORONTO ACTRESS, WHO PLAYS NEXT WINTER
IN PHILADELPHIA

country and community. We are in danger of becoming provincial in this regard and contemplating our young Dominion with pharisaic fondness.

*

THE HEROINE'S HAIR

WHAT woman does not desire an abundance of lustrous tresses? What woman does not envy the heroine of the popular novel whose "golden tresses fall around her like a pitying veil" or the "female villain" whose dense masses of blue-black hair crown a head which plans almost unspeakable rescality?

The modern novelist is not to be outdone by earlier writers. Mr. Thomas Dixon, who writes fervid fiction by the hundred yards, tells us in his latest effort, of the heroine's marvellous loveliness. Never had the hero seen "such a bundle of quivering, pulsing, nervous, ravishing beauty.

He could have sworn he saw electric sparks flash from the tips of every eye-lash, from every strand of the mass of brown curls that circled her face, and fell in rich profusion on her shoulders and across her heaving breast." Really, Mr. Dixon, who started out as a clergyman, could make a tidy fortune, writing advertisements for a hair-dresser.

Another modern heroine, *Lucia Grimson*, in Mr. E. F. Benson's "The Climber," has electricity to burn in her wonderful locks. As a New York critic says: "There is a full page given to the description of brushing *Lucia's* hair in the dark. It is compared to the breaking of dry twigs in a forest, to yeast with which each hair grew endued and stiffened itself apart from the rest, to remote, momentary stars, to a strange conflagration and to pale flushes of flame."

JEAN GRAHAM.

Current Events

By

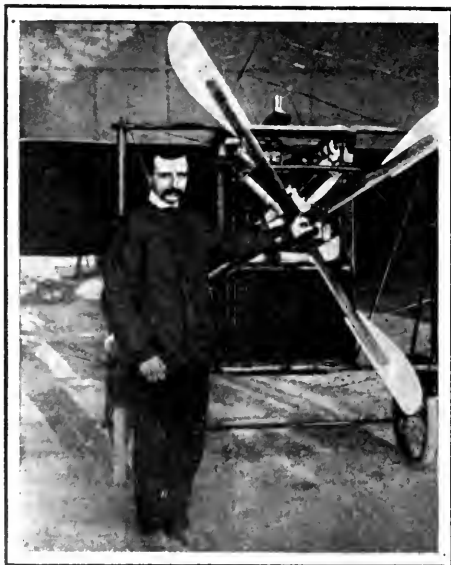
F. A. ACLAND

THE event of the month was not the dramatic downfall of M. Clemenceau in France, nor the very undramatic dethronement of the Shah in Persia, nor the sudden gloom that has come on the horizon of King Alfonso, nor the placing of an order for four additional *Dreadnoughts* by Great Britain, nor the retirement of von Bülow from the German Chancellorship, though these incidents may serve to keep the politicians and the newspapers busy enough these summer days. It is the flight of M. Louis Bleriot from France to England in an airship that will cause the month

and the year to be remembered in history. It is the first great indisputable triumph of aviation. It is the coming of the airship following in the wake of the telephone, the phonograph, the electric car, the automobile, and the other wonders of the last quarter of a century. The magnificent leap of M. Bleriot's chariot of the air from Calais to the cliffs of Dover is one of the most romantic and fascinating achievements of modern science.

*

What will be the effect of the new science on transportation, on war, on sport, on international politics, on a thousand things? Mr. Wells will doubtless consider some of his wildest flights justified, and those who do not care to follow Mr. Wells may and must let their own imagination run riot. It is true that M. Bleriot's chariot was of modest dimensions and flew but twenty-five miles. But few will regard the performance as other than the beginning only of stupendous changes. As to transportation, the railways will probably feel safe enough for many a year; at least they can count on being useful for heavy freight! As to international politics it is obvious that a slight development only beyond the point now attained will greatly complicate the tariff question. It may not be immediately possible to transport barley or lumber far above the range of vision of the customs official, but there are countless other articles to tempt the

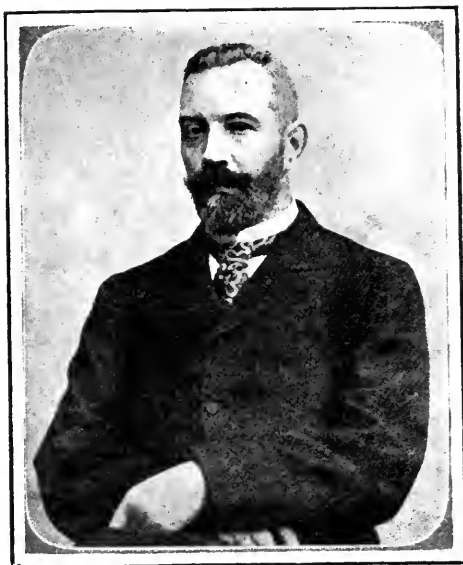


M. BLERIOT, WHO IS FAMOUS FOR HIS FLIGHT ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL. THE CUT SHOWS THE MONOPLANE IN WHICH HE MADE THE FLIGHT

smuggler of the air. As to war, the new French War Minister and the world expect to see the French army—or will it be the navy?—equipped with a swarm of these “wasps” so soon as their mechanism has been finally perfected; and that is, of course, only what was to have been expected. No doubt air ships of all kinds will be placed under regulations of the strictest order, but no amount of regulation can prevent their full development affecting most profoundly the whole social and political system. In the meantime the triumph of M. Bleriot rivets more tightly for the moment at any rate the *entente cordiale* between Great Britain and France. M. Bleriot receives substantial money prizes in England as well as in France, and his receptions at Dover and London could not have been more enthusiastic had he been English-born. A very few years ago a French gentleman arriving in England in the peculiar fashion in which M. Bleriot travels would have had a very doubtful reception.

*

The leaders of the French and German Governments have changed almost simultaneously, the change in France having been effected in a twinkling. The new Chancellor and the new Premier are uncertain quantities in foreign politics, to a certain extent both are untried in this dangerous field. In a situation already tense with possibilities such changes may be of the utmost moment, but outsiders can only conjecture whether they tend for good or ill. It may be these events, for instance, which have prompted the Asquith Government, despite its anti-militarist declarations and the tremendous deficit for which it has already to provide, to determine to add to its ship-building programme four new *Dreadnoughts* outstripping all predecessors as to destructive powers and, of course, as to cost. Mr. McKenna, the First Lord of the Admiralty, conceals



DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, THE NEW
GERMAN CHANCELLOR

the real reasons under a cloud of words, of necessity, when making a statement in the House of Commons. In any event, if the substitution of M. Briand for M. Clemenceau and of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg for Prince von Bülow has affected the course of the British Government it is probably because of the uncertainty of the new conditions rather than because of their making necessarily for worse relations between Britain and her neighbours.

*

Von Bülow went out first, and it is the first time a German Chancellor has retired at the will of the people rather than at that of the Emperor. The new Chancellor is declared to be a tyro in foreign politics, yet he is also stated to have been deliberately selected by his predecessor for such an emergency as has come about. The Emperor's heart doubtless warmed to the new Chancellor because they were fellow-students at Bonn University. Whether or not the change means the reassumption by the Emperor of the autocratic powers

he laid aside a year or so ago can be told only by the sequel, but if so the Emperor is surely playing with fire. There is to-day no occupant of a throne whose seat is worth a year's purchase unless it be freed of almost the last vestige of autocracy. Yet it is probably true that the Emperor is the strongest personal force in Germany to-day, and if that force were used for moderation the British Empire should be the last to wish him ill.

*

M. Clemenceau was defeated within a week after Bethmann-Hollweg's elevation. Probably the one incident had no bearing on the other, but they may have been associated. M. Clemenceau's defeat was so needless, so like a foolish freak rather than of conviction on the part of any, that it has been freely suggested he rode for a fall. was anxious, in fact, to escape a further responsibility of office, yet could not take the deliberate step of resigning. As to reasons—who can undertake to plumb the depths of a politician's heart? The gravest feature in French politics at the present

moment is the huge naval scandal, the outcome of a commission dating back to the days of M. Delcasse, who terminated four years ago a period of eight years as Foreign Minister. The commission after a most exhaustive inquiry has reported to the effect that the whole naval policy of France for ten years past, both as to administration and construction, has been absolutely rotten, and that the greater portion of the huge expenditure of \$700,000,000 since 1899 has been wasted through fraudulent contractors and corrupt or incompetent administrators. M. Clemenceau was not directly concerned in these transgressions, which were chiefly prior to his term of office, but he may well have dreaded the prospect of calling on France for funds to reorganise and partly to rebuild the navy at the present time. And the change of pilots at Berlin may have made him the less inclined to make the attempt.

*

M. Briand, the new French Premier, is a Socialist. It is the first time that an avowed Socialist has become the first minister of any country, though M. Clemenceau himself in France at one time leaned strongly in the direction of Socialism. But we must not be misled by terms. M. Briand has been a member of the Cabinet for some years, and is not by any means a fire-brand or demagogue. Even if M. Jaurez, the most advanced of French Socialists, should come one day into the Cabinet or even into the Premiership, the responsibilities of office would probably force upon him a constructive rather than a destructive policy. M. Briand has been styled the constructive genius of the late Cabinet. This expression may seem inconsistent with the fact that the new French Premier's reputation rests largely on the fact that it was he who, as Minister of Worship, managed the disestablishment of the Church, but it must be remembered that the disestablish-



HOW THE YOUNG KING OF SPAIN LOOKS WHEN
THERE ARE NO UPRISINGS TO FEAR

ment did not occur until the Church and religion generally had been practically abandoned by the majority of the French people. M. Briand has made the somewhat dangerous promise, however, that his Government will make a vigorous attempt to heal the breach between capital and labour. This is a programme ambitious enough, indeed, for any ministry, and there are few policies, whether of construction or destruction, that might not come within its terms. M. Briand's course will be watched sympathetically at any rate, and should his promise mean that France will enter on a series of extensive social reforms similar to those just now being carried out or attempted in Great Britain, the interest of thinking men everywhere will be focussed more strongly than ever on those two great nations. Pensions for workers and a general scheme of industrial insurance during the present year are among the concrete propositions of M. Briand.

*

The Shah has followed the Sultan in stepping down and out. There seems to have been little difficulty in getting rid of him and he saved his poor life by fleeing to the Russian Embassy. So far the constitutionalists have succeeded, but it is doubtful if much permanent good has been achieved. Persia is largely under Russian tutelage, more so than ever since the Anglo-Russian agreement on this subject, and how entirely a novice Russia is in the art of parliamentary government will readily appear. It is a case of the blind leading the blind to a large extent, although for that matter Persia had actually started her Parliament—the one at which the Shah threw shells—before the Russian Douma came into existence. Judging from the cable dispatches the bulk of the people of Persia are very apathetic on the subject of the revolution. The constitutionalists are a mere handful, but



THE NEW SHAH OF PERSIA

have been confronted only by a smaller handful. There is little national feeling in Persia and it remains to be seen whether a group of enthusiasts animated by western ideals can put life into the dry bones of decadent Orientalism. It is a brave attempt, but it is to be feared the Persian people have been too short a time in training to get much benefit from Parliamentary institutions.

*

The world has scarcely time to draw its breath after witnessing the ignominious extinction of the Shah before it learns that the throne of young Alfonso of Spain is toppling. Spanish troops are overwhelmed by Moorish tribesmen in Morocco; Barcelona, always rotten with anarchy and sedition, is the scene of horrors equal to those of the Commune, and the King himself is hissed and hooted on the streets of his capital. France and

Spain took each a share of Morocco to be held within their respective spheres of influence, the Government of Morocco being frankly incapable of maintaining order. France found her hands more than full for a time, but came out of the struggle with the tribesmen, or withdrew from the struggle, without loss of prestige. Spain in undertaking a trivial and wholly justifiable (according to ruling ethics) punitive expedition against the Riff tribesmen has met with greater disasters in land fighting than during the Spanish-American war. Alfonso is reasonably popular as a sovereign with a large proportion of his people and has appeared anxious to rule on enlightened lines, but his throne is a structure of cards and ill able to stand in rough weather, while there is always the possibility of the dagger or bullet of the assassin ending his career as that of his neighbour of Portugal was ended a year ago. A Spanish republic is among the possibilities of the near future, but it is doubtful if it will bring peace to the poor, proud, broken Spanish people. As to the King, he is a very helpless figure indeed in the present perplexities, and one can only hope he has not to pay too terrible a penalty for the misfortune of having been born to a throne in an age when people were showing a weariness of thrones.

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Whatever may have been the reason for the determination of the Asquith Government to order at once the four additional *Dreadnoughts*, and whether or not the political changes on the Continent had anything to do with it, it is likely to have a beneficial effect on the position of the Govern-

ment. The new programme, which was promptly put before the House of Commons, was carried by a large majority, but the majority was obtained by Unionist votes replacing those of Irishmen, Labour members and more advanced Radicals. It is by no means certain, of course, that the budget will ever emerge from the Commons, at least without radical changes, but the new naval programme will probably ensure no adverse action by the House of Lords. There is, no doubt, much truth in Lord Rosebery's criticism that the present budget is in effect a revolution and will affect certain classes severely; but after all, it is admitted by all that the money has to be raised and it would be difficult to devise a plan effective for raising so great an additional revenue that would not appear more or less revolutionary to those from whom the new taxes were collected. Certainly tariff reform, however successful it might prove, would be a vaster change for free trade Britain than the changes Mr. Lloyd-George has proposed in the present budget. The Lords will probably therefore be very willing to be placated by the Government's concession on the *Dreadnoughts*, and will avoid an encounter at the polls on a budget which aims in many ways to benefit the masses of the people. Recent by-elections, too, seem to suggest that the reaction against the Government is less violent than it appeared to be a while ago. So the Government's troubles will probably be finished when the Commons have had their last word on the budget—at least the fate of the measure will be known then.





The WAY of LETTERS

"TONO-BUNGAY," by H. G. Wells, is a book to be thankful for and to be glad over, to read with pleasure and to lay aside with regret, to read again and perhaps again — the truest praise of all. We are used to surprises from Mr. H. G. Wells and not the least of his charms is his unexpectedness. We may know him as a teller of tales or as a dreamer of dreams, as a sociologist of sorts or as a novelist, and be charmed by him in any or all of these characters. It is not often that one man can do many things and do them well, but we confess to enjoying everything that Mr. Wells has done and to looking forward with eagerness to whatever he may do in the future. In our opinion he steadily improves, and "Tono-Bungay" is the best that he has yet given us. The name itself promises something; it is striking, *bizarre*, and contains a hint of humour; it is characteristic and yet original. "Tono-Bungay" is a long book and one to be read leisurely. The story begins with the hero's boyhood, and there is a hint of Dickens in the quiet humour with which this apt-to-be-dull period is handled. As in "David Copperfield," the tale is told by the hero, the style is easy and unaffected, the happenings slip in naturally, and the reader is in the swing of a thoroughly absorbing story before he realises what has captivated him. It is

impossible to analyse the charm of such a book, to tell just what it is and what shifts and combinations produce it; it is as elusive as the will-o'-the-wisp, flashing out in unexpected places, bewildering and delighting us. Reduced to a few phrases, the story tells of the rise and fall of a patent medicine, or rather the name of a patent medicine, for all there was of "Tono-Bungay" was its name. It (the name) was the invention of an obscure chemist, the hero's uncle, and the way in which this name was made to ring through England and to make the author rich beyond the oft-quoted dreams of avarice is a bit of humorous satire at which we wonder and laugh—and have a few more serious thoughts left. The "Tono-Bungay" campaign is only part of the story; beside it runs the story of the hero and of *Beatrice*, the girl he loved—two distinct stories that never merge, but always have the bridge of love between them. Then there is the story of *Aunt Susan*, the wife of Tono-Bungay's inventor, a curiously detached story which is the same as her husband's and yet entirely different; he the actor, she the looker-on. In her own words, spoken after the final catastrophe: "Life puffed him up and smashed him—like an old bag—under my eyes. I was clever enough to see it and not clever enough to prevent it, and all I could do was to jeer."

Many will raise the old and familiar objection that the end is not a happy one; but how in the name of common sense can we expect a happy ending, always, to a tale which purports to be of real happenings? Why should we except any end at all, since in real life nothing is ever really ended? The end of "Tono-Bungay" does not marry the lovers or even bestow one of them comfortably in the grave, but that these things do not happen is due to no malice on the author's part, it is simply the inevitable outcome of all the things which go before—as everything always is. Summing it up, one cannot do it half as well as in the words of the writer himself: "There is a note of crumbling and confusion, of change and seemingly aimless swelling, of a bubbling up and medley of futile loves and sorrows. But through the confusion something drives, something that is at once human achievement and the most inhuman of all existing things. . . . Sometimes I call this reality science, sometimes I call it truth. But it is something we draw by pain and effort out of the heart of life. . . . I do not know what it is, this something, except that it is Supreme." (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

"THE ROOM OF THE SILENCES"

Were it not for the chapter entitled "The Room of the Silences," James Lane Allen's latest book, "The Bride of the Mistletoe," might well be regarded as unsatisfactory. Even as it is, many of Mr. Allen's admirers will not fully appreciate or come into complete sympathy with the book. Nevertheless that one chapter justifies it. The book should be regarded as merely the first of three works of fiction, each of which is dependent to some extent on the other two, the three completing each other and completing also a general theme. The first of the trilogy deals with twenty-four hours in the married life of a middle-

aged couple in Kentucky. It leads up to and brings to an intensely dramatic climax, without satisfactory *dénouement*, an incident of more than ordinary significance, in fact, the acknowledgment of whether or not a wife can continue to be all that she ever has been to her husband. The treatment of this delicate situation is most artistic and refined, and it displays the author's powers at their best. It is an excellent theme for a short story, but Mr. Allen has a reputation for style and description, and so it is only natural for him to indulge it. Nevertheless, whoever reads "The Bride of the Mistletoe" will want to read the other two that are to follow. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

AMERICAN LITERARY REMINISCENCE

Mr. William Winter, the eminent American critic, has followed his delightful book of reminiscences of stage people, "Other Days," with a volume entitled "Old Friends," which is composed of literary reminiscences. Mr. Winter has known personally most of the big figures in the United States during the last fifty years, and with many of them he enjoyed an intimate friendship. He writes in a most felicitous vein of Longfellow, Holmes, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Bayard Taylor, Charles Dickens, Wilkie Collins, George William Curtis and many others. His chapters on "Bohemian Days," "Vagrant Comrades," and "Old Familiar Faces" are in themselves gems of interest and entertainment. Few persons have the gift or the experience for such reminiscences as Mr. Winter's, and the volume is especially important as it deals in a familiar and sympathetic manner with the most brilliant period of American literature. (New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. Cloth, \$3 net).

*

DONALD A. FRASER'S POEMS

Mr. Donald A. Fraser, who for a number of years has been a frequent

contributor to *The Canadian Magazine*, has published his first volume of poetry. The title of the book is "Pebbles and Shells." It embraces a wide range of poetry, running from poems on love, nature, patriotism and religion to verses of a lighter order for children or for the purpose of amusement. Mr. Fraser is at his best when describing or deducting from some object or aspect of nature, but in other respects he has not invariably been so successful. For that reason, it is to be regretted that the contents of the volume had not been rigorously edited before going to press, because no writer, no matter how clever he is, does good work always. But those who are interested in poetry will read "Pebbles and Shells" with profit, particularly if they use sufficient discrimination to dwell on the poems that display the author's powers at their best. (Toronto: William Briggs).

*

MYSTERY THAT DOES NOT MYSTIFY

Occasionally we come across a novel which obviously pretends to possess mystery but which has little claim on that quality. Such is "The Mystery of Miss Mott," by Caroline Atwater Mason. But every novel, in order to hold the interest of the average reader, must be charged with uncertainty, and it should be convincing. This particular story has some of the former, but as to the latter it is lamentably wanting. *Miss Mott* is an Anglo-Indian, or, to be more precise, a woman with English and Sarcee blood in her veins. India is her birthplace, but she is supposed, when she comes to America, to have issued from pure English stock. The pastor of an aristocratic church, an insincere man to whom she acts for a time as private secretary, rivals with his assistant for her affections, and in the end her identity is revealed on the death of a wealthy relative who has made her his heiress. She favours the as-



MR. DONALD A. FRASER, WHOSE BOOK OF POEMS ENTITLED "PEBBLES AND SHELLS" HAS BEEN PUBLISHED BY WM. BRIGGS

sistant, and is encouraged therein by the pastor, who is clever enough to see that he has been superseded by the other. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

LOVE AND A BEECH TREE

Beech trees are not often detrimental to love affairs. Yet in Rosamond Napier's novel, entitled, "The Heart of a Gypsy," one of them seemingly played havoc with the tie that bound the affections of a skilful London surgeon and a gypsy maid, named *Meridiana Pharaoh*. This young woman had been deserted by her mother when she was a mere babe. She was then adopted by "Parson Thompson," and grew to be both complex and attractive. Early in her life the "call of the blood" seemed to exert itself, and her mind yielded readily to superstitious beliefs. To her the things of nature meant more than personal friends. Especially was this true in connection with the beech tree under which she had been deserted.

The affections of the level-headed surgeon to whom *Meridiana* became betrothed were reciprocated for a time. Nevertheless, whenever trouble

arose, as it frequently did after she went to visit in London, and was expected to fit harmoniously into the element attached to the social function given by the surgeon's mother, her thoughts would wander back to her first love—the beech tree. Through life her conviction was that if anything serious befell the tree, she would suffer accordingly. Out of this belief the author gets much to weave her story. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

CANADIAN ARTISTS

The Studio for August contains an interesting account by Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., of the work of the Canadian Art Club. Mention is made of the excellent work recently done by Mr. Curtis Williamson, Mr. Edmund Morris, and there are reproductions of paintings by Mr. Homer Watson, Mr. J. W. Morrice, Mr. W. E. Atkinson, Mr. Archibald Browne, Mr. Horatio Walker, and of sculptures by Mr. Phimister Proctor.

*

A SEARCH FOR SELF

It is only natural that the extraordinary psychological investigations that have been pursued with so much insistency during the last half-decade or more should result in a school of fiction based on psychological phenomena. Of such school is "The Man Without a Shadow," by Oliver Cabot. This is the story of a young man who found himself one morning in a sanitarium — awakened, as it were, from a long sleep — but he had absolutely no knowledge whatever of his identity, no recollection of his past life. His experiences in the search to "find himself" comprise the book. The circumstances are not new. Theodore Roberts makes use of a similar expedient in "Captain Love," and while neither he nor the author of "The Man Without a Shadow" succeeds in convincing one that the extraordinary mentality he presents is probable, the possibilities of the

situation are excellent as pure fiction. "The Man Without a Shadow" is a well told tale, and it is full of absorbing interest—just the kind of novel that one reads for simple entertainment. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen. Cloth, \$1.25).

*

A NOVEL WITH A PURPOSE

A verbatim report of a conversation between the Reverend Joseph Hocking and Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow would furnish "good reading." The Non-Conformist minister firmly believes that the Church of Rome represents Anti-Christ and the scarlet woman. He writes didactic novels to prove it. Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow has taken a leaf out of Mr. Hocking's book, and in his novel "Antonio" he deals hard knocks at non-Romanists in general and at the Anglican church in particular. His hero, *Antonio*, is a very attractive Portuguese Benedictine who, upon the dissolution of the monasteries by the Portuguese Government in the thirties of the last century, goes out into the world and acquires money to buy back for his Order its sequestered estates. *Antonio* proves to be a good business man, but a better dialectician. His visit to England results in the 'version of sundry Anglicans. If these ladies and gentlemen were brought into the older fabric because of the rather tenuous casuistries of *Antonio*, they must have been anxious to be convinced. That there are, and have been, not a few changes from Anglicanism to Romanism is quite undeniable. But it is hard to believe that their sanction has arisen from such arguments as Mr. Oldmeadow puts into the mouth of the propagandist *Antonio*.

The author does not lack of a sense of literary form, and much of his book is transfused with the clear light of ample historical knowledge and a cultivated taste. (Toronto: The Macmillan Company of Canada. Cloth, \$1.25).



Within The Sanctum

IT is almost impossible to disassociate journalism from personality. The editorial "we" is oftener than otherwise merely the first personal pronoun "I," and therefore we should not attach too much importance or significance to whatever we read on the editorial pages of even great newspapers, except, to bear in mind that the publicity thus obtained has oftentimes a tremendous influence. There is a vast difference between the aims, sentiments and ideals of publications in general, but it can be taken for granted that in almost every instance the opinion of but one man is upheld. Very frequently that one man goes wrong, but whether right or wrong he is bound to find some followers. Two examples of journalism have been furnished recently, two that are entirely opposite in character, and yet each represents the modern trend in certain respects. One comes from Italy. It is called *Poesia*. It claims to have founded a new school of literature under the name of "Futurism." A good idea of the calibre of the editor may be found from the following editorial declaration:

"We intend to glorify the love of danger, the custom of energy, the strength of daring. The essential elements of our poetry will be courage, audacity and revolt. Literature having up to now flori-fied thoughtful immobility, ecstasy and slumber, we wish to exalt the aggressive movement, the feverish insomnia, running, the perilous leap, the cuff and the blow. We declare that the splendour of the

world has been enriched with a new form of beauty, the beauty of speed. A race-automobile adorned with great pipes like serpents with explosive breath — a race-automobile which seems to rush over exploding powder is more beautiful than the 'Victory of Samothrace.' We will sing the praises of man holding the fly-wheel of which the ideal steering-post traverses the earth, impelling itself around the circuit of its own orbit. The poet must spend himself with warmth, brilliancy and prodigality to augment the fervour of the primordial elements. There is no more beauty except in struggle. No masterpiece without the stamp of aggressiveness. Poetry should be a violent assault against unknown forces to summon them to lie down at the feet of man. We are on the extreme promontory of ages! Why look back since we must break down the mysterious doors of impossibility? Time and Space died yesterday. We already live in the Absolute, for we have already created the omnipresent eternal speed. We will glorify war—the only true hygiene of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of anarchist, the beautiful Ideas which kill, and the scorn of woman. We will destroy museums, libraries, and fight against moralism, feminism and all utilitarian cowardice. We will sing the great masses agitated by work, pleasure or revolt; we will sing the multicoloured and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capitals; the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and docks beneath

their glaring electric moons; greedy stations devouring smoking serpents; factories hanging from the clouds by the threads of their smoke; bridges like giant gymnasts stepping over sunny rivers sparkling like diabolical cutlery; adventurous steamers scenting the horizon; large-breasted locomotives bridled with long tubes, and the slippery flight of aeroplanes whose propeller has flag-like flutterings and applause of enthusiastic crowds.

"The oldest among us are thirty; we have thus at least ten years in which to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let others, younger and more daring men, throw us into the waste-paper basket like useless manuscripts! They will come against us from far away, from everywhere, leaping on the cadence of their first poems, clawing the air with crooked fingers and scenting at the academy gates the good smell of our decaying minds already promised to the catacombs of libraries. But we shall not be there. They will find us at last, on a winter's night, in the open country, in a sad iron shed pitter-pattered by the monotonous rain, huddled round our trepidating aeroplanes, sparkling flight of the images. They will mutiny around us, panting with anguish and spite, exasperated one and all by our proud dauntless courage, they will rush to kill us, their hatred so much the stronger as their hearts will be overwhelmed with love and admiration for us! And powerful and healthsome Injustice will then burst radiantly in their eyes. For art can only be violence, cruelty, and injustice. The oldest amongst us are thirty, yet we have already squandered treasures, treasures of strength, love, daring and eager will, hastily, raving, without reckoning, never stopping, breathlessly. Look at us! We are not exhausted—our heart is not in the least weary! For it has been nourished on fire, hatred and speed! You are astonished? It is because you do not even remember living! Erect on the pinnacle of the

world, we once more hurl forth our defiance to the stars. Your objections? Enough! Enough! I know them! I quite understand what our splendid and mendacious intelligence asserts. We are, it says, but the result and continuation of our ancestors. Perhaps! Be it so! What of that? But we will not listen? Beware of repeating such infamous words! Rather hold your head up! Erect on the pinnacle of the world we hurl forth once more our defiance to the stars!"

The other example comes from Denver. It is called *The Harpoon*. It purports to be a magazine that hurts, and it stands for "a return to law in the civil service."

"*The Harpoon* has arrived," it says editorially. "One of the most marvellous things in modern journalism has happened. With a very limited supply of cash and a single man behind it, without credit to draw on and nowhere a champion to appeal to, *The Harpoon* went confidently to press. In the meanwhile much advice was coming to us from friends in every quarter. All insisted that the project be thrown over. One advised the tonic air of Denver and a year of rest. Others, and there were many of them, predicted 'no support'; and not a few said that the government would interfere—that the P. O. D. (Post-office Department) would squash us! 'If you can keep *The Harpoon* afloat three months out of your own resources,' wrote a Toledo friend after the first issue had been received, 'you surely will have a great success; but if you are depending upon the returns from the first number to print your second number, as I presume is the case, you are defeated now. While the men in the service are holding back to see what happens, which they will do, your only chance goes a-glimmering.'

"For two weeks, in the little, poorly-equipped shop, the work went busily on. When a press broke down all hands got together, and soon it was running again. Occasionally we



COCKSPUR STREET, LONDON, ENGLAND, SHOWING THE NEW OFFICES OF THE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY

called in a near-by blacksmith."

There seems to be some difference between the character of the editor of *The Harpoon* and the editor of *Poesia*.

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In these days when Canada is coming so rapidly to a place of importance among nations it is worth while occasionally to take note of what the Canadian railways are doing in the way of advertising the Dominion. For whatever speaks well for the rail-

ways speaks likewise well for the country. It is worthy of commendation therefore that in a centre of activity like London offices of an imposing nature should be built for the Grand Trunk Railway System of Canada. The accompanying cut shows the new offices of this company in London, which are located at 17-19 Cockspur Street, S.W., and within a stone's-throw of the Canadian Government Emigration offices at Charing Cross.

The Editor



FIFTY PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR TRUTH

Berkowitz and Sternberg, travelling salesmen, met on the train.

"I have just come from St. Louis, where I did a tremendous business," said Berkowitz. "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know?" replied Sternberg.

"Of course you don't know, but what do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

"Half of what?"

"Why, half what you say."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



"Isn't this just lovely? Here we are all in bathing together."

—*Life*

AT THE BALL GAME

Grace.—"Who is that man they're all quarrelling with?"

Jack.—"Why, he's keeping the score."

Grace.—"Oh!—and won't he give it up?"—*Bohemian Magazine*.

*

FIRST AID

The *fiancé* of a Louisville girl had been spending the winter in Florida in connection with his father's business interests in that quarter.

"Marie," said the girl to a friend the other day, "Walter has just sent me the dearest little alligator from Florida!"

"Dear me!" rejoined Marie, with affected enthusiasm. "And how shall you keep him?"

"I'm not quite certain," was the reply, "but I've put him in Florida water till I can hear further from Walter."—*Harper's Weekly*.

*

SUCCESSFUL AD.

Several weeks ago a Kansas editor advertised the fact that he had lost his umbrella and requested the finder to keep it. He now reports: "The finder has done so. It pays to advertise."—*Kansas City Journal*.

*

HIS SCHEME

"I compel my daughter to practise four hours a day," said Mr. Cumrox.

"But you will make her hate music so that she will never want to go near a piano!"

"That's what I am hoping."—*The Pittsburg Observer*.



WEARY WILLIE—"I'd sooner walk up 'ill than I would down, any day—it do throw yer into yer boots so."
—Punch

THE DANGER

Photographer—"Great Scott, man! Can't you look a little more cheerful?"

Mr. H. Inpeck—"No, sir; not for this picture! I'm to send it to my wife, who is away on a visit, and if I looked too cheerful she'd take the first train for home."—*Chicago News*.

*

QUITE AN ORDER

He was out with his best girl, and as they strolled into the West-End restaurant he tried to put on an I-do-this-every-evening kind of look. When they were seated at a table a waiter approached them.

"Will monsieur have à la carte or table d'hôte?" he asked.

"Both," said the young man, "and put plenty of gravy on 'em."—*Tit-Bits*.

RAILING AGAINST FATE

Hamfatt—"Aha! I've a letter from me friend Boothby, but I like not his diction."

Barnstorm—"What says the old Thespian?"

Hamfatt—"Thus: 'We are separated by hundreds of miles, but there are many ties between us.'"—*Cleveland Leader*.

*

UNBELIEVABLE

"Gosh, I guess those city folks meant what they said when they told us that they came up here to get a good rest."

"They're taking it easy, eh?"

"Taking it easy. I should say they are. Would you believe it, not a one of 'em has got out of bed before six o'clock any morning since they've been here."—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Merry Muse

THE WAVES

Onward we come from the ocean
vast—

Swish, swish, swish;
Eager to reach the land at last—
Swish, swish, swish.
No wish to dwell on it,
Only to swell on it,
Rushing pell-mell on it—
Swish, swish, swish.

Now, on the pebbles smooth we fall—
Swish, swish, swish;
Curling and swirling right merrily
all—

Swish, swish, swish.
Tinting them fairily,
Rattling them cheerily,
Scatt'ring them merrily—
Swish, swish, swish.

Backward we slide with a gleam and
a glide—

Swish, swish, swish;
Outward again to the ocean wide—
Swish, swish, swish.
Foaming so whitely, now,
Dancing so lightly, now,
Glancing so brightly, now—
Swish, swish, swish.

Donald A. Fraser.

*

AS THEY VIEW IT

Life is a strawberry shortcake,
It ought to be added, though,
That the optimist sees the berries
While the pessimist sees the dough.

—Chicago *Record-Herald*.

A MADDENING LAY

On the frozen Ar'tic Ocean some-
where north o' Bering Sea
There's an Eskimo a-sittin', an' I
wisht that it was me,
For the wind is in the icebergs an'
the polar bears at play
Make a peaceful summer picture on
the shores of Baffin Bay.
Oh, the folks o' Baffin Bay,
On cold storage every day,
In the shadow of the glaciers loll an'
sip whale-oil *glacé*.

Their pantaloons are leather an' their
coats are made of skin,
Which prevents the chilly weather
that's outside from comin' in.
For, altho' skins are free in this here
happy, chilly clime,
Protection's necessary in the good old
summer time.

Oh, the folks o' Peary Land,
They have lived, you understand,
Through the snows of many summers
and have never even fanned.

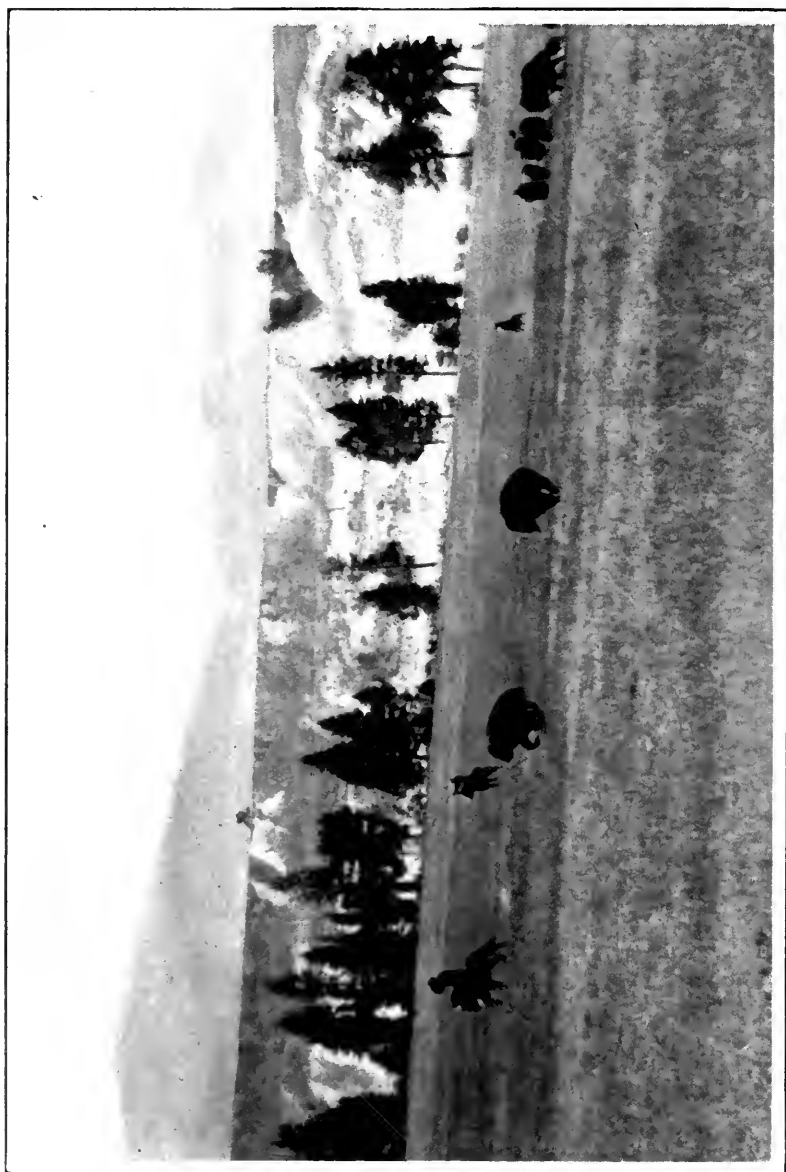
Ship me somewhere north of Green-
land, where the ice trust's power
is dead,

And where hard drink never harms
unless it hits you on the head;
Where Aurora Borealis hangs her rib-
bons on the moon;

Where the sunset's in September and
the cold, gray dawn's in June.

Oh, the folks o' Melville Sound
Never go away from town
To summer in the mountains till the
mercury comes down.

—Richmond *Despatch*.



From a photograph

THE BUFFALO CHASE

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THE LAST GREAT ROUND-UP

BY NEWTON MACTAVISH

Photographs by the Author

FOR weeks, even since before the snows of a backward spring had melted from the lower hills and valleys along the Little Bitter Root, leaving the summits of the Mission Mountains white-capped and glistening in the sun, preparations had been making for *The Last Great Round-up*. Scouts had been sent out to locate the buffalo herds and, if possible, to drive them into more convenient range. Select timbers had been skidded down from as far up as Maggie Spring; mile upon mile of fenced runway had been built; ingenious inducements and allurements had been set out; booms had been laid in the swift-flowing Pend d'Oreille, an expansive field and corral had been enclosed with hundreds of cords of unsplit timber; huge crates for local transportation had been framed and joined; railway companies had been notified; most resisting box cars had been reserved; "chaps" for the riders had been provided; tons of barbed wire and webs of factory cotton had been stretched along the runway; an encampment had been struck; the fleetest cayuses on the Flathead Reservation had been forced to swim the Pend d'Oreille just be-

low the Rattlesnake Cliffs; and, finally, muster had been made of the most enduring half-breed cowboy riders of those enchanting Montana hills. For this was to be the last round-up of wild buffaloes in their accustomed wilds; it was, in short, to be the capture and subjection and transportation to Canada of the Pablo outlaws—the big bulls and mother cows that hitherto had broken away and escaped.

These preparations had not visibly stirred the lethargic Flathead, who moved about in his usual environment, with covert mien and racial aloofness. But the wilder denizens of the hills and river-bank had taken note, for wild geese honked low against a lowering sky; an owl's hoot came weird and ghostlike from the caverns of the cliffs; ducklings and their mother courted apprehensively the wild onion brakes or more secluded eddies of the river; the magpie's screech was loud and full of alarm; but the myriads of singing birds in the valleys, the larks and bob-o-links and thrushes, sang joyously on, regardless of any unusual intrusion upon their especial domain.

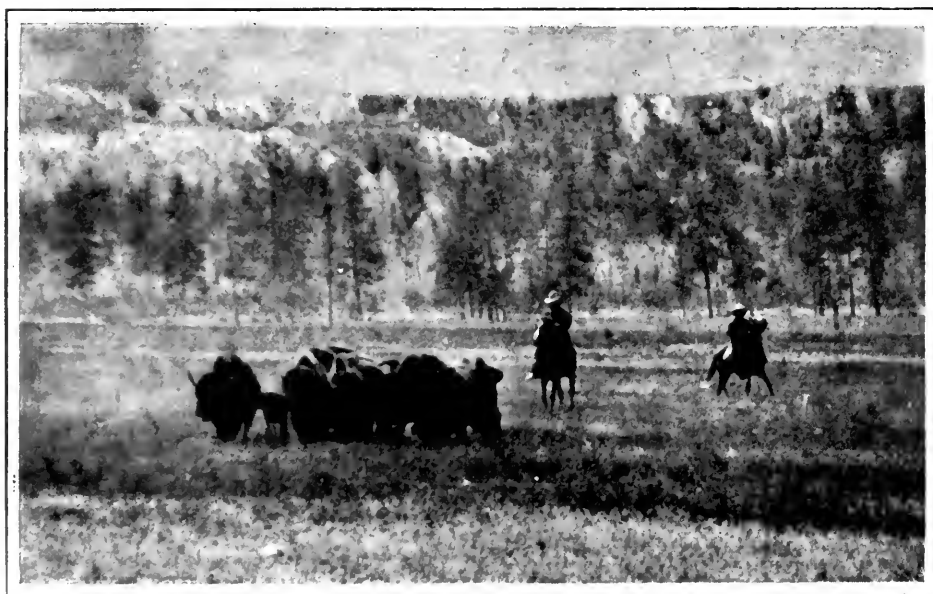
But what a change, the methods used in this recent capture of the king



BUFFALOES STANDING QUIESCENT ON THEIR NATIVE RANGE

of wild beasts in the new world, from the accounts we read and the tales we hear of buffalo hunts in wilder and woollier days! For the American bison, instead of being preserved, was annihilated from his native ranges

more than a quarter-century ago. He had been hunted and slain and even slaughtered by red men and in turn by white men, until at last his hundreds of thousands dwindled down to a few diminutive herds—ten here and



STARTING A SMALL HERD OF BUFFALOES TOWARDS THE GREAT TRAP SET FOR THEM

twenty there—but all under subjection to man. Men still living to-day declare that they have stood on an eminence in what is now the Province of Alberta and seen on several sides as far as the eye can scan an unbroken mass of moving buffaloes, undulating and billowing like the surface of a troubled sea. It is estimated that it was possible for them to comprehend with the naked eye something more than a hundred thousand head, and different persons readily vouch for herds of at least that enormous number.

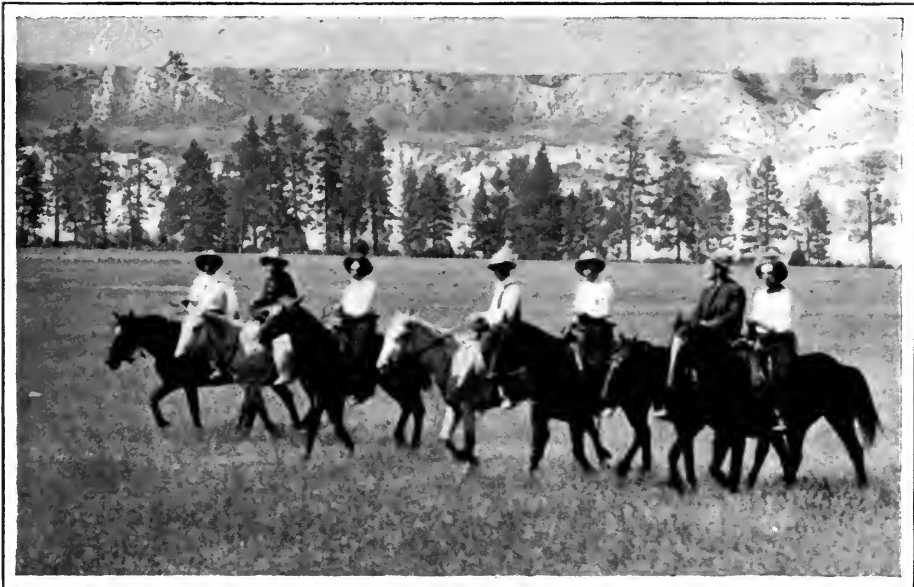
What has become of these legions of the king of wild beasts in the new world?

The question might well be asked. There are a few private and some public herds, all small, in captivity throughout the United States, and in Canada the Government parks in Alberta contain well up to seven hundred head. The word "parks" in an instance like this might be misleading, for these parks are in reality immense tracts of land set apart by the Government for the purpose of af-

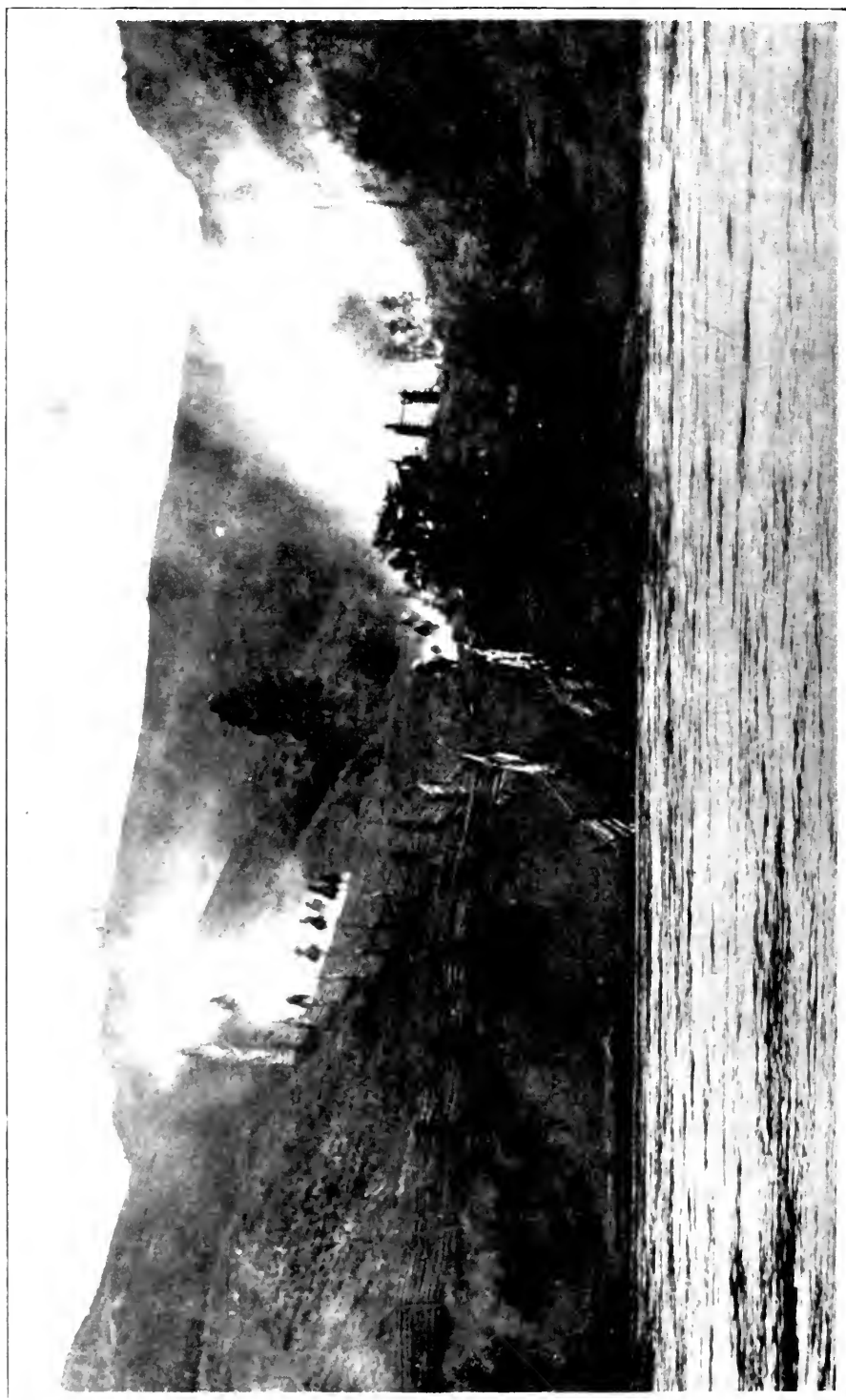
fording natural game cover for native wild beasts and birds. One is seventeen miles across, while the other embraces about 3,500,000 acres.

In the glorious days of the red man, before the adventurous traders of the Honourable the Hudson's Bay Company had pursued their heroic way into the western wilds, the flint-headed shaft of the Indian was weapon enough for all the needs of a primitive yet picturesque and even majestic race. And the needs from this source of supply alone were not few, for the buffalo gave meat and oil and fat and covering and sinew for sewing-thread and bowstrings. Game was seldom killed wilfully, the Indian's religion being against the taking of life except in the case of necessity. But the white man came, and with him the demand for buffalo pelts. So great was the market and so easily obtainable was the supply, especially after the introduction of the Hudson's bay rifle, that slaughtering became general, and enormous inroads were made in the ever-moving herds.

Various methods were employed to



A FEW OF THE RIDERS STARTING ON A CHASE THAT MAY LAST FROM EARLY MORNING
UNTIL LATE AFTERNOON



THE CHUTE INTO THE RIVER

Showing the first of a herd coming down on the gallop, raising a great cloud of dust, with the riders pressing close on the other side

facilitate the traffic, and large numbers of buffaloes were frequently driven over precipices and killed by the fall. Skinning in the ordinary way took up too much time, and some ingenious traders used to cut the carcass in the usual manner, hitch a span of horses to it and then draw the hide off in about the same way as a northern trapper skins a mink or a school-

tion, but happily that was a misapprehension.

It so happened that about thirty years ago a "breed" Indian known as Walking Coyote, drove a small herd of buffaloes down from Alberta to the Flathead Indian Reservation in Montana. These buffaloes were therefore in United States territory and owned by a private individual. But Walking



ALMOST OBSCURED IN DUST AND SPRAY, THE BUFFALOES RUSHED INTO THE WATER

girl withdraws a glove. The carcass was left to putrefy in the sun or be torn and eaten by bird and beast.

What were the results?

The most important result was that the American bison almost became extinct. Indeed it was feared that the few head which had escaped the great onslaught would not propagate their kind sufficiently to prevent ex-

Coyote did not keep them long. He sold them to another breed, to Michael Pablo, for two thousand dollars, and from that small herd, which roamed in a free and wild way over the open ranges of the reservation, the Canadian Government have secured six hundred head.

Michael Pablo was the longest-headed Flathead in the whole reserva-



A GROUP OF BUFFALO CHASERS

tion, and as a result he is now rated as a millionaire. He foresaw that if the buffaloes were left to follow their own inclinations they would thrive and increase and the cost of maintenance would be practically nothing. His foresight was admirable, and he is now enjoying its fruits. From the Canadian Government he has received \$120,000 or \$200 a head for 600. That is a remarkably low price, considering the fact that a prime domestic bullock is worth half that amount. The wonder is that the United States Government did not buy these buffaloes as soon as it was known that Pablo was willing to sell. They have reserved a large tract of country breasting on Ravalli, the very place from which the buffaloes were shipped to Canada. The tract is called "Buffalo Park," but as yet it contains not a single buffalo.

Pablo is a ward of the United States Government, but his patriotism was not fulsome enough to prevent him from selling to the highest bidder. And the highest bidder was Mr

Howard Douglas, Commissioner of Dominion Parks, who, as soon as he heard that the buffaloes were for sale, went down to Montana, interviewed the owner, and came away with a sealed contract. But it was easier for Pablo to sell than to deliver. The first lot of about four hundred were handled with comparative ease, but the rest, about three hundred outlaws, remained to form the genius of *The Last Great Round-up*.

*

The morning of an early drive breaks clear and bracing as the night-herders swing the drove of cayuses over the last hill into the corral.

The cook has already called the men, and the word of the boss has been for a start by five or not at all. The unusual activity subdues the constant swish of the onrushing river and arouses birds and waterfowl from their retreats in the cut-banks along the shore.

Cutting out from the herd in the corral the cayuses that are to do duty in the chase progresses rapidly, and,

breakfast having been served, there is soon a general cinching of saddles and donning of "chaps" and spurs. Suddenly there is a sound of galloping, and from the boss's camp comes a group of horsewomen who sit astride the saddle like their brothers and husbands, and, like them also, thrust a well-booted foot clear to the heel in a wooden stirrup. They ride Indian file in front of the cowboys up the first hill on to the plateau above, composing a most attractive picture of colour and grace and action. Their saddles, of the regulation western type, while scarcely as comfortable to the tender-foot as the standard sleeping cars of the Imperial Limited, are nevertheless infinitely safer and more secure than the ordinary English hunting saddle. Their skirts are mostly of buff duck, divided, and they wear bright-coloured sweaters, buckskin gauntlets, with bead trimmings, and rakish-looking sombrero hats.

The cowboys wear dark-coloured shirts, black, yellow or white "chaps," sombreros, a red or black kerchief, knotted loosely, with a big spur on each boot.

The women do not follow the riders to the chase, but form a picturesque group on the side of a hill—or butte, as they call it—overlooking the runway; and, seated on the grass in the shade of their ponies, await the result of the hunt. Meantime the cowboys press on, up hill and down dale, into the ever-widening runway, through the Bitter Root Canyon and up the "draws" between the mountains, where, according to the latest advices from the scouts, the buffaloes are most likely to be found. Several riders are sent on ahead to try if possible to find a herd and send it galloping towards the runway.

The runway consists of two fences diverging gradually from a width of about fourteen feet at the lower end, which leads into the river, to about a mile at the point where on the one side the mountain serves the same purpose as the fence. On the other

side barbed wire and factory cotton succeed the rails and are extended as far as the Little Bitter Root Creek, about five miles from the river. The wire being almost invisible, the cotton indicates an obstruction, and as such it is employed with excellent results.

The purpose of the riders is to direct the buffaloes into the runway, press them on towards the chute, and urge them into the river. The river has to be crossed in order to make shipment possible, and there is no bridge within many miles. The scheme is to drive the buffaloes through the chute into the river, the current of which will carry them down to a point of landing on the opposite shore which leads into a field that is fenced on all sides except next to the river. Log booms, it has been calculated, will prevent the buffaloes from swimming up stream should they feel so disposed; the high cliffs on the driveway side will act as a barrier against escape by recrossing the river, and an extension of the lower field fence out into the water has been deemed sufficient to discourage any attempt at escape by swimming a long distance down stream.

But we must keep in sight of the riders, who by this time are mere moving specks on the side of the distant hills.

What a natural paradise for the buffaloes! It seems almost like vandalism to remove them from a spot to which they are so well fitted and wherein they present so inspiring a picture. The first to be seen are grazing confidently on the greenest of grasses, and their dusk-brown shaggy forms cut the skyline of the hill-top, and make one's blood fairly leap at the prospect of being witness of their confusion. Soon they see the horses making wide detours to right and left, but, instead of running immediately away, as they might, and outwitting even man himself, they stand motionless, their heads close to the ground, doubtless wondering what this intru-

sion means and whether they are the subject of a visit so unsolicited. But they remain in that sentinel-like attitude only sufficiently long for the riders to go far enough around to suggest a course towards the runway. The buffaloes respond to the suggestion by starting on a slow gallop down towards the Bitter Root Canyon, and with that the riders rush after them with the speed of the wind. Even at our distance of several miles away, with glasses to aid our eyes but not our ears, we hear the snorts of alarm and the wild yell of the cowboys, and we thrill with expectation in the knowledge that *The Last Great Round-up* is now under way.

Will they come towards us? Is there any danger? Can we take up the wake of the pursuit as it sweeps by? Can we shut our eyes and grind our teeth and hold fast over chasms that in coming we had time to encircle and across washouts that we had been cautioned to avoid?

On they come like a whirlwind, a cloud of dust behind and a long, hot course in front. Through the glasses can be seen the rhythmic stride of these monarchs of the West, and one can imagine that they are galloping to piped music from the glades. Ponderous beasts as they are, their speed is not merely amazing—it is alarming, and we begin to realise that we are witness of a chase beside which fox-hunting, wild-boar killing or bull-fighting would be but as battledore and shuttlecock. For, with unnerving suddenness and the speed of the limited express, a bull and cow shoot out from the rest of the herd and swing to the right as if the whole Mission Range could not stop them. The entire herd follows like an avalanche, and for a moment we fear that the riders have stampeded and that the game has got away. But not so. The cowboys are not easily frightened. We cannot see their boots, but we know that their spurs are set inward, for the cayuses fairly leap towards the crest of the hill,

and a moment later are coursing down the other slope at so dare-devil a pace that one's breath is held for the safety of the rider's neck and the pony's as well.

The buffaloes have done, as is afterwards repeatedly demonstrated, just what they might be least expected to do. In their flight they had come suddenly on a rider who had been stationed on the left in a "draw" between the hills, and, shying at him, they had swerved quickly into another "draw" on the right, absolutely ignoring the rider placed there, notwithstanding his courageous efforts to turn them back into the main course. But, when they had once started in alarm towards the right, all the King's horses and all the King's men would not stop them by trying to head them off.

The cowboys soon learn that to run in front of even one galloping buffalo not only avails nothing but places their lives in imminent peril. An old half-breed who has seen many a buffalo hunt of forty years ago insists that either a bull or a cow can be easily turned if approached on the off side from behind, but never from the front. His theory is right, but the whole herd in several chases is lost before it is sufficiently demonstrated to be of service.

However, the change of course in this first instance was not a complete loss, because the break-neck pace with which the riders surmounted the hill brought them almost into collision with the buffaloes on the other side, causing a slight deviation of the course, which led into another "draw" and thence again into the great canyon. They are now below Magpie Spring, so we examine our saddle girths, and mount.

We have dreamed dreams of wild Indians killing buffaloes before the days of even the Oregon Trail, but here is sport of rarer and nobler quality than that. These buffaloes are as wild as the wildest have been, unfenced and untended, the only wild

specimens of the American bison to be found anywhere. And they are to be taken alive. What an easy thing it would be to shoot them down one by one as they go thundering by! And indeed they do go thundering by, snorting and blowing and frothing, and raising a cloud of dust high in the rear. The long fence-arms of the runway open wide to embrace them, and, as they rush in, with a hundred cattle grazing unperturbed on the other side of the Little Bitter Root, we fall into the impelling procession and for the first time experience the glorious impulse of the chase. But this is no pace for tenderfoot, this no ground for careless spur. You can hear the clatter, clatter of speeding hoofs on all sides, and the hot breath from your cayuse blows back into your very face. If you could only rein in! But there is nothing to do but to sink your feet into the stirrups and hug the beast's ribs like a vise. Never mind the digging of brass-mounted wood into your unhardened shins or the dust in your eyes or still more dust in your parched throat. It is not necessary for you to see, and the breath of one man has no accounting in this triumphant race. The earth seems to rise up in front like a wall as you strike some steep incline, and then it falls away again as you dip down on the other side. You have planned to turn quickly back should the buffaloes balk at the chute or wish to change the course. But for you this is a lane that has no turning. But now, why should any one wish to turn? Your blood has caught the *The Spirit of the Chase*. You have passed from fear and trepidation into ecstacy and exhilaration, and at last you have settled down into the long, free gallop of your steed. Ah, this is rare sport; it is sport for kings! You thrill at the thought of gigantic quarry, and ahead you can see the long arms of the fence closing in and bringing the buffaloes more

and more into subjection. But the pace is still maintained and even quickened. Eyes shut involuntarily as a six-foot chasm appears ahead. There is a moment of exquisite tension in mid-air, and then you are emboldened to give spur to a beast of superb eagerness, and a second later you are pressing the flanks in front. For sense of time and space and care has been abandoned for the throbbing, pulsating, enthralling instinct of pursuit. You have wondered why these cowboys have rallied so eagerly. And now you know. Surely your cayuse knows also.

Chuck!

As your cayuse suddenly stops, and you nearly go headlong forward but settle back, with your boots grinding the stirrups, you see in front, on the bluff just above the chute into the river, the buffaloes standing at bay. The foremost riders are waving their hats, yelling like demons, and pressing with apparent caution gradually nearer to the herd. Just then a cow and calf disappear and the others quickly follow. There is a rush up to the top with the rest of the riders in time to see the buffaloes hurl themselves pell-mell down the chute and into the water. What a tremendous splashing and puffing and snorting! The buffaloes swim the river with ease, notwithstanding the strong current, and are soon coursing across the field that has been fenced to receive them. You know that there is much yet to be done before the others have been chased in and all have been safely transported to their permanent home on Canadian soil. But you have had enough for one day. You pass through the gate in the fence and, dismounting, feel your legs double up like a foot-rule. Fearing some one might notice, you recover quickly, and uncinching the saddle with as much seeming unconcern as you can muster.

(To be concluded in the November Number.)

DIEUDONNÉ

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

WHEN the last page of his mis-spent life was abruptly turned, Maître Babilas de Fleurimont was laid as though at rest in a darkened lower chamber of his home, with shapely hands quietly folded upon his breast, and lips, still red, touched with a slight disdain, as of any judgment passed upon him. At his side an aged woman, who having loved him as a child had believed no wrong of him as a man, knelt and prayed, the while her dim eyes rested upon the marvelously placid face from which one day of death had sufficed to efface the impression of many evil years. She prayed and grieved sincerely, keeping her watch alone; for the dead man's relatives whom the tidings of his untimely end had summoned from St. Bernard, remained together in the adjoining room. His two sisters, Madame Bougie and Mademoiselle de Fleurimont, faced each other across the polished table. Madame Bougie, the younger by some years, was pompous in bearing, with short unwieldy figure swathed in folds of crape, and broad peasant face, from which the hair was drawn tightly back and twisted into a hard little knot at the nape of her neck. Mademoiselle de Fleurimont, on the other hand, was thin and faded, lighter of hair and complexion, with wide, pale eyes and simpering lips. Apart by the window, stood Jehan de Fleurimont, twin brother of Madame Bougie and Curé of St. Bernard. The priest's countenance was of no more delicate or intellectual cast than that of his sister, but it differed from hers in its look of

patience and simple kindness, also in its present sadness, while Madame Bougie's expression was one of utter weariness. The old maid yawned, fingering the glossy surface of a pack of cards within her pocket. Decorum forbade her bringing them forth, but with such a fine, wide table on which to spread them, she felt inclined to set *les convenances* at defiance and learn for herself what was to be the outcome of the events of the past few days.

The presence of Madame Bougie restrained her, however. Thrown back in her chair, with half closed eyes, the younger sister was too well aware of what became one so recently bereaved, to occupy herself in any way. Mademoiselle Ludivine de Fleurimont sighed heavily, and the woman across the table, half opening her eyes, re-echoed the sigh.

"Strange, is it not?" said Ludivine, "the child came into the world as the father passed out."

Madame Bougie pursed her lips solemnly. "It was well," she replied impressively. "A last special grace was vouchsafed even to Babilas. They must have met on the way. I judge no one, but—they may never meet again."

The priest by the window heard the dead man's name but no further words of the speech, for memory carried him back to his youth, to the old home and the thrifty peasant parents, to the ambitious younger brother with his feverish yearnings for a wider life. Alas, poor Babilas! He had had his desire, had wandered far in his day,

had gone his way as one utterly devoid of conscience or heart.

"Poor Babilas, poor Babilas!" The words broke from him in a strangled sob. Mademoiselle de Fleurimont glanced at him sympathetically. "Yes," she observed, "it is hard for the child to begin life an orphan; but this is my opinion—she will never call him Babilas."

The Abbé made no answer, and she went on:

"She will either call him Pierre—that was the name of her father—Pierre Marrotte, the ship-chandler, and she was proud enough of him to give it to two of the other boys. Or it may be Jehan, since you are to be god-father. She loves you, too. What do you think she will call the child, Gloria?"

A puffing out of the lips and shrugging of the shoulders was the sole reply vouchsafed by Madame Bougie, who rejoiced in the appellation of *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. She could not muster sufficient energy to second her sister's feeble effort to introduce a topic of conversation, and, shrugging her shoulders once more, she composed herself to sleep.

With tearful eyes the priest looked out across the desolate fields where the snow of earliest winter lay in patches. He alone of all that household retained some affection for its wayward youngest born, and the utter indifference of the two women pained him. He turned away and in the narrow passage, paused an irresolute moment without the death-chamber, then he went on and up the stairs, and entered a room the door of which stood slightly ajar. Within, a sturdy woman sat by the blazing fire, crooning softly to an infant lying upon her knees. The heavy, sombre window curtains were drawn, but not so closely as wholly to shut out the cheerless November light, which fell full upon the face of a woman lying back in the bed, with the sheets drawn up to her chin. A face from which the outline and colouring of youth had long

since vanished, with deep lines of suffering about the mouth, and hair touched with gray at the temples, but the wide eyes in this haggard visage beamed with the light of a perfect happiness, never wavering from the little mummy-swathed bundle upon the nurse's knee. Stepping softly, Jehan de Fleurimont advanced into the room, whereupon the woman by the fire rose gathering the infant to her breast, and having set a chair for his reverence, laid her charge in the wasted arms lifted to receive it.

Jehan de Fleurimont felt as though his heart was breaking, as he recalled a day long since, and such another scene. The life whose opening had brought as pure a joy was ended. The child upon whom his boyish gaze had rested with such wondering tenderness lay dead, a man of middle-age in the room below, and this woman's lined brow was bent above the little, white-capped head of his son.

The priest's lips moved, he prayed that the gift which had brought solace to a heart well-nigh broken might not be reclaimed. Gently he laid his palm across the infant's clenched rosy fist. "*Dieu donné*," he murmured tenderly, "*Dieu donné*."

So was the child's name chosen, for Madame de Fleurimont, musing in blissful languour all through the day, drowsily repeated the priest's words, as she felt the little head warm against her breast, and the light pulsing of the tiny heart beneath her thrilled finger tips. Aware of what train must on the morrow pass forth from the house, the knowledge brought her neither regret, nor welcoming of a deliverance long withheld. With a curious sense of utter detachment from the bitter past, she felt herself no less a newcomer into life than her new-born child, and while the fire burned low, and the nurse dozed in her chair, Madame de Fleurimont dreamed of the years to come to her boy, their purpose made clear by the words Jehan had spoken. *Dieu donné*, aye God-given to her in her loneliness

and sorrow, and by her in heartfelt thanksgiving dedicated to His service. So only could her gratitude for the wondrous gift, fittingly be expressed, and so only could she set herself first forever in the heart of her child.

When Madame de Fleurimont acquainted her relatives with the vow she had taken, the twin brother and sister warmly commended her, but the spinster, Ludivine, held her peace. Presently they returned to their homes, and the widow was left alone with the child in whom her pride and joy daily increased. She no longer spent her every unoccupied moment in tending the graves, and training the vines about the low, white head-stones of the other little ones she had lost. She renewed old friendships, long since broken off. The companions of her earlier days had a kindly interest in her boy, and as he grew older it was pleasant to hear from their lips some new instance of his courage, his happy-heartedness.

These days of her belated happiness restored much of the comeliness which had been hers, when as the prosperous ship-chandler's charming heiress she had laughed and sang without a thought of care, belle of all the dances, who light-heartedly from her upper window of the dark old house above the wharves, had watched the outgoing ships bearing her disconsolate fair-haired admirers back to the land of fjords. She might have wedded again had it so pleased her, but her heart was bound up in her son, and she refused to divert from him any tithe of the love and care now exclusively his. The village wit enhanced his reputation by a sally concerning the piety of Madame de Fleurimont, whose earliest and latest thought, he said, was ever "*Deus meus*."

Never had a child a freer, more well-beloved childhood than this one, the very circumstances of whose birth caused him to be regarded with a peculiar tenderness. The old sea-faring friends of Pierre Marrotte showed a

special kindness towards his grandson. They brought him curious gifts, and had wonderful tales to tell, tales which he regretted when the widow, fearful of the sea's fascination for dawning boyhood, went less frequently to the city.

As a de Fleurimont, St. Bernard claimed the boy as its own. Madame Bougie fed him on sweets and kept him at her side, while she dealt out the cards with which she and her sister amused themselves early and late, despite the severe rebukes of their brother, who mindful of the hard-working woman who had brought them into the world, denounced as a scandal their vanity and frivolity. He was more tolerant of the vagaries of the elder, Ludivine, holding that a woman of her years, who was neither bride of Heaven nor bride of man, was a worthy object of compassion, but he never scrupled to express his disapproval of the younger's way of life, her card-playing and crape-trimmed dresses for daily wear. When he spoke thus in his character of pastor, Madame Bougie heard him with becoming respect, pleading her ever increasing portliness as an excuse for inactivity, but when the exasperated Abbé had left her, she would set herself to devise some mischief which, while it could not fail of annoying him, would yet lie lightly upon her conscience. Thus, she set the gate of his kitchen-garden ajar that the cattle might stray in and devour his cabbages, but she respected the plot before the door where he cultivated flowers to deck the altar. The Abbé's daily paper kept him in some degree in touch with the happenings of the time, and it was his custom to read it in the hour after his dinner, but the mysterious vanishing of his spectacles often debarred him from this simple pleasure. The missing glasses invariably reappeared as the time for him to read his breviary drew near, and the Abbé at length divining something of the reason for their erratic movements, kept his own coun-

sel, and read his paper after he had laid the breviary aside. From these and kindred petty annoyances, he turned to the frank comradeship of the child, and during the month of his annual visit to St. Bernard Dieudonné found it no trifling task to satisfy the claims of his relatives upon him. The Abbé would have him accompany him in his drives about the parish, and insisted upon teaching him Latin.

The lessons progressed slowly, however, for Madame Bougie resented them. She was the wealthiest relict in the parish, she had made her will in her nephew's favour, and she considered that this entitled her to his assiduous attendance. Mademoiselle de Fleurimont delighted in telling him old folk-lore tales, in playing games with him, never so happy as when Dieudonné would suffer her to take him in her arms and rock him as she might have rocked a child of her own.

But the widow was always glad when these visits came to an end and she returned to her home, where she went about her simple household tasks, her heart warm with the great love which made each trivial, daily recurring duty a joy in the performance.

So the years slipped away, while Dieudonné grew tall and strong, and ran wild about the fields, a healthy boy among boys, rendered none the more serious by the knowledge to what service he had been vowed. Nevertheless he was shrewd enough to endeavour to wield, by reason of the calling that was to be his, something of the same authority over his comrades as the curé exercised over their elders. Such attempts at coercion, indignantly withstood by the other sturdy young savages, who showed little disposition towards any premature reverence of Dieudonné, not infrequently resulted in pitched battles between the future pastor and his flock. Madame de Fleurimont was almost jealous of the boyish companions with whom he spent so much of

his time. She half regretted the helpless days of her boy's infancy, when all his world had lain within her encircling arms. Her compensation came, when over-wearied with his games and wanderings afieid, Dieudonné strayed home at dusk. Then sitting by his cot in perfect content, she would listen to his light breathing, and watch his face, as the moonlight stealing between the branches that waved across the window, fell athwart the pillow and leaf shadows moved across the relaxed childish hands.

But at length his eleventh year drew nigh, and Madame de Fleurimont must take thought for the fulfilment of her promise so solemnly made, and since so frequently renewed. She must part with her boy, give him in to the hands of those who alone could fittingly prepare him for his lot in life. She had no thought of evading her covenant, but as she stood without on the broad stone steps of the college, with its massive doors shutting Dieudonné away from her, she wondered dully at the fortitude which had enabled her to disengage the clasp of his clinging hands. She cowered down in a corner of the rickety old stage which plied between the city and Les Trois Mages, while beneath her lowered veil the tears ran down her cheeks. She was thankful that no one of her acquaintance was returning at the same time.

In the peaceful early twilight Madame de Fleurimont returned to her home. The house was in darkness, for her young servant, anticipating that her mistress would remain until the morrow, had taken advantage of the opportunity, and now hanging on her lover's arm, strayed along a leafy lane. Alone in the silent house, Madame de Fleurimont realised to the full the sacrifice she had made. In the kitchen a low fire was still burning, and the kettle set above the smouldering coals whispered to itself. Weak and weary she sank down in her old rocking chair, where

she had so often in old days rocked her baby. In the deepening dusk, the objects about her were hardly seen, but she needed no light to make her aware of the infant's high chair, still standing in the corner by the pantry door, of the kite propped against the wall, or the battered straw hat hanging on a peg by the window. Their little owner was far away, not to-night would he return, nor to-morrow, nor ever any more. They might in time restore to her a grave young divine, versed in all knowledge of holy living, but the child, the well-beloved, whose laughter had made the music of her life, had passed out of it forever.

Without the moonlight shone upon the leafy hedges and wan gleaned fields. It crept to the window, streamed through its uncurtained panes and fell all about the woman who sobbing aloud, battled with a temptation whose fierceness shook her soul. She was tried beyond her strength, she moaned. Surely, surely, there would be pardon and pity for her rather than condemnation. She stilled the voice of her conscience. She made her decision, impatient for the new day which would bring Dieudonné back to her. She thought of the morrow night when with his head against her knee, she would laugh at this evening's loneliness. She thought of all the days and nights to come. No, she could not live without him, and to any punishment which her unfaith might entail upon her. "I will say, 'So let it be,'" she murmured submissively. It could be borne, so that in youth and manhood, Dieudonné still remained at her side. Then it was that she understood how her wrong-doing should be made the instrument of its own punishment. Dieudonné grown to manhood, to him would there not come new love, the love of a stranger woman. For him also would there not be little tender children stealing into his heart, hers only now?

"So let it not be," was now her

prayer, and alone in the moonlight she dreamed no more of the child's home-returning.

Mindful of that evening's forecast, Madame de Fleurimont set herself patiently to endure her loneliness, while Dieudonné at the college learned to submit himself to its discipline. The widow's heart was comforted in some degree by the knowledge that her son was presently well-content, that he was popular with his classmates, and favourably regarded by his masters. For then, as in all his years, Dieudonné won the good-will of all who made up his little world. When for whispering in the ranks, he was summoned forth with a curt "*à genoux*," and set kneeling at the head of the great stairway, or before the classroom doors, the priest who punished him found it hard to encounter with befitting gravity the friendly glance of Dieudonné's clear, unabashed eyes. The masters were very lenient toward his misdemeanours, and by many he was preferred to those of his comrades, models of respectful docility, whose most ardent yearning was for the palm of martyrdom, and who while awaiting this glorious fate emulated in such measure as they could compass, the practices of old-time saints and hermits, the details of whose lives assiduous reading had made familiar. The fathers for the most part were disinclined to foster or complacently regard such tendencies. "Let the little boys attend to their lessons and their games," the superior was wont to say, "and they would have nothing to reproach themselves with."

In fact, the atmosphere of that clerical college appeared to influence the character of Dieudonné not at all. The fathers would fain have seen this one of their pupils more seriously inclined, more appreciative of the solemnity of his vocation. They deplored his fondness for the society of the stable men and gardeners. He evinced a far deeper interest in horses, in seeds and bulbs than in books, so

that the close of the scholastic year usually brought him a greater number of "accessits" than of the gilt-edged purple and scarlet-covered volumes from the presses at Tours, wherewith great industry was wont to be rewarded.

Madame de Fleurimont resented this as an injustice, and made part of her grievance to her brother-in-law Jehan, but she became ruffled when that good man in all sincerity attempted to convince her that the kindness and ready sympathy which were characteristic of Dieudonné were qualifications far more essential for the station he was to occupy, than any intellectual gifts, and that had her son indeed been the Heaven-inspired genius of her imaginings, she must perforce have resigned her cherished dream of the country presbytery she had so often pictured to him, as on summer evenings they sat beneath her rose-hung porch. On these occasions Dieudonné lying with his head in her lap, looked up to the beatific smile bent above him and expressed his intention of governing his future parish after the fashion of his Uncle Jehan. Like him, he would be the friend and helper of his flock, as well as their director. When he spoke in this wise, Madame de Fleurimont listening as to words of deepest wisdom, turned challenging eyes upon her brother-in-law.

The boy's preceptors, however, regarded his cheery matter-of-fact acceptance of his lot as in itself a cause for concern. They were men of experience, who while they strove to curb the wild vagaries of too impressionable youth, yet held it well that the village *curé* should have dreamed his exalted dreams. Therefore it was, that they viewed with special approval a friendship which he contracted about the time of his entrance upon his theological course. Of all his classmates, in their opinion, there was none better qualified to exercise an awakening influence upon the mind of Dieudonné than this youth whom he

chose as his most intimate associate. For Victor Rioux lacked neither fervour nor enthusiasm. The only son of Narcisse Rioux, who many years ago had come penniless from Les Trois Mages, to the city, and was now ranked among its foremost merchants, he had inherited the steadfastness which had made success possible for the unfriended peasant lad, but his every thought turned to the service of humanity. Dissimilar as were their natures, an entire sympathy grew up between Dieudonné and this rich young man, who spurned his worldly advantages as dross; so that their intimacy did not fail of the effect anticipated by the fathers. The unselfish aims, the lofty ideals of his friend, were a constant rebuke to the lukewarmness of Dieudonné. He would listen enthralled, while Victor with hands clasped about his knee, and grave eyes of infinite compassion, spoke of the sin and suffering with which the world was rife and of his own aspiration to lessen if in ever so slight a degree the fearful sum of man's guilt and wretchedness. Dieudonné came to revere the youth so slightly his senior. He loved him, and rejoiced when he learned that they were not to be separated by the summer vacation. For Narcisse Rioux, wearied at length of money-getting, had announced his intention of retiring from business, and withdrawing to his birth-place, there to spend his declining years. His fortune was made. His daughter grown to womanhood, betrothed to a worthy tradesman, a prosperous furrier. His son had chosen his profession. He had done well both for his children and himself; now he would rest. Victor brought this news to Dieudonné, and the young man's plans for a happy summer were all mapped out, when they parted, and Dieudonné went home to await the coming of Narcisse Rioux and his family. But the long bright days drifted by, and still his comrade tarried. The latest lilac plumes showered their purple stars upon the way-

side grass, in the fields the young wheat was growing tall, but the house on the hill-side, built by the retired merchant wherein to take his repose, still stood tenantless, and Dieudonné grown impatient of delay betook himself to Narcisse Rioux's warehouse, and learned there that Victor had by over close application to study so overtaxed his delicate constitution that a sea voyage was imperative, and therefore he was about to set sail upon a merchant vessel of his father's, bound for Norway. Victor regretted the necessity, but there was no alternative, and he commended to the affection of his friend, his little sister, Marielle, who upon his departure would set out for Les Trois Mages. Dieudonné remembered the little sister, whom he had seen across the great parlour, once or twice on visiting days. He had heard that the wedding-day of old Narcisse's daughter was close at hand, and he told himself that the bridegroom-elect would be in constant attendance, and that the bashful school-girl of his recollections would have little time for him, for which his feeling was not one of regret. But in both these surmises he found himself mistaken, for the *fiancé* proved to be one of the men who dedicate the week to their affairs, and Sunday to their affections, while Marielle took her place in his little household circle as simply, as naturally, as if it had always awaited her.

Madame de Fleurimont declared that she had never met a more charming girl, and Marielle was constantly with her. She brought the widow flowers from her garden, and listened unweariedly to the tale of the miracle of Dieudonné's birth, his dedication, and a thousand trivial incidents of his childhood and youth. In appearance she much resembled her brother, and Dieudonné writing presently to his well-beloved friend, told him that her presence in some measure compensated for his own absence.

They were thrown much together,

these two young people, for Marielle made no other friendships, in the village, and of the comrades of Dieudonné's earlier days the greater number had by this time gone forth from Les Trois Mages, to make a place for themselves, while those who remained, forgetful of their contumacious childhood, no longer expected to associate on terms of equality, with the young seminarist. So together Marielle and Dieudonné strayed through the woods, and rowed on the river, or sat at evenings beneath the roses of the porch, lowering their voices as Madame de Fleurimont nodded over the knitting fallen from her hand. Dieudonné was well content, for of all his care-free, uneventful life these summer days were to him the happiest, and for the first time he omitted his annual visit to St. Bernard.

But as the summer wore to its close, some shadow seemed to fall between the three whom its earlier days had brought together. Marielle now came more rarely, and but seldom lingered to chat with Dieudonné after fall of dusk. She had grown reserved in manner also, and the young man fancied that inadvertently he might have offended her, for more than once upon looking up suddenly, he had met her eyes, dropped swiftly as his own were raised, fixed upon him in serious scrutiny as though seeking to read his very soul. He questioned himself, passing in review words and actions, but could discover nothing to which Marielle might have taken exception, and then it came to him that the girl's altered demeanour might be but a reflection of that of Madame de Fleurimont, for she likewise seemed to have withdrawn into herself, constrained in Marielle's presence, no longer cordial as she had been. But the preceding afternoon, when Marielle about to take her leave had spoken of sending down some of her latest roses, Madame de Fleurimont had ungraciously refused them.

Dieudonné was minded to speak of

this, as near the hour of sunset, he rowed Marielle homeward from the island whither they had gone to gather wild cherries, and he bent to his oars considering how he could broach the subject of the estrangement which seemed to be growing up between the two women who were dearest to him. All day long a storm had seemed impending, but now the clouds rolling away from a sky utterly serene and fair, massed themselves to westward in high-towering aerial battlements, suffused with light, with ethereal splendour of colouring beneath which the lately shadowy, green country-side, and tranquil sombre water, lay transfigured, radiantly lovely and wholly peaceful, while from the quiet fields of the nearer shore the bells of *Les Trois Mages* began to chime the *Angelus*. Dieudonné looked away enraptured from the glassy roseate river to the sunset sky.

"Look, Marielle!" he cried to his companion, who sitting opposite him, regarded him with eyes still deeply questioning, but filled now with a dull pain, a bitter impatience, "look, Marielle!" then, again encountering that strangely earnest fixity of her gaze, disconcerted, he faltered: "Why do you look at me so gravely, Marielle?"

She laughed a little mirthlessly. "I was thinking," she replied, "wondering which of us will be content with our lot when the summer has quite ended and you and Victor go back to the college, while I go to my bridegroom, each to the chosen life. Chosen? No! Victor alone has chosen freely. I am a woman, to sit with folded hands, but you, Dieudonné, who from the beginning have known but the will of others, I wonder will you be happy?"

They had reached the landing place, and Marielle stood a moment as though awaiting some answer to her question. There among the reeds, with a look of tense expectancy upon her face she confronted Dieudonné, but when he, gazing upon her as one half awakened from sleep, stammered,

"Happy, I?" the momentary eagerness faded from her eyes, and listlessly she went her way alone through the rushes.

Now, Dieudonné sat down to ponder the meaning of Marielle's attitude and the scorn of her voice, and as he sat there a strange and sudden trouble fell upon him, and confusedly there came home to him a realisation of what life might mean for other men. He thought of Victor upon the far Norwegian seas, of the city, not those quiet streets and squares amidst which the college stood isolated within its lovely gardens, but the busy quarters of wharves and warehouses, where men came and went ceaselessly as bees about a hive, and the tradesman greeted the sea captain as he stepped ashore; of the sunny sloping ill-paved streets up which the sailors rolled, trolling their drinking songs; of the dark old office buildings where the gas burned all through the day, and where so many of his childhood's comrades, perched up by grimy windows, briskly set pen to paper, entering consignments from distant lands, and exchanged greetings with men who had sailed all seas. He thought of the harbour with its forest of masts, of the outgoing ships setting sail for the other side of the world, of all the strenuous activity, the far-reaching interests of the life that had lain so close, but to which his own passivity had rendered him blind, and it seemed to him that he had lingered in childhood while others took upon themselves the tasks of men. And then he fell to wondering wherefore in his perfect content it should have moved him so, a girl's disdain of his acquiescence in his elder's choice for him of a holy calling.

The reason was not immediately made clear to his innocent soul, and he mused by the river-side while the glorious sunset waned, dusk gathered, and one by one the stars shone forth, till all the deep and dark heaven above him blazed with a myriad pulsating points of light. The water lapped and

whispered against his boat, and presently from behind a pine-clothed hill, the moon climbed heavenward, flooding with silvery radiance all the sleeping earth.

Still Dieudonné stirred not, though the night wore itself away, for vague impulses were stirring, quickening to life within his soul, a revulsion from all old and familiar things, a reaching out for freedom and all that life held in its gift. And he seemed to stand at the threshold of some overwhelming revelation, but the clue which was to guide him thereto, through the labyrinth of his doubts, all but touched upon, still eluded him.

Deserted the village street stretched away between its rows of silent houses. From one window only a light still shone. It burned in the room, where the widow with fear chill at her heart kept her lonely vigil. In all the hamlet none other was wakeful.

Madame Bougie, driving in from St. Bernard the next morning, broke forth into exclamations upon the haggard looks of her sister-in-law, but her own dull eyes grew grave, and her square jaw set itself obstinately, as she heard what Madame de Fleurimont had to tell. Heaven be thanked, she said, she had wit enough to avert the overthrow of the hopes of years. Stupid as she might appear to be, this emergency found Madame Bougie not unequal to it, as she sat awaiting her nephew. He had gone out very early, impelled by an irresistible yearning to seek Marielle, whose mockery had so strangely moved him; a yearning that born of his perplexity, gathered to itself strength, as in his quiet room he outwatched the night, so that the time between the earliest twittering of the birds among the wet leaves, and the first stirring of life in the early-rising hamlet, had seemed of endless duration. He had climbed the hill breathlessly, but as he came to Marielle's garden gate, a woman drawing water from the well called to him that her young mistress

had on the previous evening departed for the city; and feeling himself still baffled, Dieudonné turned away. Now, peremptorily summoned by Madame Bougie to accompany her on her return to St. Bernard, he curtly refused. Whereupon his aunt surveying him with an air of judicial severity, flicked with her thumb-nail the dust from her bands of crape worn not in token of any bereavement but in ostentation of her wealth. She was astounded, she averred. She could not have believed in the existence of such ingratitude. All summer long he had taken no thought of his kinsfolk and now, not only did he show no disposition to atone for this remissness, but flatly declined to do so, and that when his father's sister lay upon what might be her death bed.

Thus apostrophising him, Madame Bougie folded her arms beneath her broad bosom, while Madame de Fleurimont, half hidden by the voluminous draperies and portly person of her sister-in-law, looked up at her son with anxious eyes, which yet evaded a direct meeting with his own. Dieudonné questioned them impatiently. How should he know of anything amiss? They had not told him. Was the case serious? What ailed Ludivine? Madame Bougie shrugged her shoulders. If he had not been so quick to refuse, she would have told him more. As for Ludivine, she had taken to her bed. She was extremely feeble, and at her age who could say? The young man stood before them irresolute, then, perforce, he yielded; but as he drove along the dusty road behind Madame Bougie's round dappled mare, he was already devising schemes to shorten the visit which hitherto had been one of the most pleasant events of his whole year, and he cast regretful backward glances at the house seen high upon the hillside, till an intervening wood shut it from his view.

Her son and sister-in-law having departed, Madame de Fleurimont tied on her bonnet with trembling fingers,

and in pursuance of the plan concerted by Madame Bougie, betook herself to the city, and the furrier's shop conducted by the *fiancé* of Marielle. There she remained some time closeted with the proprietor, and when she came forth he accompanied her to the door, and stood on the step above the sunshiny pavement, along which the people passed and repassed. So florid was he, so prosperous in appearance, so blandly self-confident in manner, that she felt she could safely trust him to guard his own.

Up at St. Bernard, Dieudonné found the elder of his aunts laid up indeed, but in his opinion there was no occasion for the grave apprehensions expressed by Madame Bougie. Nevertheless he remained, for the invalid, who upon his arrival, had greeted him with a vivacity wholly surprising in one supposed to be nearing the confines of the tomb, suddenly relapsed into gloomy despondency, and prayed her nephew not to leave her.

Madame Bougie had issued her instructions, and Mademoiselle de Fleurimont, with the habit of a lifetime strong upon her, obeyed. She did so regretfully, however, and her faded eyes, looking forth from beneath the falling frill of her cap, wistfully followed Dieudonné as he went back and forth between her house and the presbytery garden, where Jehan de Fleurimont, working among his vegetables, confessed himself at a loss to account for the fears of the women, for Madame Bougie had not seen fit to admit him to her confidence. As matters were, she accounted herself mistress of the situation. She rebuked Jehan for his lack of brotherly solicitude, and so manœuvred that a fortnight slipped away, and still Dieudonné lingered at St. Bernard, then as the re-opening of the college was at hand, as Ludivine, grown restive, occasioned her some uneasiness, and as she considered that she might confidently regard her purpose as achieved, Madame Bougie no longer

detained her nephew, but parted from him in high spirits, elatedly challenging Jehan with, "Say, now, l'Abbé, you have been about in your day, have you not seen bishops who were not so well-built?"

Dieudonné, at the end of his homeward journey, while Madame de Fleurimont's arms still embraced him, asked her of Marielle.

"She has not returned, my son," the widow made reply, "nor is it likely that she will now do so, as her marriage is to take place within a very few days."

As she marked the look of blank disappointment with which he heard her, Madame de Fleurimont inwardly rejoiced at the result of her sister-in-law's diplomacy.

Dieudonné went back to the college, and half-heartedly once more took up his studies, and presently Victor also returned, with health restored by his Norwegian voyage, and full of gratitude to his comrade for his care of the little sister, to whom he had but now bidden God-speed upon her wedding journey. He brought to his friend no especial message from the bride, but Dieudonné was not hurt by the omission, for he knew that whatever word she might have had for him would now never be spoken.

Patiently he endeavoured to fit himself for his destined career; but sometimes in the purple dusk of autumn evenings, while the great metal crucifix upon the wall opposite him gleamed dully in the deepening twilight, Victor's face, close to his own, seemed changed, grown softer and more gentle, with serious troubled eyes. Then he would fall to dreaming upon that one brief moment of illumination, in which he had looked out upon a freer and fuller life, upon which the curtain had fallen ere he had fully apprehended all its possibilities. From his place on the secure, unobstructed high-road, he looked back with a vague sadness to the parting of the ways. Neverthe-

less this wistful consciousness that much which he must now forever forego, had at one time lain close to his hand, could but be transitory in its disheartening effect upon one whose entire training had been toward a definite end, now all but accomplished. The memory of that brief half-awakening was powerless against the influences of many years. It faded, died, passed wholly from him. From that summer-time episode nothing remained to him but a deepened earnestness.

The closing years of his semicloistered college career were peaceful and content. Very freely now, and with all his heart, he accepted the way of life which others had marked cut for him, and if in his more sober outlook he lacked the ardour, the enthusiasm which characterised all Victor's dreams of the future, yet in sincerity of purpose the comrades were as one.

More inseparable than ever, as the end of their long companionship drew near, together they traversed all the initial stages to the final goal, and together they walked in silence beneath the blossoming orchard trees, as the last retreat wore to its close. They knelt side by side in the college chapel, while the stately service of their ordination solemnly proceeded, and the lovely spring morning drew on to noon. High above the worshippers rose the glad clear-soaring voices of the boyish choir, and from the pealing, chanting organ poured a flood of triumphant harmony, beneath which Madame de Fleurimont, kneeling among her kinsfolk, felt her heart fail her in an ecstasy of joy. With dimly-seeing eyes she beheld as in a mist of glory, the blaze of light, the flowers and gold of the high altar, the bishop in splendid symbolic robes, attended by his lesser clergy, and one fair young head bowed reverently beneath the prelate's touch of consecration. At her right, pompously erect, Madame Bougie bore herself with the compla-

cency befitting one who witnessed the happy issue of her own timely interposition. Mademoiselle de Fleurimont's hands were clasped tensely against her meagre breast, and the Curé of St. Bernard's broad face was radiant as a sun, while ever and again he wiped his eyes with a great handkerchief drawn from the bosom of his fine new cassock. He half turned toward his sister-in-law as the bishop spoke the final words of dedication, but she, heedless of all else, looked worshippingly up to the serenely calm young face now turned to hers.

At the close of the service, while the strangers who had come to witness it filed out, and the parents, the relatives, the teachers whose long task was ended gathered about the newly-ordained, Madame de Fleurimont clung to Dieudonné, impatient to be away from these outsiders who with superfluous embraces and congratulations thrust themselves between her and her son. A little later she stood alone with Dieudonné in the secluded shady *Allée du Saint Esprit*, and found few words to express the intensity of her happiness; but, with his young arm encircling her, she leaned upon his heart, and as with awed tenderness she looked up at him, her thoughts went back to the gray dawn of that far-off wintry morning when she had hushed his first wailing cry against her breast.

Dieudonné held her to him, and, presently mastering her emotion, she began to speak of the rustic presbytery whose every detail she had long since perfected in dreams. She was light-hearted as a bride, bue the youth at her side listened gravely, as passing beneath the out-spreading branches they came to the end of the walk and paused there. A hush as of the country brooded over that peaceful garden, lying within so short a space of the busy town. Over the thickly springing grass, butterflies wavered and poised. The warm air was sweet with the scent of flowering lilac

bushes, purple and white, and the bell in the college tower tinkled lightly. Where they stood a snow of falling apple blossoms drifted down upon them. The sunlight fell upon Dieudonné's uncovered head as he spoke:

"That was also my hope, but in these later months it has seemed to me that my task would lie among far other scenes; and during the retreat the service appointed was clearly revealed. I cannot refuse to hear the voice of my Master: I must go though my heart should break. And you, oh, dearest! following in the footsteps of Him who said 'Not my will, but thine,' will be supported by His love."

His lips trembled, and Madame de Fleurimont clung to him more closely.

"And the task—the task—what is it, Dieudonné?"

"The task, my work, it lies yonder, there in the far-off North, where men forget their Maker in the mad strife for gold."

His steadfast eyes looked away, and, as he spoke, he stretched forth his arms as if in yearning toward the darkened souls perishing amidst the plains of gold and ice.

And with that gesture Madame de Fleurimont beheld, as in a vision, the distance dividing them through all the desolate years.

COLOUR TIME

By DOUGLAS ROBERTS

Autumn like a day new born,
Floods across the sleeping land,
Ripening the fields of corn,
Till yellow throngs are nodding hand in hand.

Slowly through the world of mist,
Golden-red the sun moves down,
Till the wooded hill-tops kissed
Are smoking crimson like a plundered town.

France may sing of coloured lands,
Vineyards purple in the fall,
Emerald waters on white sands,
A yellow grove behind a gray-faced wall.

Chalk-white roads through painted bloom,
Crooked hills of crooked trees
Slashed with lavender and broom,
And scarlet sails against the vivid seas.

But I know a woodland lane,
Where when autumn drifts and fills,
Colours burn as rich again,
And overflowing flood the silent hills.

THE LONELY ROAD

By VIRNA SHEARD

We used to fear the lonely road
That twisted round the hill;
It dipped down to the river-way,
And passed the haunted mill,
And then crept on, until it reached
The churchyard, green and still.

No pipers ever took that road,
No Gipsies, brown and gay;
No shepherds with their gentle flocks,
No loads of scented hay;
No market-waggons jingled by
On any Saturday.

The dog-wood there flung wide its stars,
In April, silvery sweet;
The squirrels crossed that path all day
On tiny flying feet;
The wild, brown rabbits knew each turn,
Each shadowy safe retreat.

And there the golden-belted bee
Sang his sweet summer song,
The crickets chirped there to the moon
With steady note and strong;
Till cold and silence wrapped them round
When autumn nights grew long.

But, oh! they brought the lonely dead
Along that quiet way,
With strange procession, dark and slow,
On sunny days and gray;
We used to watch them, wonder-eyed,
Nor care again to play.

And we forget each merry jest;
The birds on bush and tree
Silenced the song within their throats
And with us watched to see,
The soft, slow passing out of sight
Of that dark mystery.

*

We fear no more the lonely road
That winds around the hill;
Far from the busy world's highway
And the gods' slow-grinding mill;
It only seems a peaceful path,
Pleasant, and green, and still.

THE WHALE AND HIS HAUNTS

BY STURGEON STEWART

ARTICLE II.

THE next morning broke clear and bright, with only the under-swells to externally remind us of the storm of the day before, though internally we had very strong qualms of conscience as to whether we should admit that the storm was quite over. The Captain told us that we did not take the situation seriously enough "when the sea was on," and that it might, therefore, as a result of our neglect, be several days before our internal equilibrium would be fully restored—and so it came to pass.

Breakfast over, and finding that the course of our vessel had been changed to south-west by west, we saw that everyone was on the *qui vive* and learned that we were approaching the place of all places for finding not only whales in large numbers, but also many other forms of marine life—the feeding grounds of the whale.

As we sped on under slackened steam, our attention was called to the peculiar pink appearance of the ocean ahead of us and extending far on either side. Upon closer examination and explanation, we learned that this effect was produced by myriads upon myriads of shrimps, practically forming great living moving shoals of these decapods which are the delectable food of the greatest of the cetaceans, which come great distances to these fields elysian.

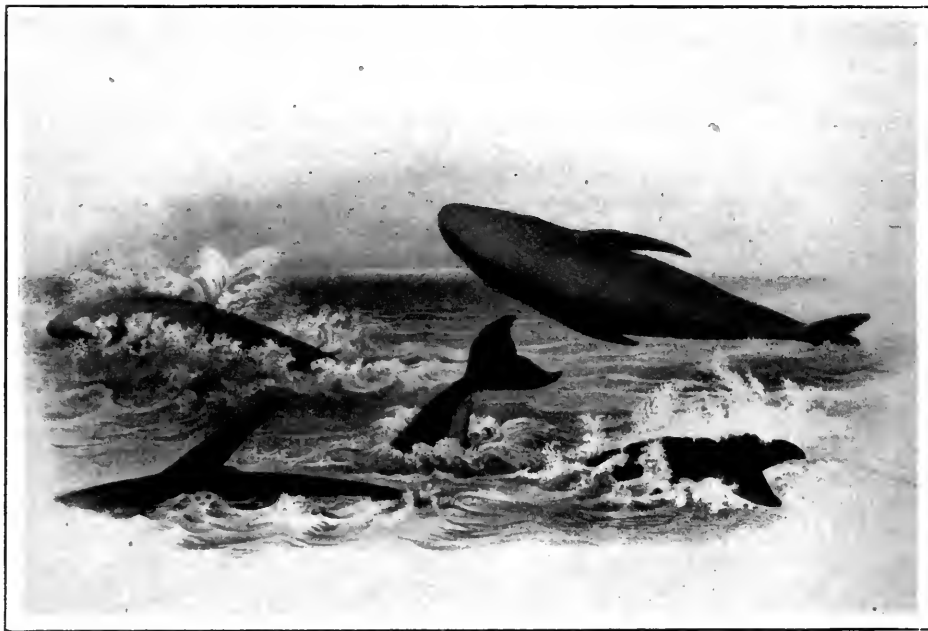
In a short time the call of the man in the look-out barrel, who had been surveying the horizon with

his powerful glass, apprised the gunner and the ship's company that there was something of importance at hand. The Captain, through the mate, ordered the crew to be in readiness for action, and the engineer saw that his engines and fires were in the pink of condition, as it might mean a big chase just as likely as an easy catch. Out in the very thickest of the shrimp bed feeding grounds, distant about five furlongs to the left, now plainly visible to the naked eye, was what appeared like dozens of boiling geysers, but which proved to be a large school of whales blowing. The spouts which are usually supposed to be water and spray, but are really the thick heated breath of the whales with some water, rising in the distance, are usually the first and unfailing evidence of the presence of the cetacean. They can sometimes be located at a distance of five or six miles.

Our vessel's helm was quickly turned to port and our speed increased in the direction of these geysers. We were soon drawing near to a great herd of these monsters. Cautiously and with as little noise as possible under the circumstances we approached. The nerve tension of the crew was very marked. The Captain and the gunner were the coolest and most deliberate of the company. We almost floated alongside some of them, but they would quickly "sound" or strike for the bottom, and then we had to select another victim to ap-

proach. After several attempts we came within close range of one monster, but the gunner having trained the harpoon-gun on him, signalled the engineer that he wished to approach a little closer to make a sure mark; but he, too, "cut out his flukes"—the whaler's expression when the whale throws its caudal fin upward and sideways above the surface of the water, and with a headlong plunge for the bottom endeavours to escape—leaving nothing but a seething, boiling spot where he disappeared. Soon

touched, and away with lightning flash and thunderous roar sped the harpoon with the enclosed bomb, carrying with it its powerful cable. The aim was accurate, the shot effective. With one mighty lurch as the harpoon entered its vitals and the bomb exploded in its body, it gave two or three lashes on the surface of the ocean that sent immense waves that heaved our ship, and the surface of the ocean had the appearance of a seething cauldron, so agitated was it. The struggle was only for a moment.

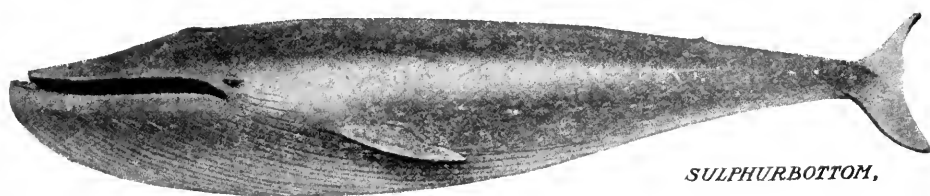


From a drawing

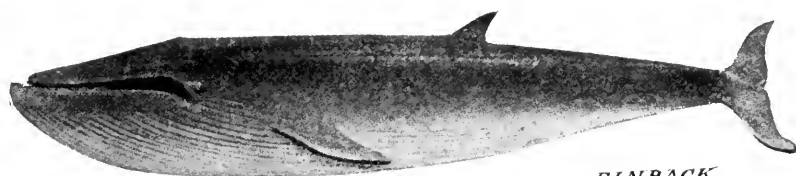
WHALES AT PLAY

we were in close contact for the third or fourth time with a splendid animal that had just risen to the surface to blow. After blowing four or five times, they can again descend to the bottom and remain for twenty or twenty-five minutes, when they are again compelled to come to the surface. This fine looking fellow seemed to be quite oblivious as to his surroundings, giving the gunner a splendid opportunity to train an effective shot. In a moment, the lever was

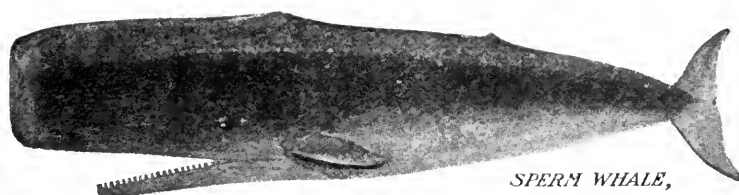
The bomb had done its work, and in a few minutes the great carcass lay motionless and almost immediately began to sink to the bottom. The powerful steam winch was put in action, which is used for taking up the cable, and a taut line kept it afloat nearly under our bow, until the whalers could lower their boats and take their implements, including a sharp double-bladed lance attached to a long iron tube handle, to the other end of which is attached a flexible



SULPHURBOTTOM,



FINBACK,



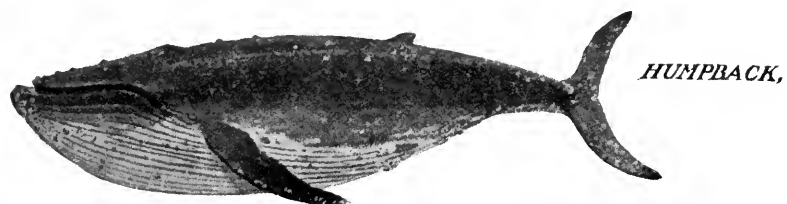
SPERM WHALE,



BOWHEAD,



CALIFORNIA GRAY,

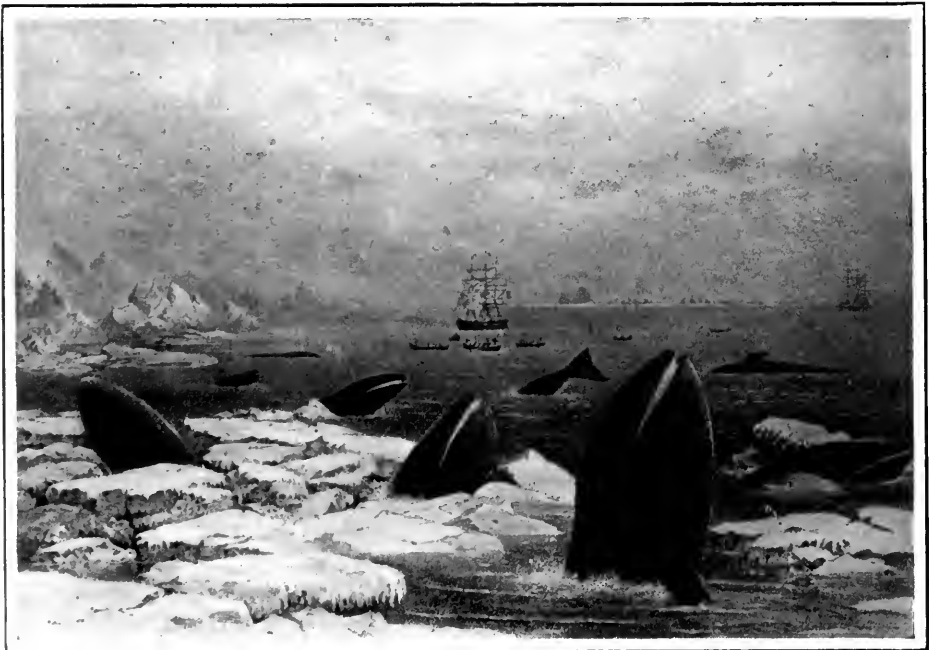


HUMPBAC,

tube to connect it with the powerful air-pump on the ship. These agile fellows, when the animal is dead, immediately mount the carcass and sink the lance deep into its body through the blubber, and air is pumped into it until it will float. Then they sink a pole securely into the body, and, attaching a flag and buoy, the whale is left floating while they hunt and capture another.

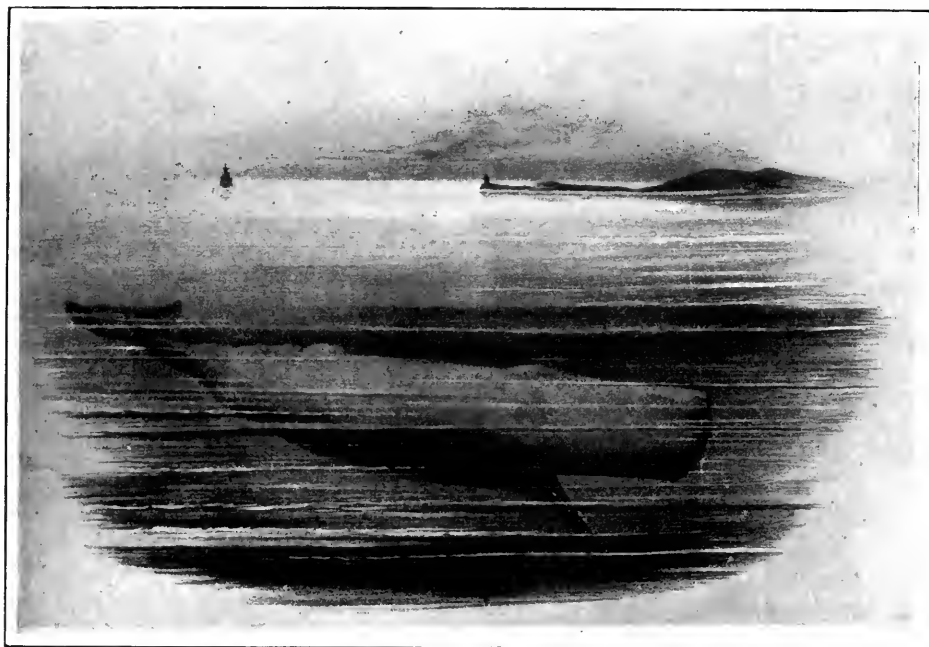
This whale belonged to the species of rorquals commonly called the fin-back (*Balaenoptera velifera*), which ranks next to the sulphur-bottom for size and swiftness. It is the most handsome and symmetrical of all the cetaceans of the Pacific, being long and slim in body, like a mackerel. It is one of the gray-hounds of the ocean. Its back and sides were a deep blackish blue, slightly spotted with light on lower part of its sides and its belly almost white. It measured fifty-seven feet, four and one-half inches in length, which is a fair average size for this species. It will probably average

from fifty-five feet to sixty feet. From point of nose to back corner of mouth it was twelve feet, six inches; from point of nose to eye, twelve feet, three inches; from point of nose to pectoral fin, fourteen feet, six inches; from point of nose to spout or blowholes—this species has two—on top of head, nine feet; from blowhole to dorsal fin (on back), thirty feet, six inches; from dorsal fin to extreme of caudal fin (tail), seventeen feet, eight inches. Length of pectoral fin, eight feet; width of pectorals, three feet, six inches; width of flukes or tail fins (which are horizontal, not vertical as in fish), thirteen feet; girth, behind pectorals, thirty-two feet; length of skull and jaw bones, fifteen feet; jaw bones, one foot broad and eight inches thick. The ribs, nine feet to twelve feet long and ten inches to fifteen inches in circumference, weigh from about fifty to sixty pounds each. The balæna or whalebone, which grows in the upper side of the mouth in two tiers from a ridge of bone in the centre of the roof of the mouth in laminated



From a drawing

AN ARCTIC WHALING SCENE



From a drawing

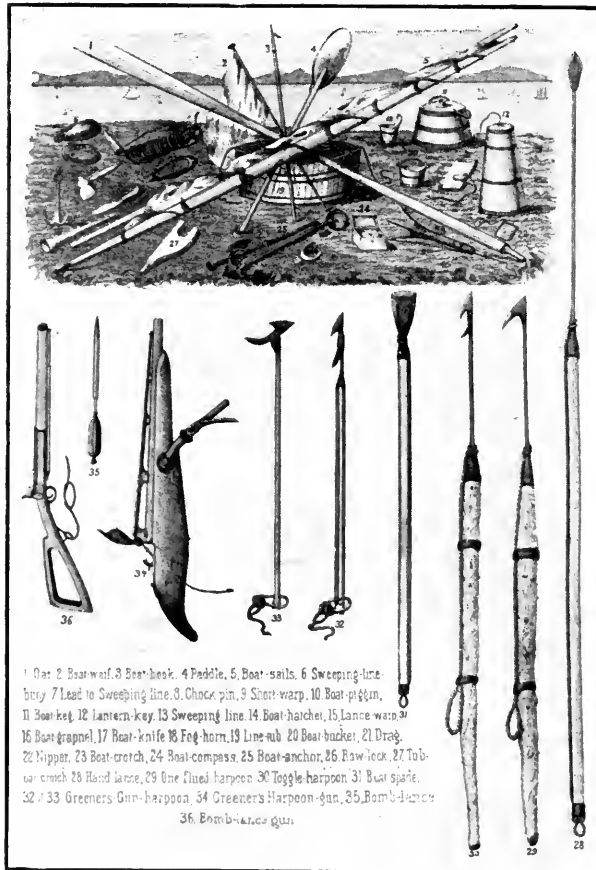
A MONSTER WHALE FEEDING

rows, extending downward and outward, consisted of 580 pieces—290 on each side—ranging from two feet to four feet, six inches in length and nine inches to eighteen inches wide at base, with a heavy coarse fringe of stranded whalebone lying obliquely over the edges of those adjoining it. It yielded about seventy barrels of oil. The blubber was from nine inches to eighteen inches thick. This coating of blubber is a thick layer of a peculiar fatty substance, the only apparent use of which is to keep it warm in the varying temperatures of the water. Beneath the blubber is a red coarse meat like very coarse beef, not adapted for food, though portions of certain species of whales are canned and eaten by the Japanese, some of whom are expert whalers, also by the Chinese and West Coast Indians, who consider the lips, the tail, and several other choice pieces delectable food.

It is natural, as is generally supposed, to think that the skin of these animals would be thick and tough.

The writer has, among the mementos of his trip and experience, portions of the skin of three whales whose capture he witnessed, and to a limited extent took part in—a finback, a humpback and a sulphur-bottom—and in every case it is about the thickness of thick tissue paper or very thin writing paper and almost transparent. It would make beautiful waterproof garments but for the fact that it is very easily torn. Some species, however, have a thicker skin, but in no case have we found the skin really thick.

Among other of the mementos preserved by the writer are: the eardrum of one of these whales—a peculiar shell-formed heavy lump of bone or lime formation about the size of a large closed fist, and weighing about as much as its size of lead; a lamina of the balæna or whalebone in its natural condition, cut out of the mouth of the sulphur-bottom hereafter described; and a piece of the intestines dressed into a beautiful thin but very strong piece of leather.



IMPLEMENTS USED IN WHALING

suitable for gloves or any other purpose for which a thin soft leather can be used.

After the whaling crew had secured as far as possible, this, the first trophy of our trip, by leaving it attached to a large floating buoy with a Canadian flag flying from its body, the Captain ordered the crew to make ready for our next attack.

During the next few hours as we cruised about the feeding grounds spouting was seen at a number of different points, but before they could be reached the game had disappeared, as they sometimes become very suspicious at the appearance of an intruding steam vessel. In several cases a rapid chase of some miles failed to

overtake these high sea flyers. We were rewarded, however, about the middle of the afternoon, when in the midst of a moderately rough sea and a stiff breeze we saw a couple of spouts a short distance from our boat. Attention was immediately directed to this monster, which appeared to be almost the length of our ship. Everybody held his breath as our skipper ordered the men to "stand to" and the engineer was notified to "slow engines and muffle steam." Cautiously we floated in a semicircle to the right to bring us alongside the whale, which was carelessly and slowly wallowing along, sometimes slightly above the surface, when a large wave would strike it, and then

almost wholly out of the water when the trough of the sea was under it. Its immense size added to the suppressed excitement. Whether too much interested in the constantly increasing strength of the gale that was blowing in its very eyes or the high seas that successively buried it several feet deep beneath the surf, or whether in its innocent and confiding spirit it thought we would not harm it, we know not—for the whale generally is one of the most innocent and harmless of all dwellers in the sea, though occasionally a tremendous struggle and fight for life takes place and shows its Herculean powers.

After we had kept up the rapid chase for several minutes, we stood off about three perches from our quarry. The writer was possessed of an overwhelming desire to take some active part in the operations, and was favoured by being permitted to stand by the gunner on the vessel's prow to help operate and fire the gun, which was now trained on the monster. At a given signal from the gunner the writer pulled the lever and sent the harpoon and bomb whistling through the air with its ominous whirr, deep into the side of this innocent animal. Then began a mighty struggle. A twinge of conscience at this betrayal of its apparent confidence in us, brought from us the exclamation "poor old fellow."

As the harpoon buried itself deep in its side, and the bomb exploded, it apparently did not strike so vital a spot as in the former earlier in the day. It lodged a little too high and forward in its shoulder to cause instantaneous death. With one tremendous lurch and a mighty stroke of its enormous tail, the whale flung itself entirely out of the water many feet into the air, alighting with an awful splash on its side, sending tons of water and spray in every direction, drenching our ship and crew in a most thorough manner, more effectively even than the storm of yesterday. Then with another agonising leap, it "turned

flukes," threw its tail high in the air and "sounded" or dived for the bottom of the ocean. The harpoon having taken a firm hold in the flesh beneath the blubber, the line with a zip! ziff! zee-oo! began to spin out from the "foregoer" at a tremendous speed until hundreds and thousands of feet were played out to it. Several times it slackened slightly and the powerful steam winch was quickly put into operation to take up the slack, but quickly another dive was made and more line had to be dealt out. The ship was quickly turned bow to and soon the line was again drawn taut. Then came the command from the skipper "stern all," and in obedience, the vessel's engines were reversed and slowly an effort was made to draw the monster backward to exhaust his strength. But No! It willed otherwise. Notwithstanding the reversed engines, the taut line made the winch creak, and the mighty monster began towing the vessel against its reversed and powerful engines, first for some time to windward in a north-westerly direction, then it "milled" turning south-westerly, and finally to leeward south-easterly it spasmodically towed the vessel for more than an hour and a quarter. During this time everything possible was done to exhaust his strength. Then gradually the pull ceased and the line was drawn in. The animal seemed to become exhausted, and while occasionally plunging and tugging, the jerk being relieved by an immense spring over which the line operated, it was evident its strength was fast decreasing. Finally it rose to the surface, partly drawn up by the harpoon line, and with a couple of convulsive flops of its pectorals and flukes, it lay motionless close to our bow, a monster of enormous size.

The boats were immediately lowered, manned and equipped with the long keen lances, which are often used to finish the work on a wounded whale, and with gaff-hooks, flensing knives and hollow spears. One boat



From an old print

A WHALING SCENE IN A PACIFIC COAST LAGOON

swung out towards its head and the other approached the flukes to land on its body with their weapons, as it appeared quite dead, but in a last dying convulsion it "lobtailed" and the great caudal fin commenced to lash the already boisterous sea, almost striking the boat nearest its flukes and sending tons of water flying over it, which for a few moments looked as though it would surely be swamped. And had it not been that it was a staunch splendidly constructed Norwegian "pram," the safest and best of all surf boats, it would probably have gone to the bottom with its courageous crew, as the heavy sea

was an unusually serious handicap.

Soon the lances and spears did their work and the trophy of the chase was ours. One of the finest specimens of the largest, the swiftest, the most symmetrical, with the exception of the finback, and the most difficult to catch and yet at times the most tractable and docile of all rorquals, the sulphur-bottom (*Balænoptera Musculus*) was the prize, by all odds the largest animal in the world. Every member of the crew, from the skipper, mate and gunner down to the stoker in the hold, including the new member of the crew, felt proud of the achievement.

The magnificent quarry was adjudged by the captain and crew to be among the finest taken in the Pacific waters, though there had been a few larger ones brought in. Its dimensions were much greater than the finback caught earlier in the day. It measured seventy-six feet in length and nearly forty feet in girth; length of jawbone, nineteen feet, six inches; width of jaw, four feet, six inches at front and at back of mouth fourteen feet, six inches; weight of *balæna* or whalebone, 800 pounds; largest *balæna*, seven feet; *vertebræ* or spinal column, eighteen inches in diameter; ribs, three and one-half inches diameter and ten to fourteen feet long; yield of oil, 110 barrels; total approximate weight, 120 tons. The flukes of tail were twenty-four feet wide and when cut off weighed almost three tons. The estimated amount of blood taken from it was eighty barrels.

Sulphur-bottoms as large as ninety-five feet, and even one hundred feet, have been taken in the Pacific. The Pacific Whaling Company's largest specimen recorded was ninety-one feet, weighing approximately 140 tons. One sulphur-bottom a few months prior to the date of this experience, had towed the vessel for seven hours before it succumbed to its captors, taking them about seventy-five miles off their course. As evening was approaching, after the pumping of air into our sulphur-bottom, the grapnel was brought into requisition and the animal's head was hooked and hauled up. Holes were then cut through the lips and a short warp or cable was run through, by which means its mouth was closed, and the tow ropes were made fast to the Sampson-posts. We then, with this one in tow, started out to find the finback of the early morning adventure. Less than an hour brought us to the spot and he was lashed to the windward side by strong cables around the tail above the flukes to the forward midships of our vessel, drawing it partly out of the

water to the level of the rail, with the head hanging lower toward the back. While these operations were going on we had an excellent opportunity of observing some of the feeding habits of the whales, which were quite numerous now at a short distance from our vessel. It was a most interesting sight to see these monsters of the deep selecting a spot where the shrimps were thickest and then with a slow, easy, quiet swing of their tails gather in a great, almost solid mass of these beautiful little long-tailed decapods, sometimes taking a second swing of their great double-fluked tail to gather a sufficient quantity to suit their appetite, and then float backward a short distance, turn partly on their side, and with a sudden rush opening wide their great mouths, scoop the mass of shrimps they had gathered in a single mouthful. Incredible though it may seem, it is asserted as a fact which has been demonstrated after being taken by whalers, that a large sized whale will take as much as a ton of this choice food at a mouthful, and that as much as four tons of shrimps and squids and other small food has been found in the mouth, gulas and stomach of a single whale. As they open their great mouths to "scoop" the shrimp the laminated rows of *balæna* or whalebone which in their natural position lie about a quarter of an inch apart, open up to receive the food which is taken between them, and as the mouth closes the diminutive animals are retained and crushed between these rows while the water is strained out through the coarse fringe of *balæna* which lies across from one strata to another. After feeding they would sometimes roll over on their side and float for some time. Others would "sound" and perhaps come to the surface again one, two, or three miles away.

We referred to the occasional docility and sociable character of this great whale. We may be permitted to give the following experience as told by Dr. Stillman, of San Francisco.

The incident occurred during a twenty-four days' cruise on the Pacific in the ship *Plymouth*. He tells the story in the following words: "Nov. 13th: We were witnesses of a very remarkable exhibition of the social disposition of the whale. A week ago to-day we passed several and during the afternoon it was discovered that one of them continued to follow us, and was becoming more familiar, keeping under the ship and only coming out to breathe. A great deal of uneasiness was felt, lest in his careless gambols he might 'unship' our rudder or do some other damage. It was said that bilge water would drive him off, and the pumps were started, but to no purpose. At length, more violent means were resorted to; volley after volley of rifle shots were fired into him, billets of wood, bottles, etc., were thrown upon his head with such force as to separate the integuments; to all of which he paid not the slightest attention, and he continued to swim under us, keeping our exact rate of speed whether in the calm or storm, and rising to blow almost into the cabin windows. He was determined to stay with us until he could find better company. His length was about eighty feet; his tail measured about twelve feet across; and in the calm as we looked down into the transparent water we could see him in all his huge proportions. November 29: The barque *Kirkwood* hove in sight and bore down to speak to us. When off a mile or two to leeward our whale left us and went to her, but returned to us soon after. He showed great restlessness last night and to-day whenever we stood off on the outward tack he kept close below us and rose just under our quarter and most commonly to the windward to 'blow'; but whenever we stood toward the land he invariably hung back and showed discontent. This afternoon he left us. It is now twenty-four days since he attached himself to us, and during that time he has followed us faithfully as a dog an emigrant's waggon.

At first we abused him in every way that our ingenuity could devise to drive him off lest he might do us some mischief; but save some scratches he received from our ship's coppering, and numerous sloughing sores caused by the balls that had been fired into him, no damage was received by either of us from his close companionship, though our white paint was badly stained by the impurity of his breath. We long since ceased our efforts to annoy him and had become attached to him as to a dog. We had named him 'Blowhard' and even fancied as we called him that he came closer to our quarter, when I felt like patting his glabrous sides and saying, 'Good old fellow.' As the water grew shallow he left us, with regret unfeigned on our part and apparently so on his. This story of the whale is so remarkable, that were there not so many witnesses I would not venture to tell it lest I am accused of exaggeration. There were a number of experienced whalers among the passengers who said the animal was a sulphur-bottom."

The colour of this, the greatest whale of the ocean, is, somewhat lighter than the dull brownish black of the lesser rorquals. In some instances it is a blue smoky colour or a light brown almost approaching a white; but underneath it is of a yellowish cast or sulphur colour, hence its name. Its flippers or pectoral fins are proportionately small when compared with the sperm whales or humpback. It seldom approaches the shore or shallow water as do the finback and humpback. The spout or blow of the sulphur-bottom in some cases rises to thirty or fifty feet in the air, though it does not make the whistling musical noise that is made by the finback in the respiration and by which the finback is invariably known.

The bowhead or Great Polar Whale (*Balæna Mystecitus*) is the most valuable from a commercial point of view of all the balænidæ because of its

great yield of oil. A single bowhead has in many cases yielded between 250 and 300 barrels of oil. It also yields a proportionately large amount of balæna or whalebone, which, as stated, is at the present time a very valuable product. They sometimes have 1,800 or 2,000, and in rare instances 3,000, pounds of whalebone. The largest yield of whalebone of which there is any record was in 1883, when a great polar whale yielded 3,100 pounds, which was worth at that time \$15,625. They have been known to yield a total financial return of nearly \$20,000. One might suppose from these facts that the bowhead was the largest of the cetaceans. Such is not the case, however, as it seldom exceeds sixty to sixty-five feet, the average length being somewhat below these figures. It has a ponderous head forming more than one-third the entire length of the whole animal. The skull is about six feet thick and weighs five or six tons. It is rather short, bulky and ugly and bloated in appearance. It has immense rows of balæna partly protruding from its mouth, which extends sixteen to twenty feet to back corner, with smaller transverse rows, which are partly hidden by its immense under lips. Its tongue is incapable of protrusion and is an immense mass of spongy fat weighing several tons. It lives almost entirely on insects or spawn of fish. While its eyes are four times the size of those of an ox, its ears are almost invisible apertures about one-quarter of an inch in size. It has short, heavy pectorals with the eyes between the pectorals and back corner of mouth. Its caudal fin is very broad and heavy, averaging eighteen to twenty feet across. The plates of balæna or whalebone measure from ten to eighteen feet long and twelve to twenty-four inches wide and the number of layers, from 600 to 800, which weigh from three to eight pounds each, varying greatly from front to back of mouth. The whalebone in the bowhead is nearly twice

the size of that in any other whale, the next in size being that of the right whale of the north-western coast. The bowhead is now only captured in the Arctic Ocean, Behring Sea, Sea of Okhotsk, on the coast of Nova Zembla, and the coast of Eastern Siberia. It is truly an ice whale, its home and feeding grounds being among the ice floes of the Arctic and adjacent seas. It delights in getting under the ice where it is several inches thick and rising suddenly strike it with its back, breaking great holes through it.

The right whale (*Balæna Sieboldi*) resembles in some particulars and general appearance the bowhead, though it is somewhat larger, averaging between sixty and seventy feet in length. It has a protuberance on the point of its beak-like upper jaw, called by whalers a "bonnet." Its head and mouth are very large like the *Balæna mysticetus*. It has wart-like bunches on its lips and often parasitical crustaceans infest its head. The balæna is coarser and shorter than in the bowhead. It yields 150 to 250 barrels of oil. The right whale was formerly found on the coast of Oregon, Washington, and in the vicinity of Vancouver Island. It is now principally found near the coast of Kamtschatka, the Aleutian Islands and Sea of Japan. The right whale of the north-west coast is an entirely different specimen from the southern right whale found in the South Pacific. The former is a much superior animal. It will sometimes bellow like a great infuriated bull, as does also the sulphur-bottom, when it is being captured or attacked. Before the harpoon-gun was used they frequently "hamstrung" this and other whales by cutting the cords of its flukes with a "boat spade." Sometimes they cut an artery in the tail and it bled to death. These whales are among the most difficult of all to take, for when all else fails, they will stand vertically in the water, head down, and lash the sea with their flukes,

swamping everything that comes near them.

The sperm whale or cachalot is the largest of the toothed cetaceans. It widely differs from all others of its order both in form and habits. It equals, if indeed it does not exceed the bowhead or great polar whale in magnitude and commercial value. The female in this species, unlike other species, is much smaller than the male. The males measure from seventy-five to eighty-five feet in length and the head is about one-third the whole animal. The lower jaw contains from forty-four to forty-eight strong sharp conical teeth fitting into cavities in the upper jaw, which has no teeth. The lower jaw is small, narrow and conical in shape, sitting far back under the head, while the upper is very large, blunt, and the one spiracle or spout hole is in the snout to the left side on top of the head. It has not two spiracles as in the balæna whale. The throat is very large, being large enough to receive the body of one or two men. They are generally black or blackish brown on the back, lighter on the sides, but sometimes they are gray or piebald. The skin is much thicker on the cachalot than on the balæna. Under the skin is a very rich coating of fat or blubber which yields large quantities of oil. But the head produces about one-third of the entire oil obtained from the animal. Above the bone of the upper jaw, called the "coach" or "sleigh," is a huge mass of cartilaginous, elastic, tough fat which is called the "junk." Above the "junk" on the right side of the head is a large cavity or sack termed the "case," which contains fifteen to twenty, and in some cases as much as forty, barrels of the purest and best oil known to commerce in its natural fluid state, pure enough in its raw condition to oil the finest watch or other machinery, together with a quantity of the granulated substance known as spermaceti, which is simply

the accumulated solids of the sperm oil. On the left side of the forward part of the cranium is the breathing passage or nostril of this whale. This with the "case" is protected by a thick, tough, elastic substance called "head skin," which is absolutely proof against the harpoon or other weapon. The "ambergris" obtained from the sperm whale and which is so highly prized, and used largely for manufacturing fine perfumes, and in France and Turkey for aphrodisiac purposes, is nothing more or less than the retained anal secretion of a diseased sperm whale.

Among all the cetaceans there are none that respire so frequently as the sperm. Its spout can be seen five to seven miles distant. It remains up about twelve to fifteen minutes and blows sixty to seventy times before descending, when it "sounds" with a great pitch, head downwards, flukes in the air, and remains from an hour to an hour and a half. Other cetaceans blow only five to seven times before sounding and can only remain down twenty to twenty-five minutes. This whale is rarely found out of the tropical or temperate waters, though four or five of them have recently been captured by vessels of the Pacific Whaling Company. They often go in schools of hundreds and are frequently found sporting and lobtailing, and even shooting many feet out of the water, when they come down raising such mountains of water and spray that they can be seen for ten miles.

The male cachalot when he gets old becomes very ferocious, and numberless authentic instances are given of his attacking and destroying vessels, and at least one case is on record, where after sinking a vessel, he actually chewed a great part of it up into splinters. It lives on "squid," which term includes several species of cuttlefish or cephalopods. It has commonly been believed that the home of the cachalot was in the fathomless depths of

the ocean, but they have been found and captured in coast waters. It has been found to be of a higher type of organisation than other cetaceans, and it evinces in its characteristic movements and evolutions a superiority over all others of its species.

The California gray whales and sharp-headed finners are among the cetaceans with which we did not personally come in contact, though they are found in considerable numbers on the Pacific coast and especially in the vicinity of the Californian shores.

It has been estimated by such competent authorities as Scammon, that the number of whales passing up and down the Pacific coast within sight of shore in a single season will reach as many as 30,000 to 50,000. We are inclined to think that this number has greatly decreased in recent years.

With the two captured monsters we started on our return journey to Sechart early in the night, and were within sight of land about daylight. An early and hearty breakfast that had been specially prepared by our humorous and quick-witted John Chinaman cook in honour of the previous day's record work was only disposed of when right ahead of us at no great distance was seen, not by the man in the look-out barrel, as we were not looking for more quarry, but by the captain, blow, blow, blow, in at least a dozen places. Occasionally a great hulk of black would rise many feet out of the water. As we approached, notwithstanding the fact that we had one monster in tow, and another had bumped, bumped, all night against the side of our vessel, as it swung partially in the water, the captain's and gunner's sporting proclivities could not be restrained and the order was given to "stand to," and in a moment the entire crew were alert and ready for action and full of determination and expectancy. Orders were given the engineer by the mate on the bridge, through the speaking tube, and with caution we floated right into the midst of the

field. One of the finest looking, as far as it was possible to determine this, was selected, and the gun was trained on him, but before we got into position he "galleyed"—took fright—and sounded. It took about ten minutes to get into position for a good broadside on another, and the writer was again permitted to draw the lever that sent the harpoon and bomb home, this time with much better effect than his former effort. With a tremendous "cut of his flukes," and throwing the rear half of his body into the air, and with a headlong plunge, he attempted to sound. But the shot had touched a vital spot and only a comparatively small amount of line had to be played out. Then it slackened, and this slack was immediately taken up by the powerful machine and in a few minutes the great body came to the surface and was held there by the taut line, while the boats were again brought into action and the crew quickly used their lances and made sure the animal was beyond repeating the experience of the dying throes of the great sulphur-bottom.

This time it was a good specimen of the humpback (*Megaptera Versabilis*), a whale that is found in almost every ocean and is noted for its gambolling and roaming proclivities, generally in large numbers, near lonely and rocky shores. It is noted for performing frequently during stormy weather, varied actions such as "breaching," "rolling," "finning," "lobtailing," "scooping," or "bolt-ing," or on a calm, sunny day lying motionless on the molten looking surface, as though life were extinct.

This animal was a medium size of its species, colour black or smoky black with light spots and stripes below; length, forty-five feet, nine inches; pectoral fins, thirteen feet, seven inches by three feet, nine inches and eight inches thick; girth, thirty-six feet, ten inches; expansion of flukes, eighteen feet, seven inches; distance from snout to back corner of mouth, ten feet, six inches; thickness

of blubber, nine to thirteen inches; extension of lower jaw beyond upper, one foot, four inches; orbit of the eye, four inches in diameter; longest plate of balena, four feet, three inches; gular folds in throat, twenty-six, averaging six inches wide; tubercles on lips, nine; exterior opening of spiracles or blow holes, one foot, six inches; the gular fold, pectorals, flukes and other portions of the body have many parasites, principally barnacles, some very large. These are frequently found on the humpback. The gular folds under the jaws and neck are capable of great expansion as means for the storage of large quantities of food which will last for several weeks. The yield of oil was about forty barrels; approximate weight, seventy-five tons.

No time was lost in cutting off its immense flukes, weighing more than two tons, and hauling them up on the vessel by the great machines for such purpose. A strong "warp" was quickly round the small of its tail, which was drawn up on the opposite side of the ship from the finback to a level with the rail and strongly secured to the Sampson-post. The head and body swung in the water and was further secured by a toggle through the jaws.

Thus, with a monster of little less than 100 tons lashed to either side of our vessel and towing a third of much greater dimensions, making progress extremely slow and dangerous, with difficulty avoiding the rocks and islands around which we had to swing, we approached the whaling station in time for our dinner, which could not come too early, having brought in our wake thousands of sea fowls, porpoises, sharks and other marine animals which will follow a dead whale for days. Seals and sea lions will also follow a whale in large numbers. The cargo was at once handed over to the station crew, which soon had their powerful engines and tackle at work drawing the monster carcasses upon the platforms.

In a short time the flensers with

their long-handled flensing knives walked from head to tail cutting deep gashes in the blubber the full length of the animal, slitting it in strips one foot to eighteen inches wide. Powerful hooks and steel tackle were then attached to the farther end of these strips and the blubber was peeled off by steam power and chopped in pieces and carried into vats to be boiled or rendered to extract the oil. In doing so, every part, including the bones, which are porous and full of gluey oil, but no marrow, are boiled at least twice. Beneath the blubber, which runs from six inches to two and a half feet in thickness, varying with different species and occasionally even three feet, is a coarse red meat. This is all cut by machinery, which is the most modern and up-to-date available, and every particle of oil extracted.

The carcass when stripped of the blubber is removed by another powerful machine to the carcass platform, where another gang of men dismember it and dispose of every portion of it—some to be rendered and made into low grade oil and other portions and all refuse to be treated for the drier, a big revolving cylinder which grinds it into a powder about the consistency of ground coffee, which the finished product very closely resembles in appearance but not in smell. This is dried by an intense heat and is a very popular fertiliser, which is principally shipped to the Hawaiian Islands to be used on the sugar plantations. The oil and balena find a ready market in Europe.

The Japs will eat any part of the humpback, the meat of which is more palatable than others. The Company dry-salts and barrels the tail and fins of the humpback for shipment to Japan and to the Indians, who consider it a real delicacy. The meat of the porpoise is also relished by the Indians, who even eat the blubber. Whalers will sometimes shoot porpoises, which frequently gambol about a whaling vessel in large numbers, to get some fresh meat, but the mo-

ment one is shot they all disappear.

The tongue of a fair-sized whale will weigh three to five tons, and the heart about one ton. The throat of a number of species of these animals is rather small, the gullet being about six to twelve inches in its opening. But among the larger species, such as the bowhead, right, sulphur-bottom and sperm, the gullet is easily large enough to swallow a man, and in some of them two or three could pass through the narrowest point at once. Thus the "great fish" spoken of in connection with the story of Jonah could easily have been a whale, the writer having entered a whale's gullet—a dead one, of course—for the purpose of satisfying himself as to the possible truth of the Jonah record.

A whaling company in Newfoundland for years made an excellent brand of "beef tea" from the red meat of the whale. This red meat inside of the blubber, sometimes three feet in thickness, is difficult to distinguish from coarse beef in appearance and taste.

It is extremely difficult to form a true or accurate conception of the size of one of these wonderful animals without seeing it. It is so far beyond anything we are accustomed to seeing in the form of animal life that our comprehension seems wholly unable to grasp its dimensions. We may here repeat that we have carefully compared our observations and measurements with those of the best scientists on this subject and find they harmonise in all essential particulars.

The machinery at the whaling station is run by steam, a large amount of power being required to handle these great animals weighing from

fifty to one hundred and twenty-five tons, in addition to the various processes requiring heat and power. Electric light is also furnished by the company's power, running large dynamos. In the busy season, when whales are plentiful, the plant is going night and day, as a carcass cannot lie long without being attended to. The immense size prevents it cooling rapidly and gas is quickly formed internally, which on the third or fourth day would explode. The gang of men at the whaling station can dispose of five to six humpbacks or finbacks or two or three sulphur-bottoms in a day.

It was not until the downward coasting vessel which called at the dock in Barclay Sound early in the afternoon, had swung out from her moorings and was under a full head of steam down the bleak and rocky but intensely interesting coast, that the high tension under which we had been kept for three days, began to relax. Then an intense languour amounting to reaction, stole over us that would not away, until near midnight our vessel steamed into the beautiful harbour at Victoria, which, with its brilliant illumination, its merchant shipping, its pleasure yachts, and its granite causeway in the foreground, and the magnificent pile of Legislative Buildings, the post-office and customs house and the splendid new Empress Hotel forming a semicircle in the background, always reminds the visitor of the lagoons and canals of Venice. And when we had lied ourselves off to our "loggia," it was to dream of whales in Toronto harbour and of—home—three thousand miles away.



NOVA SCOTIA'S THREE GREAT PREMIERS

SOME RECOLLECTIONS AND OPINIONS

BY A. W. SAVARY

I HAVE been favoured by the Reverend Dr. Saunders with a perusal of the manuscript of his forthcoming book, "Three Premiers of Nova Scotia." The author has conceived and accomplished a most necessary and instructive work. The book, written as it is with great literary ability and in a graphic and attractive style, in which the author has excelled himself, will be indispensable to any student of the political history of Nova Scotia. It will throw a light on the origin and development of our modern colonial constitution that cannot be derived from any volume yet published.

The intense party strife which disturbed the political atmosphere in the exciting days from 1843 to 1847 interferes with the clear insight which the public man or political student of to-day should get into the motives and characters of the chief actors of that period, especially as party names, which rally men in support of certain principles at one period, are often applied to men of quite another set of principles and different motives at another period. Each party aims at a popular party name, and seeks to attach an unpopular name or nickname to the opposite party, and the majority of voters are often deceived by party names and popular catch-words. It is the art of the demagogue in the press or on the platform so to deceive them.

While men are delving into the history of the past, that portion of it more immediately preceding our own times, the events and men of a generation recently passed away are usually neglected and are less known than men and events of an earlier period, till a historian of a future generation with less perfect aids and greater labour brings them more or less imperfectly to light.

Dr. Saunders' book has the advantage of being written by a contemporary of all but the very earliest of the events which he records and discusses. He was an intelligent observer of, but not a participator or actor in, those events. Well acquainted with all the leading men of the period covered by the book, with a good knowledge of human nature, he has approached his task in a judicial spirit, and with an honest attempt at strict impartiality, supporting his statements and conclusions by records and authorities laboriously collated and faithfully put before the reader. It is a work imperatively demanded and one which no one else could have so efficiently performed.

The advent to public notice of our great and versatile genius and ever most popular democratic leader, Mr. Howe, until he became associated with Mr. Johnstone as a member of the first Executive Council that acknowledged responsibility to the popular branch of the Legislature, is

sympathetically sketched; and then the differences that led to the irrepressible conflict between the two great minds, neither of whom could tolerate the ascendancy or submit to the leadership of the other, Mr. Johnstone being the senior by eleven years, but whose differences, except on the "College Question," were more in methods than in fundamental principles, are instructively shown, free from the passion and prejudice likely to bias one who had been an active participant in the controversy.

But the review of a book must not anticipate its publication. The hasty perusal of these advance sheets has awakened my own memories, and, quite independently of what I have read, and the public will soon read from the gifted pen of the author, I am moved to give in the ensuing pages my own reminiscences and personal opinions and conclusions concerning the men and some of the events in which they were leading actors.

My memory extends back to the early part of this struggle, for I took an interest in current politics at an unusually early age. I was influenced by early environment to opinions very favourable to the principles and professions of Mr. Howe and his party associates, and from the press of the day with which I was most familiar, I inferred that Mr. Johnstone had but scant sympathy with popular rights and legislative and executive reform. I little knew that this same Johnstone had commenced life strongly imbued with Republican principles, but had gradually moderated these extreme views, remaining, however, a genuine Reformer and "Liberal," as we understand the word, in essential politics. It was his disposition to work steadily along safe and prudent lines in administering the affairs, moulding the institutions, developing the resources and securing the happiness and prosperity of this young country, with a population too small to be divided into hostile party factions

without serious moral and social injury; while popular agitation and excitement were the very breath of Mr. Howe's political life, and to be the idol of the populace, and command the rapturous applause of the multitude the object of his irrepressible ambition.

In Canada, as soon as responsible government was established, its supporters, called on by the popular voice to administer it, set themselves at once to justify it and prove its utility by the promotion of practical reforms, such as a system of free schools supported by the public and popular municipal, county and township institutions; and a writer on Canadian history has styled the Upper Canada Municipal Act of 1841 "the most notable first fruit of responsible government." Mr. Johnstone, while still in the Legislative Council and the principal adviser of the Lieutenant-Governor, framed and secured the passage of a measure removing the disqualification which deprived a constituency of the free privilege of electing any representative to the Assembly who did not possess a freehold within it; and during his four years of power, with a small majority, he carried a bill for simultaneous polling at elections, and placed on the Statute Book an Act for the incorporation of the counties, giving the people direct control over their own affairs, but unfortunately with a suspending clause, making its adoption in each county dependent on a popular vote, as in our present "Towns' Incorporation Act." Thus the first genuine, practical reforms in Nova Scotia emanated not from the so-called Reformers or Liberals, as in Canada, but from the man and the party generally represented as having been inimical or indifferent to the introduction and development of popular principles in colonial government.

The unceasing strife and turmoil that kept the country in a ferment during the succeeding years distracted the public attention from the truly

"liberal" measure, "The County Incorporation Act," until many years afterwards a new measure founded on it and promoted by another "Tory" government during a short term of office, was enacted and made compulsory.

Haliburton, in Volume 2 of the "History of Nova Scotia," page 415, had said: "The impolitic reservation to the Crown of the valuable minerals in the grants of land made to the people of this Province has diminished the interest of the owners of the soil to seek for what they could not enjoy, and the exclusive right vested in persons in England claiming under His Royal Highness, the late Duke of York, to all the mines and minerals of Nova Scotia not only renders them indifferent about the discovery of minerals but prevents them from communicating any information they may possess." The deplorable lack of the diffusion of education among the masses of our people, the fact that the great majority of the children of our poor were growing up without even the rudiments of education, were matters of common knowledge and of deep and painful concern to all right-minded and patriotic men. Little did I imagine, if disposed as a youth to exult in the Liberal victory of 1847, that that victory meant the postponement of the redemption of the mines and minerals of Nova Scotia for ten years, and delayed eight years longer still a system of free schools that would enable the poorest lad in the country, provided he had equal natural endowments, to take his place in life by the side of the youth most favoured by the accidents of birth and fortune—just the reverse of the result that followed the advent to power of the supporters of Responsible Government in Canada. Mr. Howe often complained of the mines and minerals having been parted with by the Crown to enable a profligate prince to pay his debts, but took no effectual steps to secure to the Province the benefit of her enormous and unknown

mineral resources during the whole of his first ten years of power. Of resolutions and protests there was no lack, but still the matter stood a perpetual cause of grumbling and complaint against the British Government, ready to be the subject of bitter agitation and excitement whenever the exigencies of party might render it necessary.

It seems providential that the change in the government of the Province that brought a practical statesman to its head took place just when it did, for the discovery of the gold mines of the Province soon after the final settlement of the question would have complicated the conditions and enhanced the terms upon which those interested parted with their rights to the Province. Mr. Johnstone in the spirit and with the instinct of the true statesman, on his return to power lost no time in seeking a redress of this really great grievance, and secured it without ostentation or excitement by wise and skilful diplomacy. This settlement adds to the present revenues of the Province every week enough and half enough again to pay the cost of a splendid statue of Mr. Johnstone; but, strange to say, we find no such monument yet erected. Surely such partiality as this should not prevail. Deeds, not words; achievements, not party names, should govern our estimate of the services of our departed public men. If one of these great men had succeeded the other on the stage of public life, instead of having been his contemporary and rival, probably the merits of each would have been equally seen and appreciated at the present day; but sympathy with one or the other in this or that controversy should not prevent their successors from duly honouring both, as in Ontario statues of Sir John Macdonald and Mowat and Brown are equally conspicuous in the same cities.

One of Mr. Howe's first measures on his advent to undivided power in

1848 was to add to the number of offices that must change hands on a change of government (these being confined theretofore to the three offices of Attorney-General, Provincial Secretary, and Solicitor-General), thus multiplying the number of prizes held out to aspiring politicians, and unnecessarily representing the Department of Finance by two ministers, a Receiver-General and a Financial Secretary. Here again we see the form and not the substance regarded; the theoretical ideal, not the practical result, aimed at; the machinery altered in its shape and proportions, reformed (if you choose to consider it so), but not put to the purpose for which such machinery is intended—wise and beneficent legislation, the object of all parliamentary and governmental machinery. This, as I have shown, was lost sight of and passed over, to be dealt with at a later period by the statesman now often accused by those who ought to know better as an enemy to reform and progress. During this period, however, Mr. Howe took energetic steps towards constructing railways in the Province. As government works, of course, they enormously increased his patronage, and the direct benefit of the roads to the places they traversed brought to the Liberal Government an accession of party strength, notably in the case of his old opponent, Honourable L. M. Wilkins, M.P.P. for Windsor, who took the office of Provincial Secretary as a stepping stone to the bench, while Mr. Howe left the Cabinet and became Chief Commissioner of Railways. For his service in inaugurating the construction of railways in Nova Scotia; for his zealous and uncompromising advocacy of popular government, accompanied although it was by no little unnecessary agitation and ill-directed acrimony; for the ability with which he convinced the Colonial Secretary that responsible government was not inconsistent with the status of a colonial dependency of the Empire; for such addresses as

those he delivered at the Detroit International Trade Convention, and at the "Howe Family Gathering" at Framingham, Massachusetts, in 1871, and for the spirit that inspired them; for his versatile literary gifts in poetry and prose, in the exercise of which the note of patriotism and loyalty was ever dominant; for the pains in which he was unsparing to bring the Province before the favourable notice of the capitalists and public men of Great Britain; above all, for his ardent Imperialism and devotion to the ideal of a united Empire governed in purely national affairs by a central parliamentary authority; in short, as one of Nova Scotia's greatest sons, Mr. Howe richly deserved the statue which an admiring people has erected to his memory; but his uncalled for and bitter personal invectives and lampoons on Lord Falkland, the Queen's Representative, and which he himself must have much regretted in later and more sober years, doubtless prevented his recognition in the bestowal of those imperial honours which were conferred on men much his inferiors in ability and service. The rancorous strain combined with satirical humour pervading his brilliant style in his early newspaper controversies left an abiding influence the reverse of elevating on the tone of the Nova Scotia press, and a sort of refined and sublimated scurrility became the ideal of less able writers and speakers who sought to imitate him. His failure was as a constructive statesman. He could tear down, but it was not his forte to build up, to devise and promote measures of practical utility. He could assail abuses with irresistible and fatal virulence, but he could not rear a shapely and useful edifice in place of one that he had demolished. He lacked the courage and simplicity of purpose to initiate and promote any great measure in which he was not quite sure beforehand of immediate popular support. He could expatiate on the virtue and necessity of responsible

government, but when after its introduction to Nova Scotia he assailed the Lieutenant-Governor, who acted on the advice of his responsible ministry supported in Parliament, he showed himself wanting in the perception and full knowledge of its practical operation. Dr. Bourinot in "The Story of Canada," page 326, says that Lord Falkland "became the mere creature of the Tory party led by Mr. Johnstone." As well might one say that the Earl of Aberdeen became the mere creature of the "Grit" party led by Sir Wilfrid Laurier. His diplomatic methods were aggressive, and it is hard to conceive of his accomplishing a settlement of the mines and minerals question without some disagreeable friction with the British Government and the representatives of the Duke of York. The redress of this grievance during Mr. Johnstone's second premiership, and the School Bill conceived at the beginning of his last and short premiership and carried by Dr. Tupper, his successor, overshadow in practical importance and perennial benefit to Nova Scotia all the combined achievements to the credit of Mr. Howe's fascinating genius and dominant personality in our provincial politics.

But I could never see that Mr. Howe had so far committed himself to a union of the provinces as to have become amenable to the charge so persistently made of inconsistency in opposing it when the elaborated scheme was presented to him in concrete form. He was perfectly sincere in preferring the unity and consolidation of the Empire to the union of British America, for he was an Imperialist "first, last and all the time." To demand less than repeal would probably be to get nothing by way of amelioration. His implied threats of resistance were intended to impress the Canadian and British Governments; they were a "game of bluff," but the people took them seriously, and many would have followed him if he had counselled revolts, but

it is impossible to justify his inflaming the passions of the people and intensifying their excitement beyond control by representing them as "sold to Canada for eighty cents a head—the price of a sheep-skin," and similar exaggerations and perversions; and I could not help attaching some significance to a statement he made to me that at the termination of his duties as Fisheries Commissioner under the Reciprocity Treaty, and before entering on his campaign, he had applied to the British Government for continued employment in the Imperial service; but the Minister whom he addressed did not even answer his letter.* If the application had been successful, he would not have been engaged in the controversy. His voice, if heard at all, would not have been in opposition.

One feature of our early party divisions I always found it hard to account for—the almost solid opposition which Mr. Johnstone and the party led by him encountered in those days from the great body of the Roman Catholics of Nova Scotia. Their own college of St. Mary's would have suffered with that of the Baptists at Wolfville if Mr. Howe's policy regarding denominational colleges had been successful. As a Baptist, Mr. Johnstone was a follower of the great Roger Williams, the pioneer Baptist in America, and lauded in American history as the first advocate of the principle that the State has nothing to do with the religious beliefs of the people; that all creeds should be equal in the eye of the civil authority. There never was a man less bigoted or more tolerant than he, and he seemed to me to have a becoming respect for the Roman Catholic religion, while its tenets were alien to his belief. Here again the party name attached to him by his opponents may have misled some who knew that the Tory

*I have felt a little scruple about repeating this, but after a lapse of forty-four years I deem it justifiable in the interest of history.

party in England had unduly delayed the removal of the disabilities under which Roman Catholics had long laboured in the Old Country.

Somewhat actively engaged myself in the struggle against Confederation and in close union with all the leaders in the opposition to it, I wish to place on record my opinion that the temporary unpopularity of the new School Law had nothing to do with the result of the election of 1867. The one question of Confederation absorbed all others in the public mind. People forgot for the time, in the excitement about the one all-engrossing subject, that direct taxation for the support of schools had been enacted. No doubt in some quarters and among a limited number, especially of old people who had paid for the education of their own children, the sudden imposition of a direct tax for the support of schools for others excited acute opposition and resentment, while on the other hand many strong Liberals were in favour of it. The friction necessarily caused by the sudden application of this new principle would have passed away by the next election; the poor man would have begun to see that he was getting his children educated at less expense than he could have done under the old system; the measure had the generous support of the Catholic Archbishop, and the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church were yet strong and practically unanimous in their support of Dr. Tupper's government; and I do not see how his enormous majority in the Assembly could have been reduced to a minority by the mere unpopularity of the School Bill in the election of 1867, if the question of Confederation had not come up. In the first place, no candidate could have been found to pledge himself for the repeal of the measure. A similar measure in New Brunswick did not affect the popularity of the Government in that Province, where the aversion to direct taxation is as strong as in Nova

Scotia, where it is by no means weak.

The Province of Cape Breton protested vehemently against union with Nova Scotia in 1820 and sent delegates to England to urge its repeal, although as a separate Province it had not enjoyed the benefit of representative institutions; New Brunswick emphatically rejected Confederation on the first appeal to her people, in spite of all the influence of her popular Liberal leaders Tilley, Fisher, Mitchell and J. M. Johnson; but at the second appeal a reaction had set in, largely caused by the Fenian raids, which had in the meantime taken place, one of the objects of which, as avowed by some of the invaders, was to prevent Confederation, an audacity at which the loyalty of the people revolted. They did not want to be in such company. Prince Edward Island rejected it for some years, and Newfoundland still holds aloof from it with what seems to us the obstinacy of ignorance, for the benefit she would derive by union with the Dominion would be immense. And so, I fear, would Nova Scotia have done, pervaded by the same dread of losing her autonomy and parting with a portion of her liberties in favour of larger provinces, among whose interests her own, it was suspected, would be overlooked if not deliberately sacrificed. In fact, the admitted necessity of Confederation to old Canada, where a system of double majorities had grown up out of the diverse interests and sentiments of the two Provinces, causing frequent "dead-locks" in the progress of legislation and administration, gave the scheme the appearance of a sacrifice of the smaller Provinces to the interests and convenience of the larger in the first instance. This opposition was increased and strengthened by the attitude of Mr. Howe, but it would have been strong enough to defeat the measure without his aid. The thoughtful, cultured, and well-informed few were probably about equally divided on the intricate questions involved; while the great mass

of the people who have less leisure for thought or study, the less intelligent in short, or the great majority of them at least, are always more likely to be swayed and led by those who tell them they are being imposed upon.

I do not hesitate to say to-day that Dr. Tupper took the only practicable and wise step available when he passed the measure as he did with his parliamentary majority, whose constitutional authority in the matter is indisputable. Nevertheless, it was a course that could not help exasperating and inflaming us all, and exciting against him for the time being the bitterest indignation and resentment. As my objections were to the constitutional terms of the scheme, and not to the principle of union, I felt, of course, galled at being deprived of the opportunity to press in a new House amendments to meet those objections. Everyone had his hobby. Mine was a limited central government with large powers retained in the local parliaments, as in Australia since, but this principle would not have been acceptable and I was afterwards convinced that it was wrong; and it is doubtful if even provision could have been secured that would have protected the smaller Provinces from any diminution in the number of members first allotted to them in the House of Commons. This amendment could be more easily obtained now. It seemed to me that Confederation was pressed on the people with too much haste, and in too dogmatic, arbitrary and imperious a spirit. The measure, from the tone adopted by many of its advocates, seemed one not designed to secure the perpetuation, but tending rather to the dissolution of our union with the Empire; to prepare us for the status of an independent nation; the term "new nationality" sounded ominous; to be stigmatised as disloyal for opposing what seemed to us the first act toward the sundering of our imperial ties was irritating

in the extreme, nor were our apprehensions relieved by such speeches as that of Lord John Russell in advocating the measure in the Imperial Parliament:

"In conclusion, I may express a hope that all these Provinces may flourish and prosper, and that if it should ever be their wish to separate from this country we may be ready to listen to their request and to accede to their wishes in any way they may choose."

Thus the idea of the dismemberment of the Empire became associated in the mind with that of Confederation to an extent not imagined at the present day.

Here I am tempted to try to institute a comparison between Mr. Howe and Sir Charles Tupper as party leaders. Mr. Howe understood human nature and was a good judge of men, and gifted with a genial adaptability of manner with which he could make himself and every one else feel at home with him in any kind of society. Dr. Tupper, on the contrary, while always courteous, with a becoming dignity of speech and manner, utterly lacked the magnetism for which Howe was distinguished. The strong, the dominant mind and will of Tupper was always in evidence; he could drive, but he lacked the attractiveness to enable him to lead. As he could not conciliate the affection of his supporters, except perhaps a few very near him, he had no affection for them. Howe never forgot a friend; Tupper never remembered one. After he had ceased to be of use to him he was thrown aside as of no account whatever. Take the case of the late Judge W. A. Henry. To him, who had been in the Assembly since a very young man, the Province and the Conservative party were under great obligations. As a Liberal, he had always been moderate and fair and went readily over to the support of Mr. Johnstone and Dr. Tupper in 1857, and gave his legal abilities to drafting the School Bill, which made Dr. Tupper famous, when they were members of the same gov-

ernment in 1864 and 1865. Defeated as Mr. Henry was on Confederation and sustaining repeated defeats afterwards for the Dominion and local Houses, owing to the continued unpopularity of Confederation in his county, Dr. Tupper evinced more and more estrangement from him, and but for the accession to office of the Liberal party in 1873, it is doubtful if he would have reached that high judicial position to which his signal services and professional ability alike entitled him. His mind, ever charged with some great scheme of policy, free schools, Confederation, a trans-continental railway, the "National Policy," the commercial independence of Canada as against commercial vassalage to the United States; in the face of opposition always violent and often unscrupulous; in his devotion to the emergency of the hour Dr. Tupper perhaps never paused to think of cultivating that chivalry for old colleagues and grateful sense of past help which was so amiable a characteristic of Sir John A. Macdonald and Joseph Howe, a characteristic largely dependent on innate qualities, but which seems necessary to successful popular leadership in Canada.

On the other hand, Dr. Tupper seemed to cherish no vindictiveness towards his opponents, which I fear was one of Mr. Howe's failings. Soon after Mr. Howe came into power in 1848 he caused a new Commission of the Peace for every county in the Province to be issued, in which a large number (it was said about a hundred) of old Conservatives were omitted, among them some of the most efficient and respected magistrates in their several localities. Much sympathy was felt for the victims of this piece of partisan retribution. Addresses expressive of this sympathy were presented to them; the Queen was appealed to, and the Colonial Secretary reminded the Governor that these men had been appointed under a different tenure, and that the honour of the Crown was affected by this

action. One by one they were nearly all re-appointed, the Colonial Secretary telling the Governor that but for his assurance to this effect he would have been visited by a severe mark of the royal displeasure. But the correspondence between the Colonial office and the Governor on the subject was not made public until Mr. Johnstone's return to power in 1857.

When the Provincial Secretaryship was made a political office, the previous incumbent, Sir Rupert D. George, was granted a retiring allowance. The increase in the offices to be changed at a change of government by the duplication of the Department of Finance, turned out the Provincial Treasurer, Honourable S. P. Fairbanks, an estimable gentleman of advanced years and long and useful service in the popular branch of the Legislature. He had been an opponent of Mr. Howe, and his fruitless application for a pension, and his appeal to the home Government for their intervention in his favour, elicited from Mr. Howe's pen a satirical effusion at his expense in the form of a parody on the "Beggar's Petition"—"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man," etc. A judicial retrospect of these proceedings cannot result in their approval. They indicate a lack of that generosity that should distinguish a great mind. They seem to us spots on an otherwise brilliant record.

The account of the way official patronage was dispensed under the old régime given by Reverend Dr. Grant in his booklet on Joseph Howe, page 48, is purely imaginary, like a good deal of its other contents; while it very accurately applies to the system of to-day, for it is now true that when a youth with as yet no party attachment applies for a position in the civil service, the question is likely to be asked on which side his father voted. The evils of the old system were of a different nature, and not adapted to corrupt the electorate, or degrade the public service.

To Mr. Johnstone's charge there

can be nothing laid mean in conception or unworthy in motive. His measure for the equalisation of the representation and redistribution of seats, abolishing the small and unequal township constituencies, in 1859, was admittedly calculated to deprive him of at least one seat. He had no taste and no gifts for the arts of deception and humbug. In all his political addresses he never delivered one in which his absolute sincerity was not apparent. It was the jeer of an enemy after the election of 1859 that he was too honest for a politician. The *ad captandum* phrase, the ribald jest, the repartee transgressing the bounds of decent humour, calculated to turn an opponent into ridicule or degrade his personality before the audience (in all of which Mr. Howe was an adept), never came from Mr. Johnstone. A deep sense of responsibility evidently governed all his words and actions. He would use no unworthy wiles or arts to win over opponents. If they came over to his side as the Roman Catholic gentlemen in the House did in 1857, it was entirely of their own accord. In private life the charm of his conversation was most fascinating. He was the soul of the social circles in which he moved. A highly cultured old lady, who knew him well in the days of his youth and early manhood, told me that he had a greater gift for that "small talk" by which social gatherings of young people are enlivened than any young gentleman she ever met in a widely extended social experience, but that unlike that of others, his "small talk" was always intellectual. The long wear and tear of a peculiarly trying political life may have rendered him more reserved in his later years. He was not appointed to the Bench until he had reached an age exceeding that at which it is now deemed necessary that a Judge should retire—seventy-two. He had a thorough, all-embracing knowledge of

legal principles, combined with the ability to comprehend and consider every detail of the most complex case. To him the law was not a mere accumulation of decisions and precedents, but a noble moral and intellectual science in which he was a profound master, as our great fellow-countryman, Simon Newcombe (just passed away), was in the physical science of astronomy. On a trial or argument of a cause, he was a model of patience, courtesy and thoroughness. In the discussion of the points incidental to the conduct of a trial, it was his habit to keep his face covered with his hand, as if to exclude distractions from without, and he never would interrupt counsel, but at the close of the discussion would give a brief but exhaustive decision in which not one point raised would escape him, and adding often reasons of his own, so that it was impossible to withhold concurrence in his conclusions. This reserve and self-restraint in such discussions were also peculiar to Sir James Carter, Chief Justice of New Brunswick, who, however, would rarely or never give his reasons. Similarly in his charges to juries, no detail or point of a case escaped him whether overlooked by counsel or not. Most of his decisions in equity cases were not reported and are now lost, much to the disadvantage of the Bar and the public. At the acknowledged head of the Bar, with such competitors as Alexander Stewart, W. B. Bliss, and S. G. W. Archibald, had he practised in England he would have attained to the Bench at middle age, as the son of the latter with less impressive gifts did, and would have adorned either of Her Majesty's Superior Courts at Westminster; and if he had in the flower of his age given to the public service of Great Britain the time and energy that he gave to that of Nova Scotia, he would certainly have reached the woosack.



THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.,
WHO WELCOMED THE PRESS DELEGATES

PERSONALITIES AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE

BY J. A. MACDONALD

IT is easy to forget the speeches: the historic scenes fade away; but at least a dozen men stand out distinct and unforgettable in the crowded programme of the first Imperial Press Conference. Some were scarred veterans, old before their time with the burden, that never seems to lessen, of Britain's government at home or overseas. Some were lusty new recruits who wield their unproved powers in such irregular and unexpected fashion that friends are made anxious and foes afraid. But those who held our keenest thoughts were the men marked with the dust and sweat of the day's conflict.

Nowhere but in London could there be found so many men of such distinction in statecraft and letters and empire-building. Never before were so many of them brought together as with one accord. That a Press occasion provided the platform was itself significant. Some of them gave of the best of their thought, and even though it was for only an hour there passed from them into the souls of the men from beyond the sea something of that subtle power which betrays the presence of Personality. It was that personal touch that made the Imperial Press Conference vital, memorable, unique.



MR. H. H. ASQUITH,
PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN



MR. LLOYD-GEORGE,
CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER

Lord Rosebery was the first. On the evening of the fifth of June he spoke Britain's welcome to the delegates from the Greater Britain. That was a great occasion. None but the Empire's greatest orator of Imperialism could match with fitting words the sentiment of the hour. Rosebery did it. But the eloquence of his speech was not in its carefully chosen words or in the regulated cadences of its tone or in the artless emphasis of pose or gesture which only seemed to be born of sudden impulse. By training as well as by temperament, Rosebery is an orator. He has the orator's moods. He takes the orator's risks. He achieves the orator's triumphs. He wins the orator's rewards. All these were his when he spoke his "Welcome Home!" to the Empire editors. The words are worth repeating, for they gave the key-note to much of what was best in all of the Conference that followed:

"Welcome home! Welcome home to the home of your language, of your liberties,

and of your race. Welcome home to the source of your Parliaments, of your free institutions, and of this immeasurable Empire. Welcome home to the supreme head of all these dominions, your Sovereign and mine, who is not merely the King of Great Britain but the King of Hearts. Welcome home to this and to anything besides that we in all brotherhood and affection can offer you. Welcome home!"

In that magnificent peroration Lord Rosebery struck his own true note. Sentiment and voice and eye and gesture, the pose of his body and the passion of his soul, all combined with the emotion of his hearers to an issue that for the most of us touched the high-water mark of postprandial eloquence.

Not that in my opinion the whole speech was of Rosebery's best. It was not. I heard him in Edinburgh twenty years ago when he let himself go in all the rush and abandon of untrammelled thought and speech. On that occasion he rose higher and sustained the height with more imperious wing. Again in Edinburgh,



SIR EDWARD GREY,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS



MR. REGINALD MCKENNA,
FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY

when the freedom of the city was given to his fellow Scot, Prime Minister Campbell-Bannerman, he broke out suddenly, in response to the irrepressible call of the crowd, into a panegyric and protestation of loyalty to his leader that for sheer power of eloquence eclipsed anything in his Press Conference speech. It may have been his native heath that made the difference. It may be that the intervening years with their empty chaff where grain should have been have not enriched the deep sources of true oratory and so only for a moment did the fires blaze with the light and heat of other days. Or it may be the fault was mine. For certainly the note of Rosebery's speech echoed and re-echoed through all the days that followed.

The fact is that note was struck so often by unskilled and unsteady voices that it almost became as an old song. Every time a speaker ran short of ideas but not of sounds he fell back on Rosebery's "Welcome Home!"

Rosebery's personality gave power to its first utterance, but on the lips of lesser men it dwindled and was lost in hollow-sounding words.

Mr. Asquith had scarcely time to dust the Budget out of his brain, and it took all his wits to keep his feet free from the snares set for him at every turn by the sleepless Suffragettes. He is not greatly different from what one might have imagined him to be. His mind is keen, well-stored and well-trained. He has nothing at all of Rosebery's rare intuition and surging emotion, but he has what Rosebery lacks, the power to achieve. He may not see visions or dream dreams. His policies and plans are fashioned on the anvil of fact with the hammer of logic. His enthusiasm is intellectual rather than emotional. He wastes no words. There is in him, as in at least two of his colleagues in the Government, something of the fire of the new Imperialism caught from Rosebery's own torch. With Asquith as Prime Minister and



ADMIRAL SIR JOHN FISHER,
AS FIRST SEA LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY



LORD CHARLES BERESFORD,
AN ADMIRAL OF THE FLEET

Lloyd-George as Chancellor, even the Budget is bound to go through, kept on sound and logical lines by the precision of the one and propelled to its high issues by the glowing ardour of the other.

Mr. Balfour is a winsome personality. He may not be a great leader. He seems to lack the definiteness of opinion and the decision of character required in leadership. *Finesse* may be with him a dangerous malady. If ever he comes to the Premiership again he will not have many inconvenient speeches to explain away. He is a master of that style of speech which seems to be unreserved and exact, but which under other lights can be otherwise read. He showed this art at the Conference. He was chairman on the day devoted to the Press and the Army. Lord Roberts was the hero-speaker. Conscription was in the air. For aught Mr. Balfour said the delegates were warranted in reckoning him as a supporter of the conscription resolution. But when

the moment came and the Conference called "Withdraw," he suggested that the resolution be not put to vote. I learned afterwards that he was opposed to its introduction. His speech at the Constitutional Club luncheon was exquisite alike in spirit and form. Once it swept within sight of Tariff Reform, not near enough to violate the proprieties or to compromise himself, but just enough to give his protectionist followers something to cheer for. That habit may have its advantages but it may be fatal to leadership.

In some respects Sir Edward Grey commanded the admiration of the Conference almost more than any other speaker. He has the unmistakable aristocratic air, dignified, self-poised, restrained, and the background of his political thinking is coloured with the Rosebery Imperialism. That must be remembered when listening to him or when reading his speeches at times of crisis. Grey represents one wing of the Liberal Cabinet.



LORD MORLEY,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA



MR. R. B. HALDANE,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

Lloyd-George the other. Both agree in their fundamental ideals and purposes, and by the coördinated, informed and progressive action of both wings British Liberalism is being carried forward with a programme of service to the nation and to humanity such as few governments ever attempted. Of course, efforts are being made to split the Government in two. The Imperialistic Tories are striving to capture Sir Edward Grey as they would fain think they captured Lord Rosebery. At the other extreme the Socialists pretend to claim Mr. Lloyd-George. Thoughtful onlookers very rightly regard these two distinguished British statesmen as standing at the two poles of one full-orbed truth, each the complement of the other, and by their purposeful coöperation the great interests of world-empire on the one hand and the no less urgent causes of social reform on the other shall together be evenly, adequately, effectively served.

Two very interesting groups of men

were in close touch with the Conference. One had to do with the Navy, the other with the Army. Mr. Reginald McKenna, First Lord of the Admiralty, is a young man to whom has been committed enormous responsibilities at a very critical time. He presided over the discussion of the Press and the Navy. He is thoughtful, steady, and free from jingoism, a good man to be at the helm these days. His First Sea Lord, Sir John Fisher, was our pilot the day we sailed through the "long sea lanes" of the Fleet at Spithead. Sir John is the most democratic of men, and out of storms of controversy he is emerging with credit. The chief critic of the Admiralty, Lord Charles Beresford, is much more interesting to newspaper men, because he is so delightfully outspoken. It was the Right Honourable Alfred Lyttelton who told us, that in discussing the Navy men were exposed to rhetoric on one side and to indiscretion on the other. He may have had Lord Charles in mind as



MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN

illustrating both dangers. "Indiscretion," he said, "is the more amusing to an audience, especially to an audience of the Press, but it has a way of recoiling formidably on the head of its author." No man talked with more agreeable indiscretion than Lord Charles Beresford.

Mr. R. B. Haldane, Secretary of State for War, became known to many of the delegates, for, like Mr. McKenna, he manifested a genuine personal interest in the Conference. He is a solid man. He masters the details of the problem he has in hand as of old he mastered his briefs for Canada before the Privy Council. He talked in private with evident pride of his Canadian briefs and recalled the days of Sir Oliver Mowat's Provincial Rights appeal cases. He has himself something of Mowat's four-square stability.

Lord Roberts was the war-hero of the Conference and although many think his "conscription" policy the work of "an old man in a hurry"—using Lord Randolph Churchill's de-

scription of Gladstone's Home Rule bill—he gripped us all not only by his speeches on special occasions but also by the cordiality with which he greeted individual delegates on all private occasions.

At Aldershot the most interesting personality was Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who was in charge, and who asked after the Canadians who served under him in South Africa with the affectionate interest of a personal friend. One did not wonder at the enthusiasm of the Canadian soldiers for Smith-Dorrien.

Two of the younger men in the front rank of the House of Commons were interesting to the delegates, both for their own sakes and for the sake of the names they bear. One was Austen Chamberlain, the other Winston Churchill. Personally Mr. Chamberlain is the more agreeable, but Mr. Churchill is the more interesting. Neither in his speeches nor in his conversations did Mr. Chamberlain betray any distinctive quality that would compel attention. His appar-

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL,
PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE

ently casual but really premeditated mention of "my father" drew from the delegates the instant applause which showed that the old-time Colonial Secretary is not forgotten. It is said that in the later years of his career in the House of Commons there were two men of whom Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was genuinely afraid—Mr. Lloyd-George and Mr. Churchill. That saying is probably true. Mr. Lloyd-George is able, alert, keen, nimble, fired with immense moral conviction, and is a most dangerous antagonist either on the platform or in Parliament, as several of the Lords have discovered during the Budget controversy. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain might well fear him.

Mr. Winston Churchill is of entirely different style. He is clever, amazingly clever, beyond all question, but he is exasperatingly imperturbable. They call him a "cad," and on all occasions feature his "lone hand" irresponsibility. His Conference speech was not specially dis-



EARL ROBERTS

tinguished, except for those who understood. He really wanted to break out on the "war-scare" Imperialism which he scented. That he held himself in check should be counted to him for strength. Even his friends say they are never sure of him. I heard his speech in Edinburgh in which he scored Lord Lansdowne over the "mincing" and "wincing" business, but it really was not half as bad as headlines of the reports and subsequent references made it appear. There are those who think Churchill will yet be a divisive influence in the Liberal party as Joseph Chamberlain has been in the Conservative party. Certain it is that he is not likely yet awhile to sink into obscurity.

Two Cabinet Ministers who are literary men rather than politicians greatly attracted the delegates. Of all those who honoured the Conference with serious and thoughtful addresses Lord Morley was for me the most interesting. He is not an orator as orators go. He speaks haltingly and with a certain touch of remoteness in his tone. There is nothing at all of unreserve or abandon. But, despite all this, John Morley is one of the grand men of the Empire. He has aged



THE EARL OF CREWE,
SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES



HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY, KING EDWARD

since he was in Toronto a few years ago. The lines have deepened in his face, dug partly by personal sorrow and partly by that awful burden of India. A less wise man or a less humane man or a less courageous man, and who can tell what unprecedented horrors India had witnessed during Morley's years of office. His sagacity, integrity and intelligent statesmanship, marking the lines of progress and creating the atmosphere of life, have done more for British rule in India than ever can be told except to those who can read the meaning of those furrows of care and that far-away look. Personal sorrow added a pang to his public burden. And through these years he has gone so steadily, so heroically, so bravely even though he saw no high purpose culminating either for the individual or for the race "behind the veil." As he spoke to us, with a note of pleading in his voice, calling us and all our fellow-journalists to stand against the rebarbarisation of the nations, I could not but regret that men speak

of him as one whose intellectual vision is not touched with religious faith. The story comes back, told me by Morley's former junior colleague in journalism, T. P. O'Connor, that in speaking of his new house at Wimbledon, with its great library and beautiful English rural scenery, Morley said: "It lacks a mountain." "Why a mountain?" "Because," said Morley—and there was infinite pathos in his saying of it—"because beyond the mountain there is hope."

Augustine Birrell is removed from John Morley as far as the East is from the West. They are one in their political ideals, but in all things that have to do with temperament and style and personal impression they belong to widely different types. Birrell was distinguished before he entered Parliament. Like Morley, his essays gave him rank as a man of letters before he was called to the vexing task of education and the still more vexed problem of Ireland. Beyond question he is justifying his political call. Under his leadership some real

headway is being made in Ireland. More has been done within the past three or four years, so the best of the Irish party say, than in as many decades in the past to get Ireland out of the rut of discontent and distress. The man who settled the university question did more than yet appears in helping on the settlement of the Irish question. But for the Press delegates Birrell was a most refreshing breeze. Members of the House of Commons are notoriously dull on the platform. The Lords are even duller. They are stilted and restrained, and need constantly the whip and spur of the campaign "heckler." But Birrell learned the platform style before he entered politics. His literary form is excellent, fresh and virile, and when he lets go either in Parliament or at a public meeting, it is as the rushing of a mighty wind. "Literature and Journalism" was the topic on his day at the Conference. Morley was in the chair, and his address was a masterpiece. Winston Churchill followed with a speech that called journalists to their high service as trustees of the English language and of British civilisation, using, not bullets, but words, and under obligation to use wise words, true words, words of honour and justice and peace. Then came Viscount Milner. Now, Milner is an Imperialist, both by nature and by practice, and his sympathies do not run parallel with those of Morley or Churchill or any of the Liberals. His Imperialism, to be sure, is dashed with disturbing Radicalism which separates him from the old reactionary Tory type as distinctly as from Lloyd-George and John Burns. But Milner is really an Imperialist, and when he followed Churchill a sudden change occurred. What a difference! Churchill is reckless, studiously reckless, while Milner is almost painfully conscientious and almost lamentably lacking in political sagacity. Plainly he did not relish Morley's warning against rebarbarising the nations with battleships and yellow journals. He

called it "dreadful nonsense," and, expressing the opinion that "the life is out of the discussion of 'Literature and Journalism,'" he declined to speak more than a few words in order that the delegates might get back to the discussion of imperial defence which had already absorbed almost the entire time of the Conference.

But Milner reckoned without his hosts. Even loyalty and defence are not all the things newspaper man care about. He reckoned also without Augustine Birrell, who followed him on the programme. Birrell swept through that conference hall of the Foreign Office inspiring as a breeze from the hills of Killarney, and all the war-microbes were blown out the windows. His speech in giving the toast at the luncheon by the literary and journalistic members of the House of Commons was a marvel of cleverness and brilliancy, and was spoken with that verve and vigour which redeems after-dinner speaking from being burdensome to the diners. Mr. Birrell is an interesting personality.

Mention of Milner recalls the names of two other Pro-consuls, Lord Curzon and Lord Cromer. All three have been in the high places of the Empire. To them was given the dangerous power of the autocrat. The autocrat in South Africa, in Egypt, or in India runs great risks. He makes or he breaks. In South Africa Lord Milner, with the conscience of a Puritan, but without the sympathetic insight of a leader of men, played the autocrat and lost. And when he saw all he thought to build turned upside down by the present Government in giving a free Parliamentary constitution to the now united colonies of South Africa, Milner could not rejoice. He was slow of heart to believe all that the statesmen of South Africa, Boer and British alike, had spoken. But despite this incapacity to understand or to believe, honour and admiration are due to Viscount Milner for his sterling qualities, his incorruptibility in the

midst of South African millionaire exploiters, and his earnest though sometimes mistaken efforts to make the British Empire a tower of strength and a moral force.

Lord Cromer turned to the delegates a strong, strife-scarred face. He, too, has suffered, but not in vain, for the Empire's sake in India and Egypt. Experience has taught him that political systems and political ideals suited to one race and one zone may not be suited to a different race in a different zone. He began an English Liberal with notions of democracy as the ultimate and universal form of civil government. Stern facts in India and even sterner facts in Egypt have taught him that there is no divine right of democracy, that governmental forces should be outward expressions of the inward life of a people, and that between the life-instincts of the Anglo-Saxon and those of the Oriental difference stretches wide as the difference between self-government and autocracy.

More autocratic than Lord Milner, more self-assertive than Lord Cromer, the man who rubbed many of the delegates the wrong way was Lord Curzon. A man of ability, of very decided ability, he certainly is. No weakling can be hated as Curzon is hated—hate is not too strong a term—both in India and in England. No small man rises to the Chancellorship of Oxford University. And yet he laid bare his limitations the very first day we met him. It was at the luncheon given at the Constitutional Club, the Conservative headquarters. One of the toasts was to "British Pro-consuls." By one of Fate's strange coincidences, the committee chose the one Press delegate who ought not to have been selected to propose that toast, in view of the fact that Lord Curzon replied. That man was Maitland Park, of the *Cape Times*, who, when in journalism in Allahabad, came into sharp antagonism years ago with Curzon over some matters of Indian interest. There was not room for

both in India. Now they meet in London, the man who had to leave proposing a toast to which the former Viceroy makes response. Mr. Park did his part in excellent taste, making amusing reference to the personal clash and the unexpected meeting under exceptional circumstances after so many years. But Lord Curzon in his reply "showed his teeth." He had not forgotten or forgiven. His shaft was strongly shot but it was dipped in venom. That personal sidelight explained in some measure why he got into trouble in India and why he is not finding politics in Britain a bed of roses or a roadway to fame.

But time would fail to tell of all who for their names' sake or their works' sake were at one time or another the observed of all the delegates. The Earl of Crewe held our special interest because of his official relations with overseas affairs, and he won our respect and confidence by his wise, dignified and conciliatory bearing on all occasions. Lord Escher was a perfect chairman, and as a guide, philosopher, and friend none could equal T. P. O'Connor, who never failed us. And many others there were.

Greatest of all among the personalities that came within the range of the Conference was the King himself. There he stood, with the gracious and beautiful Queen at his side, under the trees at Marlborough House, and as friends greet friends the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales greeted with unusual warmth and cordiality the press representatives from the outer Empire. Its simplicity was as impressive as was the stateliness of the pageant on the east lawn at Windsor Castle. At the heart of the Empire is a true Personality, and by his personal touch His Imperial Majesty found a heart of loyalty in the most democratic man among us. We found him, as Lord Rosebery said, "not merely the King of Great Britain, but the King of Hearts."

THE NEW ONTARIO "READERS"

BY ARNOLD HAULTAIN

TO choose and grade selections of prose and poetry for the whole Public School course is not an easy task, especially when we consider that those selections are supposed to perform various functions: to teach spelling and reading, grammar and parsing; to cultivate a taste for literature; to instill principles of obedience, bravery, and rectitude; to inculcate patriotism; to spur ambition — not even this enumeration exhausts their functions. Nevertheless the task is not beyond human capacity: there have been "Readers" before these new ones: how have those who are responsible for these performed that task?

To be candid, the new set of "Readers" authorised by the Minister of Education of the Province of Ontario reflects more credit upon the publishers than it does upon the compilers. The cover is neat, the binding strong, the paper good, the type large, the illustrations clear; and for all this excellence the price is astonishingly cheap—ranging from four cents for the "Primer" (ninety-six pages) to sixteen cents for the "Fourth Book" (four hundred and ten pages). It should be remembered, however, that in no case has anyone been paid for copyright: authors and publishers alike seem to have been most generous in giving permission to quote; and, since authors and publishers depend upon copyright for a livelihood, this generosity on their part towards the youth of Canada is well worthy the thanks accorded them in the pre-

faces of the Minister of Education. The publishers are the T. Eaton Company, Limited, of Toronto. The compilers preserve their anonymity.

From the point of view of what may be called the ethical value of literature, the compilers seem to have chosen judiciously. Courage and honour, obedience, kindness, love of country, implicit veracity, high resolve—all these the selections inculcate. But, from the inexhaustible treasures of English literature, it should not be so very difficult to obtain passages inculcating these virtues. All high art, including the art literary, is moral, as the great Goethe said, and as Ruskin was so fond of enforcing. It is from the point of view of what may be called the purely literary value of literature that we think we detect in these "Readers" some short-comings.

It was a maxim of that same great Goethe that, in matters literary, a thing ought to excel or it ought not to exist—which, if it is a platitude, is a platitude too often forgotten. That admirable and erudite critic Mr. Francis T. Palgrave did not forget it when compiling his second anthology of English lyrics. So extremely careful, indeed, was he to insert in his collection only that which time had declared to be excellent, to be permanent, that he excludes from it the work of all living writers, even though he was choosing for readers of mature judgment. Our compilers have placed themselves under no such restrictions

—even though their avowed object is (so we may assume) to educate the taste of youth, so that youth may discriminate the excellent from the unworthy, may imitate and learn from the one, and may avoid the mistakes of the other. All four "Readers" abound in selections from writers now living or but so very recently passed away, that Time has had no opportunity of sifting the excellent from the mediocre. And the selections seem to have been thrown together in the most haphazard of fashions. Order or classification there seems to be none. In the Fourth Book, Can-nif Haight's "Country Life in Canada" is succeeded by a line from Dante (with no explanation as to whence cited or by whom translated); this is followed by Archibald Lampman's "Heat"; then comes a portion of Proverbs, chapter IV.; then comes Felicia Hemans her "Bernardo del Carpio"; after which, apparently just to fill the page, are inserted two lines and a half from Shakespeare (with no mention of the play from which they are taken).—Surely this is rather a hodge-podge!

Again, on page 108 (of the Fourth Book) we find the termination of a passage from Lord Dunraven's "The Great Divide" followed by a single phrase (not a whole sentence) from the General Epistle of James (with no hint as to its source, and with no hint as to whether the phrase applies to Atropos or to the Deity—and it would fit either), and this followed by six lines which the pupil is informed are from "Clough."—Happy that unread but curious and eager pupil who, eager to learn, and thumbing his book in his lonely closet, can get real knowledge and a cultivated taste from a perusal of these snippets of "Literature." In the whole volume there are not half a dozen explanatory notes to help him; there is scarcely a date; there is not even an index. To find out whether "Clough" was, let us say, an ancient sage or a minor poet writing for a

modern cis-Atlantic magazine, this eager but unread pupil must wait until he can consult his master, or can procure the annotations which, we believe, are to be published separately.

On page seventeen, is a single sentence signed "Amiel." We picture to ourselves that same Public School pupil cudgelling his brains as to which particular dictionary of biography is most likely to contain the name of Amiel—whether ancient or modern, Greek, English, or French. Surely the compilers might at least have mentioned beneath that line "From the *Journal Intime* of Henri-Frédéric Amiel (1821-1881). Translated by Mrs. Humphry Ward."

At risk of giving offence, surely exception may be taken to the inclusion of so much that is so very modern. At the quotation that opens, and at that which closes, this Fourth Book (both from Mr. Rudyard Kipling) we will not cavil; though many will hold that Mr. Kipling has still to await the verdict of posterity. But, musical though it is, surely Miss Marjorie L. C. Pickthall's poem "Bega" (page 24) could afford to wait a few years before insertion in an authorised text-book for children. Are the compilers so sure of what is "excellent" in poetry that they can afford a page and a half to "Bega" and exclude some recognised and undoubted gem from the wealth of England's poetic treasures? Do they pit their judgment against that of posterity? There are four selections from Charles G. D. Roberts, four from Archibald Lampman, two from Frederick George Scott, and one from Milton. (There are really two, but the prose passage on page 229 is not considered worthy of a place in the Contents.)

On page 79 there are six lines with no heading and with the sole subcription "Hooper." Not even the Table of Contents will give the pupil any more light, for even the "Hooper" is there omitted.

Is the name of Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander (page 83) such a house-

hold word among Canadian Public scholars that no dates are necessary after her name? As she died only fourteen years ago, not every Public scholar will even know where to look for a biographical notice.

Four sonnets are given. But the youthful reader is not informed that they are sonnets; and, since few youthful readers know anything of the structure of a sonnet, would it not have been well to tell the printers to separate the quartets and the tercets by appropriate spaces? When once a sonnet is seen thus divided, its anatomy is not easily forgotten.

Not only do the compilers undertake to forestall posterity's verdict on poetry, they forestall it on prose also. (We take it for granted that nothing mediocre, nothing immature, nothing that, in Matthew Arnold's phrase, is not "of the centre" is in this Fourth Book deliberately inserted.) Is then, the following passage (Fourth Book, page 177) truly "of the centre," is it beautiful and immaculate prose? —

"Walrus wallow on the pink granite islands in huge herds. Polar bears flounder from icepan to icepan. The Arctic hare, white as snow, but for the great bulging black eye, bounds over the boulders. Snow buntings, whistling swans, snow geese, ducks in myriads—flacker and clacker and hold solemn conclave on the adjoining rocks, as though this were (sic) their realm from the beginning and for all time."

We see, too, that the compilers give their *imprimatur* to the word "spry" (First Book, page 96), which they will not find in Johnson, and which even the "Century Dictionary" admits to be "Provincial English and United States"; to the spelling "forego" (Fourth Book, page 172), which, of course, is wrong; to that extremely "vulgar error" the use of the word "bug" as applicable to all flying insects (First Book, pages 83 *et seq.*); and they show themselves so subservient to United States usage as to have the temerity to alter names in an old and time-honoured

English nursery-tale (see Primer, pages 48 *et seq.*).—The motto on the fly-leaf (beneath a Union Jack) is "One Flag—One Fleet—One Throne"; this tri-unity does not seem to imply One Language.

By the way, why this extreme carefulness to particularise (in a set of Provincial "Readers" authorised by a Provincial Government) the necessity for the unification of an Imperial "fleet"? Why not a unification of the divorce laws, or of the tariff, or of the laws of insolvent debtors?—all, we understand, said in certain quarters to be very much in need of Imperial unification.

The choice of illustrations seems to have been as fortuitous as the choice of selections. In the Fourth Book there are two portraits, one of the King (facing "Tom Tulliver at School") and one of Egerton Ryerson (facing "The Battle of the Pipes"); there are pictures of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa and at Toronto; there is a picture of four cows (facing "Sinbad the Sailor"); there is a picture of two steers; there is a picture of two horses; and there is a picture of Georgian Bay (facing "In a Cave with a Whale").

But after all, is it absolutely necessary that a set of Public School Readers should be wholly and purely "literary"? Are the claims of literature so paramount, and the claims of agriculture so subsidiary, that the rural youth of this Province shall, in its authorised text-books, have its attention turned solely to the former? The sons and daughters of the farmers of Ontario are forsaking the farm; the farms of Ontario are clamouring for help; acres upon acres of the farm-land of Ontario lie untilled, or but partly tilled, for want of willing hands and interested brains. And yet one would imagine, from a perusal of these Readers, that Ontario was a sort of Academe, where nor plough nor harrow nor binder were known. True, there is in the First Book a selection

called "How the Pony was Shod"; in the Second, selections called "How I Turned the Grindstone" and "The Man Who Did Not Like Work"; in the Third, selections called "An Apple Orchard in the Spring," "Corn-fields," "Work or Play"; and in the Fourth, selections called "Work and Wages," "The First Ploughing," "Country Life in Canada in the 'Thirties,'" and "Honourable Toil"—all combined, surely, a

very meagre tribute to the claims of rural labour. However, this is a broad subject and an intricate. All we ask is that the youth of Ontario should not, by means of its authorised Readers, be led to think that literature is a higher thing than labour, whether rural or urban. It is not. And, for ourselves, we can, in imagination, picture to ourselves a set of Readers which could, insensibly, inculcate that indubitable fact.

OCTOBER

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

October, poets sing and artists dream
Of your gold grandeur, of your heart of flame,
And your bold beauty is their endless theme—
Only with pity can I name your name.

A wistful woman have you seemed to me,
Not yet grown old, but leaving youth behind;
And lest with fading beauty, love grow cold,
Seeking some respite from your fate to find.

Spring speaks of hope and youth and bold emprise,
And Summer sings of love and all desire;
But Autumn's pageant tells a bitter tale
In glowing embers of a dying fire.

Now, smiling up at your dear love, the sun,
In trembling hope that he will not depart,
With every art do you bedeck yourself
Though vague forebodings fill your aching heart.

In vain, October, all alas in vain,
Thus artfully beerimsoning your cheek,
To dress your hair; in vain your brave, sad smile,
So brief the respite you may thus bespeak.

And so while poets sing their songs of joy
Of your false gladness and forced gaiety,
I only see a tortured woman soul
That seeks to hold a lover hopelessly.

MR. STORK'S MISCALCULATION

BY WILLIAM MACKAY

THAT which William Stork left out of his calculation mattered a great deal, as he was to discover later on. His preparations for the abduction of Hoppner's famous portrait of Lady Lessmore had been, humanly speaking, quite perfect. This painting hung in the picture gallery at Bodmin Towers. And Mr. Stork was working for a principal in New York.

Naturally he had selected a night on which there was no moon. He had negotiated an entry by means of a window in the servants' wing. A plan of the ground floor of the mansion made things easy to a gentleman of his professional eminence. He walked confidently through passages which he had never trodden before. His electric lamp discovered doors that conveyed from narrower into broader corridors. He simply opened them, and proceeded cautiously and noiselessly on his way, as surefooted as if he had been free of the stately home all his life.

Mr. Stork had displayed a proper consideration for the quality of the household on whom he was making this informal and nocturnal call. He was in evening dress. He invariably dressed for dinner, as he usually partook of that meal in West End restaurants. His clothes were admirably cut. He wore his watch in a fob, and from it depended a gold-mounted ribbon of watered silk from which hung a bunch of seals. For the rest he was a man of thirty, of military appearance, enhanced by a heavy cavalry moustache of blonde colour.

Among other things upon which the enterprising operator had calculated was that the inmates of Bodmin

Towers would all be a-bed at three o'clock in the morning, the hour of his visit. There had been a long and exhausting run with the Cottessmore. The whole house party had been in the field. The after-dinner "bridge" had been slow and perfunctory. The last stragglers in the billiard-room had retired to rest before one. The house was silent as the grave. William was in luck. It was what he would have termed "a soft job."

His approach was absolutely silent, for his patent leather pumps were provided with felt under-soles. With a deftness only acquired after long and patient practice he opened the door leading to the hall without betraying himself by a sound. He was now warm on the scent, for the picture gallery was on the other side of the fine oak-panelled hall which he was now about to enter.

He crossed the threshold, and became aware in a moment of the fact that he had made a miscalculation. A single electric burner shone cold and steadily just above the big open fireplace, and under the light two people stood facing him. They had turned suddenly from the white, but still smouldering, logs. Although William Stork's entry had been noiseless, some instinct informed the pair of watchers of a third presence. The situation was not without its piquancy.

For a few seconds, which under the conditions stretched out into minutes, the three people stood regarding each other. Then William Stork instinctively settled on his plan of campaign. He walked slowly towards the watchers, smiled ingratiatingly, and quietly

and quickly took stock of them so that he might hit on the style of address and line of conversation best calculated to disarm suspicion. Also he felt impressed with the necessity of speaking in a tone inaudible beyond the four-square in which he stood. One of the two inconvenient witnesses of William's intrusion was a young man of about twenty-five. Him he at once set down as an officer in the army. The noble owner of the house had, Mr. Stork had ascertained, no son. Therefore the young man was a visitor. The young girl who stood beside him was eighteen years of age. She also, he argued, must be a visitor, for the daughters of Bodmin were married women with children of their own. This young girl was sweetly virginal.

The nocturnal visitor was relieved to note that, whereas he was able to show a confident and assured front, the young things by the hearth were manifestly distressed, confused, apprehensive. His object, therefore, should be to conciliate them and get rid of them.

"Couldn't sleep a wink," he whispered low, putting his hand before his mouth as though to stifle a yawn.

The two loiterers looked at each other, interchanging a glance expressive of the utmost helplessness and hopelessness.

Bill Stork continued:

"Never can manage to sleep the first time in a strange bed. Got down here by the last train. 'Leven o'clock before I got to the Towers, so I went straight to my room. Had a heavy day on the Stock Exchange. And after I'd got into my sables I fell asleep in a much too comfortable arm-chair. When I woke up just now I felt I dare not go to bed and lie tossing awake there all night. And here I am. See? Have a cigarette, *do*," he said, passing his case to the man.

It was the turn of the young man now to cultivate a conciliatory attitude. He accepted the proffered refreshment and struck a light. But

beyond acknowledging the newcomer's civility with the single word, "Thanks," he said nothing. His uneasiness increased as though affected by the growth of Mr. Stork's confident familiarity.

"But I should introduce myself," said the gentleman in the felt-soled footwear. "I'm Suttlar, Lord Bodmin's broker. I'm a pretty straight man across country, and his lordship is good enough to invite me down sometimes for a couple of days' hunt-in'. Good on him. What?"

The young soldier by the hearth was not to be outdone in politeness, and proceeded to introduce himself and the lady with whom he had been discovered in what even a man in Stork's stratum of society felt to be a compromising situation.

"My name is Strangeways," he said in a hesitating way, "and the lady is Miss Derry; and although you and I are comparative strangers I am about to—er—ask you a favour."

"My dear Captain Strangeways, I am entirely at your service," said Mr. Stork, with effusion. "Pray command me."

"I have merely to request that when you see our host and his guests tomorrow you will say nothing of this meeting."

"Just as if I should do such a thing!" said William, in a tone of hurt reproach.

"Thanks for the assurance," said the other.

"Assurance is the word!" said Mr. Stork—to himself.

The lovers—for such they evidently were—did not accept the assurance as a hint that they might, if so disposed, retire to their respective rooms. The girl seemed eager to intervene in the conversation; and eventually she did, pale-faced and trembling, to this effect:

"Oh! Mr. Suttlar, you have a kind face. I'm sure you are a good, good man!"

"My friends are indulgent enough to tell me so," admitted the unabashed

marauder, as he bowed deferentially.

"I believe," whispered the girl shyly, "that Providence has sent you to our aid."

"Sure thing, dear young lady," observed William confidently.

"Hector!" she said, turning to her lover, "I shall tell Mr. Suttler *All*."

"In the matter of confidences I'm a perfect Chancery Lane Safe Deposit," replied Stork airily. "Try me!"

Captain Strangeways shrugged his shoulders and said nothing.

Miss Derry moved quite close to the stranger.

"Hector and I are engaged," she explained with downcast eyes and quivering lips; "but my people won't hear of it. I have the great misfortune to be a wealthy heiress, and Hector is a younger son with his allowance and his pay."

Mr. Stork's interest in the happy pair became redoubled when he heard of the lady's financial position.

"Money," he said sententiously, "is dross. I've handled heaps of it in my time. A barrier of filthy lucre is no end of a nuisance in cases of this sort."

"We were thinking of running away," she added as a sequel to her first disclosure.

"Now?" inquired Mr. Stork eagerly.

The girl nodded in emphatic assent.

"Then I'm your man!" said the stranger cheerily.

"I knew it, Hector! I felt confident that Mr. Suttler was sent here to help us," whispered the girl, turning a bright face to Strangeways.

"What would you advise?" asked the Captain, with something less than enthusiasm in his tone.

"You know the 'lay' of the estate I suppose?" inquired Stork.

"Perfectly," answered Hector.

"You must open one of the windows of the big dining-room. That will let you out on the terrace. Go along the terrace to the south and down the steps. Go on south till you come to a path that leads under the

wall of the gardens. It takes you right to the plantation and there runs through the wood. Keep to the path for half a mile. There you'll come to a gate. It's open. The gate leads into a lane. In the lane you will find me waiting for you in a motor. Slip off, the pair of you, and get some wraps and things. And if I were you, Missy, I'd bring my jewel case along. It may come in useful. There's no knowin', as the sayin' is. Do you follow me? What?"

"But how on earth are you going to get a motor at this uncanny hour?" inquired the matter-of-fact Strangeways.

"You leave it to me, Captain," replied Mr. Stork encouragingly.

"Trust him for all in all or not at all," quoted Miss Derry.

"That's right, young lady," urged Stork, looking at his watch and feeling anxious about the flight of time. "Codlin's the friend, and quick's the word. I've got to run into the picture gallery for a minute. You slip off and do a bit of quick change. Be nippy about it. You'll find me and the machine in the lane. So long!"

He crossed hurriedly towards the entrance to the picture gallery. The eloping pair turned to the wide staircase.

Stork softly commenced to open the large double doors that gave admittance to the Bodmin Gallery.

He was about to discover that his miscalculation extended to the interior of the saloon containing the famous collection.

With characteristic skill and caution he opened the heavy oaken doors without causing a sound. He crossed into the gallery and—stopped dead. For here he was brought up "all standing," as they say at sea, by a sight which froze the marrow in his bones and set him stony as a statue on the spot on which the sight of the grim vision had arrested him.

An electric point shone above the portrait of some dead Bodmin who had followed the profession of the

Law. He was depicted there by that pleasing and plausible painter, Sir Thomas Lawrence, in his judicial scarlet. And beneath the judge's portrait stood the original, shaven-faced and crimson-clad, "staring right on with calm eternal eyes."

William Stork had run up against the celebrated Bodmin Ghost. For a fortnight William had been pottering about the neighbourhood in the innocent disguise of a gray-bearded archæologist. It had been his business to pick up all sorts of information concerning the people at the Towers. And you may be sure that more than one old gossip had given him full particulars of the spirit that haunted the mansion and interfered now and then with the comfort of its guests. But he had not for a moment calculated on being confronted by the inconvenient spectre.

Stork was a man of high courage and of infinite resource. His sinister avocation, indeed, presupposes those qualities. But—as is commonly the case with gentlemen adopting the career adventurous—he was as superstitious as a peasant from the Bog of Allen. He would not have refused the challenge of a couple of armed men; but the hair of his head rose at the sight of a single uncorporeal presence. It should be borne in mind that this was William's first ghost. His courage, his presence of mind, his great powers of initiative failed him. He stood silently gazing at the ghost, and the ghost stood silently gazing at him. He drew his revolver from his hip pocket. The act was instinctive, automatic, unconscious on his part. For the next moment he turned quickly and tip-toed out of the gallery, reflecting sadly that the Lessmore Hoppner was not for him, and that he must console himself as best he might with the jewels which Miss Derry was even now conveying to the Panhard that awaited him in the lane.

As he turned to go he heard the ghost follow him. He was afraid to look back. His cautious exit became

a panic flight. And behind him sped the ghost. Frenzied beyond the scope of mere word description, William swerved in his course, caught his foot in the corner of a skin rug, and fell sprawling, face downward, on the floor. As he fell his gun dropped from his hand, struck the edge of a chair and exploded with a noise that in the oppressive silence of the night seemed loud as a thunder-clap.

The ghost from the gallery, following, threw himself on the prostrate body of the burglar, pinning him to the ground and shouting the while the cries demanded on such occasions.

"Thieves! Fire! Murder!" howled the grisly captor.

"Y-y-your not a ghost!" groaned the man beneath.

"Have I the grip of a ghost?" inquired the top dog, renewing his calls to the household.

"You've the grip of a patent mangle," admitted William; "but let me go. Give me a change. I've taken nothing. Upon my Sam, I haven't. I'm a bit of a connoisseur—like yourself—and wanted to have a quiet look at the Bodmin Collection. I'm no sneak-thief, guv-nor. Lemme go and you shan't regret it. I've got the highest credentials, and I am a strictly honest Injun."

"That, I suppose," observed the sarcastic spirit, "is why you carry a six-shooter and wear felt soles on your pumps."

"You're uncommon hard on a fellow that's—er—down," suggested the intruder reproachfully.

"You'll soon be a fellow that's up—locked up. See?" observed the captor cheerily.

For figures were now seen approaching from all points. Mr. Stork, crestfallen but complaisant, was allowed to rise. A couple of footmen took hold of him gingerly, one on either side. And his captor picked up the fallen weapon.

Lord Bodmin, in pyjamas and a fur coat, came forward to interrogate his younger brother, who was the

ghost of this particular narrative.

"Lucky thing you happened to be about, Tom," said the owner of the Towers.

Tom drew his red dressing gown about his thin, old figure.

"Yes," he admitted, "although I was after other game. I aimed at a pheasant and I brought down a crow, it seems."

"Too late and too cold for your cryptic sayings, Tom," said his lordship; then, addressing the servants, he said, "Lock the fellow up securely and set a watch over his place of detention."

Having said which, Tom and his lordship retired.

The servants, having disposed of their prey, proceeded to examine the premises by way of ascertaining the method of his entrance. In this quest they failed. For finding that the door of the outer hall had been unbarred and was open, they incontinently and illogically determined that their captive had come in that way.

That was the way by which Strangeways and his charge had departed. They had picked up some wraps in the outer hall and sped off on the path indicated to them by their friend, Mr. Suttlar.

And when they arrived at the door in the wall, it was, as that kind gentleman had indicated, unlocked. They opened it and passed through. There stood the Panhard even as he had promised. But the gallant owner had not put in an appearance. Strangeways helped his excited charge into the tonneau. Then he examined the machine. Her lights were all masked; but he could see from the capacity of the bonnet that the engine was one of considerable horse-power. He rejoined Miss Derry in the tonneau.

They waited long — hours as it seemed. Suttlar had failed them. He had fallen asleep, perhaps, or had encountered some other member of the house party who had been unable to sleep and had taken to prowling about the mansion.

Presently Strangeways stood up in the car. He had heard, he thought, sounds in the direction of the house; and now he imagined that he saw lights flashing in the grounds around the Towers. He struck a match and looked at his watch. An hour had gone by.

"Something's happened, my dear," he said hurriedly, "and I'm going to borrow Suttlar's car, if I may."

"I'm sure the dear fellow would be delighted," she answered eagerly. "Mr. Suttlar is a really kind, good man, and I'm sure he would do *anything* to help us."

"Seems to me as if we were about to help ourselves," said the male fugitive, alighting.

He unmasked the big acetylene lamps. He grasped the starting handle and listened for the flutter that announced ignition. Then seeing that the lady was comfortably covered in the wraps they had commandeered, he mounted the driving seat, took out the clutch, put the speed lever into the first speed slot, and let the great car move easily along the lane. Soon she swung into the open road. The highway was broad and even. The lamps showed the course as with the light of day. And after a mile had been passed the fond driver had put her into her highest gear and was flying along the track at racing speed.

Their immediate objective was Dover. They stopped once on the journey for breakfast and reached the seaport at mid-day.

This gave them time to purchase a portmanteau and a Saratoga, as well as a few articles of wearing apparel, before boarding the Calais boat.

It also afforded them the opportunity of forwarding to Mr. Suttlar an effusive telegram of thanks in which they gave him the address of the garage at which they had left the Panhard.

The marriage took place at the Paris Embassy.

The telegram addressed "Suttlar" was never delivered.



ALL NATIONALITIES PLAY AND TALK TOGETHER AT THE WINNIPEG SCHOOLS

THE REFINING PROCESS

BY GEORGE FISHER CHIPMAN

"It was the aftermath of the Galician celebration of yesterday. There were men with faces scratched and gashed, men with parts of their noses missing, men with chunks chewed out of their ears, men and women with bandages of all sorts and colours. The story told by the police who were on duty last night was equally lurid. The battles raged all over the foreign settlement, and in the later stages it was simply a case of gathering up the victims and stacking them where they would not suffer from exposure. There were drunken and battered men in sheds, on sidewalks and in the ditches. A woman threw a beer keg through a door, smashing it from its hinges. A man stole a keg, was seen getting away with it, and was hammered over the head with a stick of wood till he joined the "dead ones." The police had no time to make arrests, for they could not be spared from the difficult task of keeping the gang of sots from killing each other. The whole affair was bestial in the extreme. Gangs of foreigners are besieging the (police) station to-day, wanting to lay informations against others who beat them up during the carousal."

THE foregoing quotation is from a Winnipeg daily newspaper and describes the north-end (foreign quar-

ter) of the city on Sunday night, April 11, 1909. It speaks for itself. Lent was over — then the deluge. Nothing will give a better reason why the patriotic people of Winnipeg are on the defensive in endeavouring to educate and Canadianise the foreign immigrants. That description could hardly be of a Christian community as it is ordinarily understood. The danger is imminent. If that element is not subdued it will surely leave an indelible mark upon the future citizenship of Winnipeg and consequently upon the entire West. Why search the foreign fields for missionary work when there is such abundant opportunity so convenient and waiting? The refining work is going on, but the forces are utterly inadequate.

More "foreign" homes are being reached through the public schools than through any other medium in the city, and the result is extremely good. Several thousand children from "foreign" homes meet together on the school-grounds with the children from Canadian homes, and soon the

common language of all is Anglo-Saxon. The foreign children are quick to pick up English words, and their vocabulary increases so rapidly that there are a majority of cases where the children are much more proficient in English than the parents. In addition to the ordinary work of the schools, the boys have the advantage of the manual training work above grade four, and this has a splendid disciplinary effect upon them and gives a tendency towards usefulness.

task is already half accomplished. But they in doing this are also preparing themselves to take a full share in the work of the city and country to which they belong.

Military drill has become an important feature of the training at the public schools of Winnipeg, and no boys take up this work with more enthusiasm than do the young foreigners. They are wonderfully proud of their ability to compete with all comers. On review days they are out



THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL, WINNIPEG, ON THE BANKS OF THE RED RIVER

The girls receive regular lessons in sewing and cooking. The general principle of making children dissatisfied with their homes is not good. But the object of this work is not with that in view. The boys and girls are being shown how best to develop those powers with which they were provided by nature. If they can go home and improve the manner of living, provide better food and clothing from the same material, and raise the moral standard of the home the great

with uniforms and rifles, and with the roll of martial music in their ears they march past the grand-stand in battle array. Winnipeg citizens appreciate this side of the training and see more of it than any other of the school work, it being conducted out of doors. This exercise is developing not only the moral fibre but the physique of these boys and should the day ever come when the tocsin sounds all will be Canadians and distinctions will be forgotten.

The Winnipeg public-school system is among the best and something to boast of considering the obstacles to be faced. It has been an almost superhuman struggle to erect buildings fast enough to accommodate the children, and though six large schools were erected last year they are still over-crowded. The building must go on for years to come. The school population in the "foreign" quarter is very large and increases more rapidly than in any other quarter of the city.

great pressure involved in providing accommodation for the children of school age has practically prohibited any such work as opening kindergartens, which would add immensely to the enrollment in the schools. This work has been left to private generosity, but it will no doubt be ultimately a part of the public school system.

Night schools have been in operation in Winnipeg during the last two winters in connection with the public



ALL PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE, WHERE CHILDREN ARE PREPARED FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

A scheme has been adopted of naming the various schools after men of eminence, and the names of King Edward, Strathcona, Lord Selkirk, and Cecil Rhodes will in themselves come to mean something to the foreign children in days to come, as they daily see the names over the portals of their school and learn their significance. Up till the present time Winnipeg has not incorporated with its public school system the kindergarten training for the younger children. The

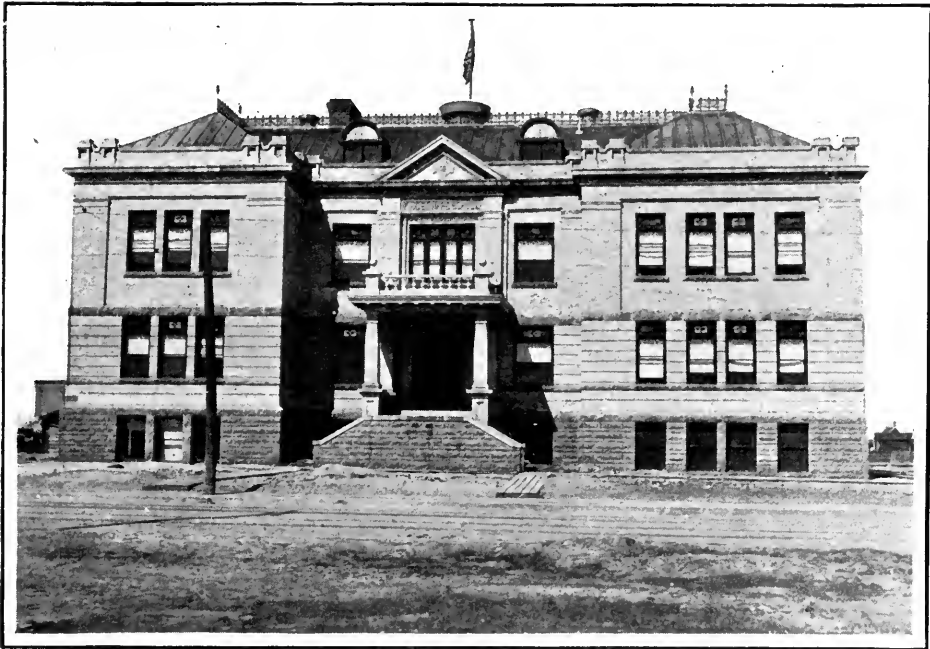
system. The attendance at these night sessions has been large, and there has been a large proportion of foreign pupils, mostly Jews. They range in age up to the gray-haired, and are of the class who are employed in factories and other industries during the day and unable to attend the day schools. An active interest is taken in the work by all pupils, and the foreign pupils evince a most laudable ambition to improve their qualifications and prepare themselves

to take better positions than those in which they are at present occupied.

Though the public schools reach a great many homes, it is indirectly, and the influence is often so light as to be little felt and is possibly not kindly received at home. Through the medium of the churches this closer and more sympathetic coöperation with the foreign homes is secured. The officer who goes into the homes with even the slightest shade of authority

have been hidden from them thus far. When the mothers can be induced to approve of missionary work in this manner, then there is strong hope for the future. The missionary field in Winnipeg has as yet been but scratched and the field of operation is widening nearly as fast as the workers are coming into it.

Of the work being done among the foreign peoples by the churches, the Methodists have been more aggressive and have got into closer touch with



KING EDWARD SCHOOL, WINNIPEG, WHERE SEVERAL HUNDRED FOREIGN CHILDREN ARE BEING CANADIANISED

is immediately out of sympathy with the foreign parents. Of course they obey orders, but the kindly feeling is not left in the breast. It is the volunteer workers in the cause of Christianity who have no selfish ends to serve, who enter these homes without power, and who enlist more or less sympathy on the part of the parents. As a matter of fact, the mothers have been induced to attend institutes where they may learn some of the secrets of housekeeping that

the home life of the people. The chief agency has been All People's Mission, under Rev. J. S. Woodsworth, as superintendent. This branch of that church's work has grown steadily until there is now one well-equipped central institute and three branches. The work done through these institutions is deserving of mention, as it seems the best yet undertaken to perform the assimilative work so necessary. Two kindergarten schools with more than one hundred



THE CENTRAL INSTITUTE OF ALL PEOPLE'S MISSION, WHERE A GREAT ASSIMILATIVE WORK
IS BEING DONE



A GROUP OF YOUNG KINDERGARTEN WINNIPEGGERS WHO WILL SOON BE READY FOR THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS

children attending are kept in operation during the year, the largest percentage of the children being Polish. The work reaches the homes of English people as well as Hebrews, Germans, Poles, Ruthenians, Hungarians, Bohemians, Russians, Roumanians, Icelanders, Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, and Syrians, giving an idea of the cosmopolitan character of the work.

The work of All People's Mission is carried on by the superintendent and an assistant, together with two students and nine women, four of whom are regularly ordained deaconesses. Two of the deaconesses take charge of the work among the older girls and aid them through sewing and cooking classes, kitchen garden classes and various clubs, in this way reaching upwards of three hundred girls. The work with the children and older girls opens the doors of several hundred homes in the "foreign" quarter to the deaconesses and workers at the Mission. There are a great many helpers at the Mission from all denominations in the city and the work done by the Mission is not at all of a denominational character. Considerable work is done with the boys by means of brigades and clubs. The Sunday schools at the Mission have been very successful, and in the different schools there are nearly four hundred pupils in attendance. Night schools reach a number who do not attend the public night schools, these being chiefly of people from South-eastern Europe. One of the interesting and hopeful features of the work is the classes or meetings for foreign mothers, largely Polish. They are taught sewing and some branches of housekeeping and are also given a taste of the great civiliser—a cup of tea before the break up of the meetings. Then there are others among the mission workers who devote most of their time to visiting the homes of the foreigners, where much assistance is given, particularly where there is illness. The great lack is for work-

ers, and the opportunity awaits scores who have a desire to aid the strangers to Canadian life to more comforts than they have yet enjoyed.

The work of All People's Mission is done in coöperation with the other organisations that have the same object in view, such as the public schools, the Associated Charities, the civic health department and the probation officers. The organisation of the Associated Charities has brought relief to many heretofore unprovided for, and the Charities are now carried on with more system. The civic health department has a different method in its work from the mission work. The health officials inspect the homes of the foreigners, and where filth and over-crowding is found the landlords are warned, and if they refuse to obey they are summoned to the police court. It is a daily occurrence to have a number fined for packing too many boarders in sardine fashion into one of the foul houses of the "foreign" quarter. Remarkable improvement has been made in this direction, but there is still room for more, and the good work is going ahead.

Various other works are being carried on by the denominations, but the Presbyterians are the only ones that have started a newspaper printed in Ruthenian to aid in the work. In Manitoba College, under the same denomination, there is a class of Ruthenian students studying to take up work as teachers among their own people when they have qualified. The Roman Catholics and the Greek Catholics have churches among the foreigners conducted by people of their own nationality, and are thus reaching a great many of them. All the churches in the north-end of the city do a good share of foreign work. The Baptists have a large number of foreign children attending their Sunday School classes and are also reaching them through city missionaries speaking their own language. A colporteur is also engaged distributing Bibles and

other religious literature. Russian, Scandinavian, and Russian Baptist preachers are bending their energies to the improvement of conditions among their peoples and are receiving the support and sympathy of the missionary workers of the city. A great deal of this kind of work is being done quietly and is accomplishing much.

The establishment of a juvenile court in Winnipeg under the wide powers of the Juvenile Delinquents Act has brought into the city a new influence and a power that can do immeasurable good for the younger generation. Winnipeg has the first and only juvenile court in Canada under this act, with Honourable T. M. Daly as judge. Mr. Daly is also police magistrate of the city. The juvenile offenders are now dealt with in different fashion from the hardened criminals, and by means of a detention home and parole system the handling of youthful offenders has a remedial effect. The good work done at Denver by the juvenile courts can be repeated in Winnipeg.

There are also a number of small undenominational institutions in the city that are doing a remedial and necessary labour among the foreign and poor people. The Free Kindergarten is supported by private subscriptions and is training the young children in its two schools and preparing them for the public schools. The Presbyterian Church also has a kindergarten school in operation in the centre of the "foreign" colony. The Children's Hospital is a new institution, but it has already found many patients where good can be done, and this is another avenue of private generosity. The Children's Aid Society is a private institution supported by

the citizens and accomplishing a laudable preventive work in caring for neglected and abused children and providing them with good foster homes. There is also a free dispensary being conducted by a number of the city physicians, where treatment and prescriptions are given to the needy.

One of the most recent of the institutions that have been started by private subscription is a day nursery where young children are cared for if their mothers are aiding in the support of the household. There is room for a vast amount of assistance to be given in this direction, particularly as the foreign women and the needy in all classes are doing much to assist in the support of their families and are helped in this respect in having their children cared for free.

It seems somewhat unbusinesslike, and there is surely some waste of energy, in having so many good institutions working along similar lines but independently. Suggestions have been made to have all the assimilative work among the foreigners organised under one association, particularly as it is all of undenominational character though done by denominational workers. This will, no doubt, be accomplished, and when it is placed on a business basis and becomes more widely known, financial assistance will be more readily given. The city, the Province and the Federal Government have splendid opportunities to aid in the assimilative work, as they are doing but little in this respect at present. Possibly the home missionary work will some day be taken up by the fashionable element of the city, who will devote their spare time and money where it will do more good than at present.



TALES

FROM ANCASTER CHURCH-YARD

BY GERALDINE STEINMETZ

WHAT man of a reflective turn of mind does not find much to think of in wandering through an old church-yard? There is the old stone church, dating from pioneer times, and, sequestered in the grave-yard, mossy weather-worn stones and some few shining granite columns. The old and the new life of the village is chronicled here, for, after all, what longer record is needed than the simple dates of birth and death? Beside that of the head of the family, is the wife's slab, "Sacred to the memory of Mary, beloved wife," and the children's smaller stones. It is the record of the race.

Do not think it is gloomy or sad here in the warm, summer sunshine, among the grave-stones and the grass, under the gently-swaying trees. One looks upward. There are the white, fleecy clouds streaming through the rain-washed air against a sky deeply, serenely blue. What reason here for either sadness or hopefulness? It is as it has always been. The inevitableness of life and death is not softened by the heavens above.

The stones about one, then, have they no message — of sorrow, of gloom, of hope, of earthly life, of immortality? There is one certainty: hidden, crumbling in the earth, are the skeletons and the ashes of men and women and children. Have you thought of the significance of this long, ancient, unending succession of

corpses that form the foundation and reason for the grave-yard?

And then consider the one other certainty—around the old church, in the old houses, and in the new houses, are the new people. What message, then, what meaning, in the reality of life, have the inscriptions on the tombs?

"Sacred to the memory," one reads mechanically. They are common, but when one thinks of the meaning of these words they are appalling. They are intelligible to all. But, stay, are they? What does "sacred" mean? What is the "memory"? The words become in a moment like strange hieroglyphics, to interpret which a religion or a philosophy is needed. Then, probably, they are unnecessary or mocking.

Be careful what you will order for your tomb-stone message, my friend. It is all you may leave behind. And yet, does it matter? In a few years even the stone crumbles. The earth is a vast tomb. But, again, it is as certainly pregnant with life. The individual dies in the universal life, but the universe continues forever.

One thinks of the energy that once moved these motionless inhabitants of the grave. It is gone. In the summer sunlight the white stones shine against the green grass. What, then, did this energy accomplish when it stirred and beat in the minds and hearts of living beings?

The records on the tombs are usually scant, or stereotyped. Sometimes the formal brevity conceals a life-story burning with passion, overflowing with action. But, one surmises, this is not always so—most of the lives have been as conventional as their descendants' lives to-day.

One inscription breaks the custom of brevity or of commonplace verses. It is of somewhat historic interest, marking the grave of the wife of Henry Schoolcraft, whose collection of Indian customs and records formed the basis of Longfellow's "Hiawatha." The inscription explains the probable origin of his interest in Indian life:

"Jane, wife of Henry R. Schoolcraft, died at Dundas, May 22d, 1842, in the arms of her sister, during a visit at the house of the rector of the church, while her husband was absent in England and her children at a distant school. She was the eldest daughter of John Johnston, Esq., and Susan, daughter of Waubo Jeeg, a celebrated war chief and civil ruler of the Odjibwa Tribe. Carefully educated, and of polished manners and conversation, she was early fitted to adorn society, yet of retiring and modest deportment. Early imbued with the principles of true piety, she patiently submitted to the illness which for several years marked her decline and was inspired through seasons of bodily and mental depression, with the lively hope of a blessed immortality."

This simple and graphic record of the half-breed woman suggests to us the historic importance of such marriages, the natural result of the conditions of pioneer life. The fact that she died, the victim of consumption, far from her husband and children, gives the story a pathos which touches us after the lapse of years.

But what of the life stories not disclosed by the inscriptions? Are there no records or legends but the sentences fading with the years on the time-worn stones? Let us talk with some of the gray-headed pioneers of the country-side whom death has not yet cut short to a sentence on a stone. In their memories linger tales of the comedies and tragedies of former generations.

Would you have comedy? Where will you find remembrance of a quainter, more laughter-stirring, old figure than that of Major Daniel Showers? On this southern slope you will find his grave with this mental legacy to future generations—a quatrain after Omar's style, and already nearly obliterated:

"Man, soon discussed,
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears,
Lie with him in the dust."

Poor old Major! After a genial, irascible, eccentric life, here is the end—his corpse, that of his wife, always "beloved" (speak well of the dead), and for a dead man's message, not Christian theology, but Pagan, pessimistic philosophy, and all in the shadow of the church.

For the contrast his life offers to his death, let me tell you a story which aptly characterises the Major. In the war of 1812, Major Showers, a British officer, captured some Americans and set out to take them by boat from Queenston to Niagara. Passing a tavern on the way, he proposed to show these "d—d American soldiers" the generosity and courtesy of an officer of the British army and, with the insistent kindness of a gentleman of the old school, offered them the best the house afforded. But his prisoner guests, headed by one Zeigler, took advantage of the Major's hospitality, seized the guns, and carried the Major south to a three months' captivity. Years after, when the Major, an old man, was settled again in Ancaster, he suffered exceedingly from the rheumatism induced by this imprisonment.

One day a young pedlar arrived at the village, selling pills guaranteed to cure rheumatism. His name was Zeigler, he said, and a village wag, quickly guessing the relationship, directed him to Major Showers' house.

"He's got rheumatism. He'll maybe take twenty-five boxes. But don't tell him your name."

The young man, much wondering,

but keen to sell his goods, directed his steps to the Major's. He had a plausible tongue and succeeded in disposing of even twenty-five boxes.

But as the Major was putting his hand in his pocket to pay for them he turned to the lad,—

"By the way, what's your name?"

"Zeigler," blurted out the heedless youth.

The Major stamped and swore. He seized his gun and called the dogs. The pedlar turned and raced for the gate. He managed at last to rid himself of his pursuers or the three months' imprisonment would have been dearly revenged. As it was, the pills helped the rheumatism.

Such was the Major in life. Now he lies in the silence of the grave, his once boisterous activity lost and forgotten.

Would you have tragedy? Is there not enough in our life to-day without hunting among the tales of the old for the unhappy ones of the past? Then, see, here, back of the church, in a neglected spot, a small slab slanting to the ground:

"Sacred
to the memory of
Otto Ives
Late of Monmouth, England,
who died on the 3rd of July 1835,
At the Hermitage, near Ancaster.
Aged 34 years."

"Sacred to the memory"—but what is the memory of Otto Ives?

There is another grave, that you must see before the question is answered. Follow the beautiful road that leads to the Sulphur Springs. At the first cross-road, there is a triangular plot of grass and trees. Here, tradition says, is the second grave, unmarked, unknown—the grave of a suicide.

Further along this road, just before the descent into the hollow of the Sulphur Springs, is an old house, flung far back from the road, among meadows and groves. This is "The Hermitage," on the site of the building of 1834, which was destroyed by fire.

Otto Ives was an Englishman of good family and education. Driven by the spirit of the times and his own wayward eccentricity, he engaged in the Grecian War of Independence, made memorable for Englishmen by Lord Byron's death. Stationed on an island in the Sunny Ægean, he found himself lodged in a barracks, bare, lonely, without companionship.

As it happened, his stairway clung to the outer wall of the building and overlooked a garden. In the garden was a girl. The garden belonged to the Governor's palace and the girl was his daughter.

Ives found consolation for his loneliness in falling in love with the girl. We may easily imagine the stolen interviews by the softly splashing sea, in the hush of southern moonlight. She could not speak English, he could not understand Greek. The solution of this difficulty without doubt called for many lessons in language. Beginning, as we are told, by the lovers falling in love at first sight, the affair speedily rose to a climax. Daughter of the South, with all the beauty, warmth and alluring softness and charm of the women of the East, the Grecian girl moved the young Englishman as the colder women of his own land could not.

Ardently enamoured, Otto Ives went to the Governor and asked his daughter in marriage. The sturdy old Greek stormed, cursed the boldness of the Englishman, and ordered him out. Ives coolly asked that the matter be referred to the young lady. The Governor, exulting in his victory, consented. His discomfiture was complete. The girl clung to her lover. Her father disowned her and Ives took her away.

Married, they came to Canada. Among the Helderleigh Hills, picking out a site commanding a magnificent view over the Dundas Valley, Hamilton, the bay, and the blue waters of Lake Ontario, Otto Ives built "The Hermitage." The house was of good proportions, with large and massive

fire-places in the strongly-framed rooms. The furniture, the silver, the servants, all were in keeping with Otto Ives' rank.

How comfortable the Grecian girl was, transplanted from the mild and temperate land of Greece to a country with the extremes of the Canadian climate, we may conjecture. Her happiness in her marriage is equally open to doubt. Gossip and tradition have pictured Ives as an eccentric individual who would not adopt the convenient customs of the settlers of the country. In temperament, Lord Byron suggests a parallel. When the glamour of a first love and the novelty of the changed life had worn off, one doubts the permanent happiness of the wife of such a man as Otto Ives.

With Otto Ives and his wife there had come from Greece a niece of Mrs. Ives and a personal servant and companion of Otto Ives, a Scotchman, William Black. The latter seems, from what one can reconstruct of the past, to have been as eccentric and original in mentality as his master was in action. Though a student and apparently once a gentleman, he acted as coachman for the family. A life of varying fortune, resulting in an apparent failure in making a worldly success, had hardened and made more taciturn a nature never very genial nor apt at expression.

To William Black was given the task of teaching Mrs. Ives' niece English. Only those who have lived through a

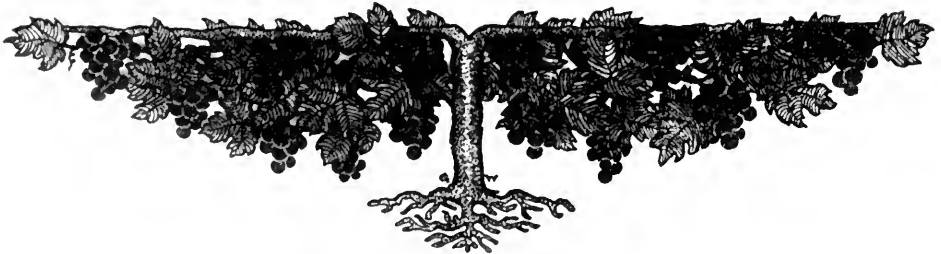
similar experience could understand or fully appreciate the sequel. What strange power does nature wield that creates again desires and hopes in a mind steeled by experience and embittered by disappointment? William Black began tenderly but passionately to love the girl whom he was teaching.

For some time his life-long restraint and self-control held his thoughts and feelings in check. But one sunny, spring morning the outburst came. The girl, thoughtless and merciless, laughed him to scorn. Crushed and maddened by her want of even womanly sympathy, Black strode from the room. It was the crowning humiliation and despair of a hopeless life. The reaction was the more severe since the hope of happiness had come so late and meant so much. He hanged himself in a log cabin near the house.

Refused burial in consecrated ground, because it was the body of a suicide, William Black's corpse was laid in the earth at the cross-roads, in land owned by all. There is no stone. But, then, even stones decay.

Otto Ives died soon after of a fever. His wife and her niece, with the children, returned to England.

This is the tale of the graves, a simple tale of human lives and interest much like our own. Does it not speak for itself? Moral there is none. The question is too vast for moralising or conclusion.





At Five O'clock

O CANADA!

O Canada, when thou wast haply born,
Lilies of France thy cradle did adorn.
And their golden gleam on lake and stream

On forest and on shore
Lit the westward way, by dark and day,
For sturdy knights of yore.
Land of the Bold, thy sons of old
Served thee and bled for thee with love untold
Beneath the oriflamme of white and gold.

O Canada, Britannia's banner bright
Gleams on thy hills in majesty and might.
When in darkness deep Wolfe climbed the steep

And thy portal nobly won
O'er Captains dead that Cross of red
Beheld the morning sun.
Land of the Bold, thy sons of old
Served thee and bled for thee with love untold
While Britain's battle-drums in thunder rolled.

O Canada, awake at Glory's call,
God is thy might, whatever may befall.
To the brave and free, from sea to sea
This watchword shall we tell,
Let foemen hear and traitors fear,

Our swords will guard thee well.
Land of the Bold, thy sons of old
Served thee and bled for thee with love untold
This glorious heritage, our pride to hold.

J. Edgar Middleton.

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A SONG OF THE DOMINION

THERE is hardly a doubt that the Lavallée music has taken the hearts of Canadians as no other national air has captured them. The

"Maple Leaf Forever" has been a favourite in the schools, but there is a majesty in "O Canada" that chimes with national feeling. Judge Routhier's words are familiar in Quebec and already there are several translations of his poem, known to Ontario. The above verses are not a translation of the original French, but a poem inspired by Canada's brave past and instinct with a belief in her future. There are some citizens who feel apologetic regarding the Plains of Abraham, to say nothing of Queenston Heights. They seem to consider it a shame to be descended from men who held convictions worthy of a conflict. Such will deprecate any reference to swords or sturdy knights and would doubtless remove from the Old Testament the expression, "God of Battles" and put Tennyson's "Revenge" on the *Index Expurgatorius*. Although we may hope that there will be peace in our time, yet there is no inconsistency in remembering the strife and sacrifice which made our land a Dominion.

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PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY

SAID a bromidic inquirer: "Why do musicians hate one another? I have never heard a music teacher or singer say a good word about another in the profession."

"They're not nearly so bad as artists," continued another. "Just praise Mr. So-and-so's latest picture to one of the others and see the expression which curls up the listener's features."

It is an old story that those who sing, paint or write are especially envious and narrow-minded in judging of the work of their professional brothers—or sisters. Is it a true story? I do not believe that it holds good in journalism, for many a time and oft have I heard a newspaper man or woman break forth in eulogy of another's "good stuff." In music and art, it seems as if the very qualities which lend distinction and colour to the work lead to an ultra-sensitiveness, which sometimes becomes jealousy. Even those who have attained heights which ought to make them impervious to petty spite show a childish jealousy of others of inferior achievement.

"You don't understand," said a famous Canadian singer to a girl who had expressed her surprise at finding so much of this feeling in artistic circles. "There is no intoxication like applause. If you had once seen an audience swept with enthusiasm about your work, you would realise how it goes to the head and heart. I know it is childish to care if another wins greater praise, but it is perfectly natural to hunger and thirst for that wild burst of applause, which is more than roses or diamonds."

There are bright and shining exceptions to this professional jealousy—men and women who welcome a newcomer and make the young aspirant feel that it is good to live and work in such a friendly world. Such royal natures are a blessing to any craft or profession and are remembered when the cynics are gladly forgotten. It ought to become a point of honour, especially among women workers, to avoid the spiteful word and the easy sneer regarding another's accomplishment.

"But would you praise what you

do not admire?" asks one of those ingenuous persons who always see forty-one-and-a-half sides to a question. It is not necessary to be insincere, in order to be kind. Only we may as well see the good qualities first and deal with the faults so discreetly as to help—not to discourage—the worker. There is, of course, the "bumptious beginner" who can teach Mr. J. S. Willison how to write editorials, Dr. A. S. Vogt how to conduct a choir and Mr. Archibald Browne how to paint the moonlight on the marshes. Such a young wiseacre is likely to learn within a twelvemonth that the world is twenty-five thousand miles in circumference and that the individual is not of amazing consequence.

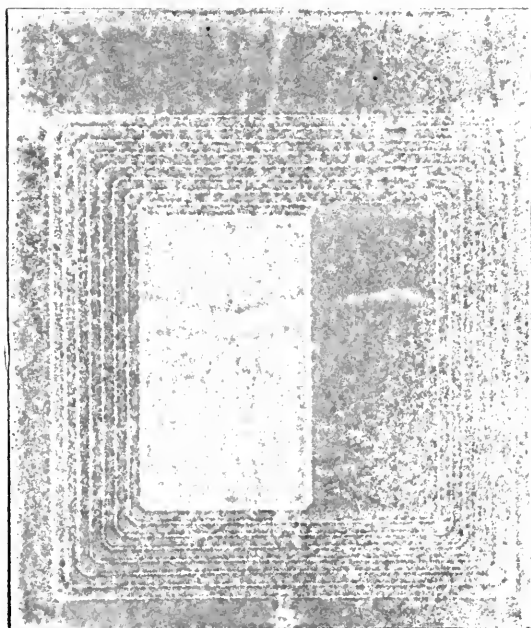
Perhaps the unkindest remark concerning a certain class of feeling was that made by Victor Hugo: "Woman dislikes the snake as a matter of professional jealousy."

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MORE OUTDOORS

THE recent tennis matches between Mrs. Hannam and Miss Sutton have called forth comment from various quarters on the excellence of the play and the scarcity of such sport among Canadian women. Mrs. Hannam, the Canadian champion, is a newly-arrived Torontonian and is English by birth and athletic training. Miss Sutton is a wonderful girl from that State of marvels—California. She is the world champion in the best of outdoor games and has a strength and agility which make her "returns" a delight. In serving, Mrs. Hannam is superior, in the estimation of many experts at the game.

The Editor of the *Toronto Globe*, with a gallantry becoming to the columns of that journal, in commenting on the matches at Niagara, remarks that the Canadian woman does not get enough of outdoor games and, in fact, needs more play. There are housewives in Canada who would



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